GERMANY, FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

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BY

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The frankness and courage, and wit, of Maximilian Harden, his dynamic energy, the cosmopolitan breadth of view that informs and glorifies his heroic German patriotism—like good wine, need no bush. All these qualities appear, more adequately than ever before, in his supreme effort at a terrible crisis.

This book, packed with many-sided instruction and illumination for his people, and incidentally for all thoughtful men, is, from beginning to end, volcanic. All its diversified utterances are poured out at a white heat, and with daemonic force. Its logical unity is revealed in the recurrent assertion, and demonstration, that the fate of Europe depends on the prompt establishment of a cordial industrial partnership between France and Germany. As to the question of *artistic* unity, that probably never once gave pause to the impetuous flow of thought and utterance. The last pages appear to be written in early September, (the French have been eight months in the Ruhr), and some effort has been made to remove elsewhere any positive evidences of earlier composition.

The translator has faithfully tried to express, in clear English, the exact and complete meaning of every sentence. (Cf. Note, p. 76). The original text is very freely interspersed with words or phrases of English, French, Italian, Latin, Plattdeutsch, Berliner dialect, and even individual tricks of speech. These (except the first, which are always accurate and apt,) are translated, except a few expressions which are obvious, or are already familiar to every intelligent English-speaking person. The resultant loss in piquancy, even in humorous force, is real, but the interpreter's duty seemed inexorably clear.

A few puns, and some words, or even phrases, too robustly Aristophanic for the more squeamish Anglo-Saxon palate, may be missed; but that will certainly not weaken in the least the force of the great Message.

Herr Harden, greatly over-running the limits of his normal—or, at least, habitual—self-expression, offers here a single essay of nearly 60,000 words, without divisions or pause. Even his paragraphs run 400–600–800 words, and end, one surmises, only with the exhaustion of breath, of ink,—or sometimes of objurgatory possibility! If the reader resents the proffer of chapter-divisions, humaner paragraphs, and a curt synopsis of topics, the ill example of James Stuart and his learnéd servants in 1611, with

their predecessors and followers, is the best plea in mitigation that is available.

It was neither practicable nor desirable to divide the long and statesmanlike reply to the French May note, ("Chapter XVI"). Readers less interested in the politicians and sordid politics of present-day Berlin, or unfamiliar with Harden's unique and often difficult style, may well turn first of all to this masterpiece of cosmopolitan knowledge, thought, and utterance. Chapter X reveals a personal experience which justifies much of the author's severity in condemnation of present conditions. But every page will reward studious perusal.

W. C. L.

Jackson Heights,
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GERMANY, FRANCE AND ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

Bismarck quoted, on France in '66. Bismarck and Thiers in '71. France's submissiveness and promptness in payment. A lesson for Germany. Wilson's earnest effort for mild terms.

"WHAT is, in general terms, aside from the stress of momentary occurrences, for the interest of France so far as Germany is concerned? Let us consider it quite without German prejudice. Let us endeavor to take the French point of view. In no other way can one judge alien interests aright.

"It is not to be desired, for France, that a superior power should arise in Germany, such as would be revealed if one should imagine all Germany under Austrian control, an empire of seventy-five millions, an Austria reaching to the Rhine. Even a France extending to the Rhine would not adequately counterbalance it. Between France and a Germany separated from Austria, points of contact which might lead to hostile relations would be far less numerous; and

that France desires to have for her nearest neighbor one with whom there is a prospect of her living in peace, one with whom, in a defensive war, thirty-five to thirty-eight million Frenchmen could cope,—is a natural interest, for which she is not to be blamed."

These words were uttered by Bismarck on the 20th of December, 1866, in the Prussian Landtag. Five years later the French might have answered him, that under Prussian leadership sixty millions could be more dangerous than seventy under Austrian: they might, with a gloomy glance at Alsace-Lorraine, have reminded him also of another sentence from the same speech:

"It has always been my opinion, that a population which, by its own will, actually, unquestionably and persistently revealed, is not Prussian or not German, which desires to be a part of a neighbor-state of its own nationality,—brings no increase of strength to the Power from which it is eager to release itself."

Nevertheless, he wished the annexation of Alsace, and assented to that of Lorraine: for which he was afterward no more favorably judged in France, (nor indeed by the group of Prussian officers led by General Edwin Manteuffel), than is M. Poincaré at the present time in Germany. It was only fear that curbed their rage.

The Powers which had remained neutral in the war were affrighted by the apparition of Prussia's growing dominance. First of all, as early as October 1870, Austria-Hungary, her most recently vanquished opponent, had bestirred herself. Count Beust bade Wimpffen say, that the Vienna cabinet could not approve the general indifference: that it believed in the common interests of Europe, and hoped the impartial intercession of the neutral Powers would bring about peace before hundreds of thousands more fell: that the victor must be moderate in his demands and not too greatly embitter the vanquished. Still more disquieting was it, that the wish of Czar Alexander, in order to grasp the opportunity to regain his sovereignty over the Russian coast on the Black Sea, brought about an international conference in London, to which France was also invited. Bismarck feared, that the French delegate to this conference, like Talleyrand at Vienna before him in 1815, might induce the representatives of the other Powers to bring about an intervention which would lessen the rewards of victory for Prussia: and he for that reason hindered the departure of the delegation from Paris.

On the 17th of February (1871) there was a session of the English lower house, which offers a striking comparison with that of July 12, 1923. As France is now admonished to be

moderate, so was Germany then. Sir Robert Peel, son of the Tory reformer who had broken down the protective tariff wall about Great Britain, criticized violently the over-cautious policy of the Gladstone cabinet, which, he declared, was an idle onlooker upon the progress of the war. Another member exclaimed that "Great Britain must protect France from the monstrous demands of the Berliners." A motion to that effect, made in Parliament, failed to win a majority, but awakened loud response throughout the land. "England," wrote Bismarck, "expects from other Powers evidences of humane feeling, which she has not always exhibited for the benefit of her own opponents." But indeed each day might bring a new attempt at protest.

Thiers had already threatened that, if Germany insisted on her monstrous demands, no Frenchman would sign them, and she would then have to rule France herself. (This insincere threat, which the great Bourgeois Thiers was not the first to utter in a defeat, was repeated by Rathenau in 1919, because the close of the war seemed to him "premature.")

"If you take Metz, Belfort, and six milliards, that is, choose to destroy France territorially and financially, then seize it rather all at once, take charge of administration and revenue, and

set up the government yourselves: if Europe permits."

A reduction of the indemnity had been requested by England also, even before Peel's motion: so haste was a duty. Bismarck lets the distress and anger of his guest run its course, and then says that he will obtain the Kaiser's decision. After a pause, which to the waiting Parisians in their "unutterable anxiety" seems endless, he returns. One billion is stricken off, and Belfort is conceded.

On the last Sunday in February the preliminary peace is to be signed at Versailles. Thiers desires the signatures of all the states in the new empire.

"Do you wish to pick German unity to pieces already?"

"It is we," answers Thiers, "who first made it possible."

Bismarck shrugs his shoulder and replies: "Maybe."

Jules Favre relates, that on the homeward journey to Paris old Thiers sat mute and rigid, like one struck by lightning, beside him in the coach: only the tears that flowed without ceasing betrayed that there was yet life in him. On all the long journey not a word fell from the lips of either.

Neither of the two was ever accused of be-

traying the interests of their fatherland, nor was even the reproach of weak submissiveness cast at them. This despite the fact that the negotiations were by no means well-conducted: in spite, too, of the admonition from Gambetta, and Generals Bourbaki Chanzy and Faidherbe, that the country could and must continue the struggle, even after the capitulation of Paris. The National Assembly, sitting in Bordeaux, uttered the word that the hour demanded. It approved the deposition of the Emperor, already determined by voice of the people, decreed the exclusion of his dynasty from the right to rule, and declared him "responsible for the invasion by the enemy, for the devastation and mutilation of France." Responsible, as the holder of the supreme executive power, who had declared war. Responsible just as, according to the Versailles treaty of June, '19, imperial Germany was responsible for the damage caused by the war which she had declared.

Although for Louis Napoleon there was, even in Bismarck's opinion, much to be said, yet no party attempted to use the "Guilt-lie" as a footstool by which to climb into popular favor. The Alsatians and Lotharingians, after solemn protest, left the chamber, and a few Republicans followed them, refusing to vote for the surrender of the two provinces. But the treaty was ratified two days after it was signed, (by 564

votes to 107), after a short debate, at the close of which Thiers exclaimed:

"France did not wish the war. You, who now cry out about 'disgrace,' you willed it. Before your eyes the truth rises up to-day, and you must accept for yourselves, as Divine punishment, the judgment of the nation, which Posterity will confirm."

The old man who dares so to speak, and whose name stands under the harsh treaty, is elected President of the Republic. (How would Germany stand, if in 1918 she had with such decision cut herself loose from the Past! That was more easily possible for her, for her Emperor had not, after the campaign, fallen into the victor's hands.)

Only four days after the prompt ratification, there came complaints and threats from Bismarck. The military force in Paris, he said, was still too great, the retirement of the French troops beyond the Loire not carried out, the installment of the costs of the Occupation unpaid, and not all prisoners released. Therefore the German retirement from the western sections must be postponed; in every case military force must punish such infractions of the treaty.

After the rising of the Communists he causes the suspicion to be intimated, that the government has an understanding with them, and that it all aims at a renewal of the war. At the Brus-

sels Conference, to draw up the definitive Treaty of Peace, Bismarck has important additional demands brought forward: he who refuses them must be prepared for the continued occupation of Paris by Germany, either by force or through an understanding with the Commune. Incidentally he added, "Germany could open up communications with the dethroned dynasty."

The French government, while bowing to the victor's dictates, scents the "Will to destroy," groans under this fresh hardship and harassment, but remains constantly courteous and pliable. On the 6th of May, Bismarck demands for Germany the right to determine at her free discretion the hour when her troops can leave the occupied territory inasmuch as the French government is firmly established. On the 7th he reads a long list of grievances in the form of an ultimatum. On the 10th of May, in the courtyard of the Swan, the treaty is signed.

To avoid fresh discord, Thiers placed two confidential agents, Messrs. Saint-Villier and Blondeau, at the headquarters of Manteuffel, who commanded the Army of Occupation, and wrote to the general:

"In case,—which God forbid,—a new incident, a cloud, or the shadow of a cloud, arises, have recourse to me through these judicious and trustworthy men: surely then we shall come to a prompt and complete understanding."

So did he speak, at a time when English and even Russian official communications were charging against the Germans that their warlike passion had outlasted the conclusion of peace, and in the treaty itself, and after it, had sowed hatred anew in French soil; at a time of which, three decades later, the French historian Hanotaux could still say:

"Messrs. Thiers and Favre had in every point conformed to Bismarck's will. The peace was signed. Yet there was still no peace, no relief from the tension. Always new demands: in heart and countenance mistrust and menace. Men acted as if the doubly sealed treaty offered no security. The burden of the army of occupation prolonged and embittered France's perilous agony. Probably there had never been anything like it anywhere. Day after day the wound was torn open, the sword-point applied, the victor's triumph made to be felt, every attempt at explanations repulsed. Ever and ever again Bismarck said, that France would not pay, so he must take securities: that she wished to begin a new war, therefore Germany must be in readiness, and should not let her foe gather strength so that she would find allies." (Instead of France put Germany, change the names, and doesn't it sound exactly as if from the mouth of a Teuton of to-day?)

The Marquis de Gabriac, whom Thiers had

sought out for the post of Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, was wont to say, that "a warlike diplomat is of as little use as a cowardly soldier." With this Gentilhomme Bismarck has no reserves.

"I wish to speak openly. That you desire now already to break the treaty is improbable. You will pay us two milliards: but before paying the other three, so, in '74, you will make war on us. But you must comprehend that for us, if it is to start up again, early outbreak of war is to be preferred to late;—for you too, furthermore! Wait ten years and then begin it again, if you're so inclined; until then it would be self-destruction.

"But that is your own affair. I yield myself to no illusions. Metz is French. If imperative necessity did not compel it, I would not have taken it. But when the general staff asked me, in the Kaiser's presence, whether I was sure France would not some day think of *Revanche,* I replied that, to me, on the contrary, it was certain that she would think of it, and probable, that this war also would not be the last between the two peoples. "Well then," it was said, "Metz is a rampart behind which we can station a hundred thousand men: and we must hold it. That is true for Alsace and Lorraine as a whole. These provinces furnish us every sort of diffi-

culty, and it would have been an error to take them, if we could count on permanent peace."

The Chargé d'Affairs replied:

"What Your Highness says only proves that the better logic is on our side. You have subscribed to the Peace: and yet you speak as if there were still war. We too have signed it: and shape our policy accordingly. We are meeting all our obligations, even anticipating the dates of the payments. We have one desire: the speediest evacuation of our territory. We have nothing against the Germans as Germans. It cannot be the destiny appointed for these two peoples, to destroy each other. Two such strong races, diverse in type and qualities, but yet bound together by the root-fibers of a common civilization, should have lived beside one another on a friendly understanding. Fate has hurled them against each other. It is a duty of the governments to calm them. That we are doing: and more your good sense cannot require of us."

The Marquis de Gabriac, who repeats this conversation in his "Mémoires Diplomatiques," adds, that his impression was that Bismarck's conviction was shaken. After a brief pause the Chancellor spoke:

"In what you say, there may be much truth. An essential condition precedent would be, how-

ever, that your intentions should inspire us with confidence. That we cannot have: and therefore we will hold in our hands as long as possible the security we have taken."

Is it not even as to-day?

"France had the feeling that she was badly, unmercifully treated, humiliated without reason. Her people marveled at the extreme caution, the boundless submissiveness, of their government. Instead of the hoped-for relaxing of tension, a sullen resentment and irritation were everywhere felt, such as the worst hours of the war had not known. Thiers used to say, (and it was often echoed, even, by General Manteuffel,) that 'the quartering of German troops on France's soil reäcted like a foreign substance in a wound, and that the interests of both peoples demanded that such a terribly dangerous inflammation should be avoided.' Ever and again arose friction and conflict.

"Because at Romainville the misconduct of a few drunkards pushed our people over their lines, Bismarck threatened an instant attack. On the rack of unrest, of terror without end, Thiers had only one wish: to secure at any price the liberation of our soil. The criticism has been often made, that at Versailles, at Frankfort, everywhere, he too quickly, too readily, without debate, without protecting our interests, yielded to the German terms: and that his lack

of firmness aggravated the results of our overthrow. That may be correct. But in his position he, or any statesman, could only think: 'Away with the foe, out of France!' The occupied regions were the richest, the busiest of our provinces, capable of accomplishing more than all others. So long as Germany stood in France, France was hardly assured of her life, of her future." (Hanotaux, *France Contemporaine.*)

Compare, ye who are not yet altogether prejudiced. Is it even as to-day?

Consider it, quickly, from the other side.

The occupation of the Ruhr was an "untoward event," but not an amazing occurrence: not a thunderbolt falling from a cloudless sky. (The hedging-in of German industry was outlined even before the Truce.) Has the treaty which was worked out in Paris and signed at Versailles been read and clearly retained in memory by all those who foam at the mouth as they rail at it? It is a creation of masterly skill inspired by distrust: but just so full of errors as, in the sphere of unregenerate humanity, was to be feared, after a war whose savagery had raged for fifty months on alien soil, and in which the victor-group was made up of twenty-seven states, led by the mightiest on our planet: full of the errors of unrelenting wrath, of blinding thirst for vengeance, of mistrustful ignorance.

But who ventures to assert that the French,—who have stood not yet eight months on the Ruhr, and even then not with the absolute power of the conqueror,—could to-morrow, if they should collapse, isolated, unprotected, helpless, count upon mild justice?

That justice President Wilson, in 1919, was powerless to secure, despite the purest will and the most honest effort. Mr. Baker's important collection of documents has lifted that above the fog of doubt. Whether a stronger man, one, therefore, wholly free from egotism, more profoundly conscious of the material and moral power of his own land, could have done it, despite the weight of opposing conditions and personalities, is utterly uncertain.

What political common sense suggests as the fit attitude for a vanquished people, oppressed by a treaty which they feel to be unjust, harsh, cruel,—is to be learned from the events of 1871.

CHAPTER II

Wilhelm I's modesty in triumph. Wilhelm II at Doorn Waldersee's tribute to French courtesy. Bismarck's severity. Cost of war in '70–1 paid thrice over. A contest in beer-drinking. Contrast between 1871–3 and 1919–23 enforced.

"On the 5th of May (1871) there was to be a grand concert by (Richard) Wagner in the opera house. It was desired to open it with the Kaiser-march and a hymn to the Kaiser. He said to me: 'I know that sort of thing, and luckily I had the words they want to sing given to me. Read this nonsense. Of course, it's nothing but toadies' flattery. Do you go over and arrange for them to begin at the time appointed. Tell them only, that I probably shan't come at all: else they will wait, and the audience will be uneasy. I'll plan so as to appear when that first piece is over.' "

That was written down, the same day, by Count Alfred Waldersee, in his diary. So simply thinks, and so modestly speaks (to a staff officer under forty), after three victorious wars, three months after his election as German Kaiser, —the first Wilhelm.

The second was defeated, fled from headquarters, because he no longer felt safe there, to a

foreign land, where he lives just as comfortably as he did,—with the water for his tea brought daily from Potsdam, fresh-baked stuff, perfumed bath, and other comforts,—throughout the war.

"In the front building is the court marshal's office. Splendid mirrors, expensive writing materials, carven old German furniture, and dressers with fine porcelain, cut glass and shining silverware; dashing battle-pictures on the walls, and heavy Persian rugs upon the floor. The furnishings of the Kaiser's own living-rooms in the inner part of the house were like the overburdened splendor of the Berlin castles. Extravagant sculptures, tapestries, rich genuine portières."

These are sentences from the report of Leipzig students who were William's guests at Doorn, and to whom he gave, for the Students' Relief Fund, 30 Gulden (almost 50 Gold marks); a truly imperial present, and a third, or even half, of what one of his portrait-postal-cards,—adorned with his "Wilhelm I. R." (Imperator Rex), with flourishes and date,—brings him in. These he sells in any quantity desired. Often he goes in person to the dealer and receives his money in his open hand.

How does he speak?

"I draw a little, I compose music now and then, I carry on historical, archæological and

genealogical studies. I have often had the intention of putting Faust on the stage. Unfortunately, the right actors are generally lacking. Only when Art is rooted in the noble national traditions can it in turn uplift the people. Think of Wildenbruch! I should be glad to make a clean sweep of the blind alleys of modern art and its swindles."

After the announcement by the "Court Marshal" that one of the guests had taken part in the killing of workingmen by Marburg students, the Exalted One speaks:

"Well now, you did that finely! You gave it to the Thuringians right well! Anyway, I count on the students. They fought it out in 1813. You can do it again. Children, France! You must go at her once more. We've been much too decent to the rascals. What would Germany be but for the Hohenzollerns? I've done an infinite deal for my people, and have secured even to the poorest man an encouraging lot in life."

So he talks in March 1923. Is even *this* Germany to be accounted "Germany over All" else in the world?

—The elder more reticent Germany was not gentle. She eyed the vanquished at first quite as mistrustfully as does the victor of yesterday. France in '19 sent as her first Chargé d'Affaires a merchant, Germany in '71 the commander of

an Uhlan regiment, Waldersee. Hear the tale he tells.

"Bismarck had told me he doubted if the French would have the sense to pay us five milliards. I, as an expert, he said, could soon discover whether they were re-organizing their army in order to have a policing force, or were preparing for warfare. He himself was for pitching in vigorously if we convinced ourselves of their evil intentions: not to wait too long, but to strike at once. I was to say to Favre that it was no jest with us, but that, the very instant we noticed they had any bad intention in mind, our army of occupation would be tripled: that there was no limit to its strength; we could keep 500,000 men there just as well as 150,000."

On the day of his arrival in Paris, because an occurrence of no consequence had been misrepresented, he received a telegram from Bismarck thus worded:

"At Fort Aubervilliers French troops have moved into the neutral zone, which the Convention forbids them to do. Require their immediate recall and punishment of the guilty general, and state that, in case of failure to conform to our demand by midnight, we attack tomorrow, and also halt all our home-returning troops."

That the Chancellor wrote in the saddle, with his big pencil, during the entrance of the troops

into Berlin: later a dispatch of similar contents to the government at Versailles. Marshal MacMahon, who had immediately sent his chief of staff to the point indicated by the German complaint, and put everything in order, received Waldersee, and told him he regretted the occurrence extremely; that it would be a terrible thought, if from so trifling a cause the struggle should begin again.

"He implored me to do anything that was possible to prevent this result. When I wrote, at his desk, dispatches to the headquarters of the two divisions concerned, the Marshal was most grateful, and seemed relieved. When I took my departure he escorted me to the door. During the night, at 2 o'clock, he sent an orderly officer to me to report that everything really was in order.

"It was most interesting to me, to see the Frenchmen so humble and anxious. We require the first half-billion paid on July 1st. The French wish to delay payment until the 20th. I received my instructions to hold firmly to the 1st, and to declare that Bismarck considers Article 7 violated if payment does not take place.

"Thiers invited me to visit him often, saying I was always welcome at his table. The evening of July 1st the Minister of Finance, Pouyer-Quartier, handed over to me in the Louvre 100,-400,000 francs in draughts on Berlin and Lon-

don. He was charming, and gave me the money as if it were but five thalers.

"The Occupation, with the many bloody brawls now occurring, weighs very heavy on the French, and is the best means to secure our money. There is no question, that France will remain quiet for a few years and hold aloof from all political moves. They are working diligently to create a great army. They will, to be sure, think seriously before they break loose again. But if they find alliances, we must be prepared for anything. The hatred of us rises constantly.

"The evening of August 22nd, I went to Thiers' reception. The old man at once drew me to him on a sofa, and talked with me for perhaps a half-hour. He assured me many times, that all the chatter in the newspapers about Revenge was the merest nonsense: that he wanted quiet, in order to re-organize the country. Whenever I came to Versailles, Thiers, and Favre too, had me admitted at once, while many diplomats had to wait. At his (Thiers') soirées he always came to the stairway to meet me, and escorted me again to the door at my departure. 'One must be a Prussian nowadays, to get courteous treatment,' groaned the other diplomats.

"When this scene was repeated at the great reception after the Longchamps review, where all the generals appeared in uniform, and the announcer with his loud voice shouted: 'Le

Chargé d'affaires d'Allemagne!' all heads turned, as at the word of command, to the door where I appeared with M. Thiers. I tried to put myself in the generals' place. I was sorry for them, and was not offended that they were glad to avoid meeting me personally." (*Memoirs of Field Marshal Alfred, Count of Waldersee.*)

Such, despite all threats of "sanctions," increased number of troops, renewal of the war, was then the attitude of the vanquished. So it was in battered Paris, exhausted from the "Hunger-siege." Nowhere an attempt to veil the defeat, to evade its consequences, to defend the fallen monarchy and its helpmates. By civilian and military authorities, the strenuous effort to satisfy promptly every demand, even the harshest, of the victor, to show him every courtesy, to reunite all the delicate threads of social intercourse.

And with us? It is purely the policy in the two cases, not the morality, that it is intended to compare.

It began with the "unconquered" army and the armistice "obtained by trickery": and in this key it has remained. Whoever even thought of any save unavoidable official relations with the representatives of the victorious host, encamped in the land, was a traitor:—yes, or even almost every one not inclined to a defense of the fallen

rule. Everything was spoiled by the desire to stir up rage and thirst for revenge, to embitter the nation against the new order of things as the cause of their woe, to glorify the old, and prepare for its restoration through militarizing of our spirits.

Stale bait! And yet Socialists and Democrats let themselves be lured into the trap. And before parties—the high priests of party—would convict themselves of error in the presence of the whole people, they would face world-wide ruin, and call it the malicious work of any chance Poincaré. And our "Policy of fulfillment" (of treaty obligations), from Ebert and Scheidemann through Wirth and Rathenau to Cuno and Becker,—has been, alas, not like that of the French.

Adolf Wagner of Berlin, the governmental economist, an extreme Conservative, reckoned the war costs of the Germans at fifteen hundred millions. Five thousand millions, much more than thrice as much, was demanded by Germany as indemnity: so much that Wagner could write, that France by this confiscation had lost a great part of her national resources.

No time was wasted in yammering and shrieking for help. Four weeks after the signing of peace the first project for a loan was laid before Parliament. It was unanimously approved, in spite of conditions that were most unfavorable

for the national finances. Three weeks later the boxes for bidders were opened. 331,906 appeared, and they bid nearly five billions. Only two and a quarter were immediately needed. As Germany would only take gold and silver, notes of the Banks of England, Prussia, Holland, and Belgium, or the best bills of exchange and draughts, and refused French banknotes, a laborious task of exchange was still to be performed. Separate agencies had to be established in the chief financial centers of Europe, to rake together all the paper available for the payments.

By July, five hundred million had been paid, by September a billion more: and the departments of Normandy had been evacuated. When Thiers wished to anticipate the next payment and requested as an offset the evacuation of the forts in Paris, and its environs, Bismarck, despite Manteuffel's advocacy of it, gruffly refused: "We wish to keep our securities as long as possible."

In October (1871) the Minister of Finance, Pouyer-Quartier, went to Berlin. Manteuffel (the Degoutte of that day,) had told him, through Levallier, what cautious tactics he must observe in relations with the Kaiser and the Chancellor. Had the Paris government let things run their course, as the one in Berlin did until yesterday, in the hope of a miracle, matters

would have gone as ill, on a lesser scale, as they now have on the greater. Already the will o' the wisps of speculation flickered through France: money vanished: every one was gathering and hiding gold, silver, copper even, to assure themselves of cash for the time of need.

Pouyer-Quartier secured notable concessions. Six departments were to be evacuated promptly and the costs of the Occupation cut down, if France, from January on, paid, for the present, eighty millions each half-month. Every man, every horse was fought over: and the saving of 21,000 francs per day seemed worth the trouble. (Were our Most High Honorables too "large-traited" to condescend to such higgling?)

The courteous integrity which had been maintained from the first hour brought it to pass, that Bismarck this time did not demand security, but was satisfied with the signatures of President Thiers and the Minister of Finance, while the Kaiser promised the return of the remaining prisoners, and expressed his confidence in the heads of the Republic.

After the close of the negotiations the Frenchmen were guests at the Chancellor's table, and next evening with him at Bleichröder's house. There, as Gabriac narrates, Bismarck and Pouyer-Quartier had a drinking duel, like the Homeric heroes with swords and tongue: and both remained erect.

"After the dinner at the banker's we heard Niemann sing Meyerbeer's Prophet in the opera, and M. Pouyer-Quartier strode with firm step into our loge, without the slightest stagger." Whoever has a proper conception of Bismarck's capacity in this field of wine-consumption, as well as in others, will understand it, that the Marquis was especially elated over this test of his countryman's powers. To such cheerful brightness had the sky cleared, five months after the conclusion of the Peace Treaty.

It did not always so remain. Victors and vanquished do not always strive merely to drink each other under the table. So early as October Gabriac writes to the Paris Foreign Office:

"Germany has no reason to expect a new war. The war gave her three things which she needed: national unity, military superiority, and our milliards. Now she desires peace. But of every pretext, even the emptiest, that we afford him, M. Bismarck makes use, without serious regret: and he is now strong enough to carry the nation with him with a rush. With him his end is everything. If he can attain it, anything else hardly troubles him. He has wrought us so much evil, that he cannot but wish to do us more yet. 'He that wrongs forgives not.' Therefore he is our foe, and he is perfectly consistent if he tries to trample France down for at least a generation."

Here again is the "well-known sweet tone," the pleasing myth of the "will to destroy" (whose effect Gabriac's Gallic clearheadedness at least limits to a period of a generation). And Berlin does not show itself so mild as had been hoped after the double sacrifice upon the altar of the divinity Al Kohol.

Two French murderers of German soldiers were shot on the order of the military command, two others, against the earnest plea of the government prosecutor, acquitted by French juries. No one gave them loud praise as national heroes. No one raised a cry of the "Disgrace of alien justice on the home-soil." Nowhere were bills with the inscription "Think of Tonnelet" posted or distributed. Instead there were memorial meetings and ceremonial mourning. In the national assembly Thiers said:

"The idea, that he who kills a foreigner is no murderer, is an abominable delusion. The foreigner is a human being, and for him the holy laws of humanity are valid as for us. That must be proclaimed, and every judge among us must be urged to beware of such perilous madness."

That was not enough for the Chancellor, nor was the penalty which had been ordered by Manteuffel (State of siege, three days' Reign of Terror in Épernay). He bade Arnim read

aloud at the Quai d'Orsay a note declaring that natural feeling was dead in all classes in France: that the government was under the pressure of passionate mob-feeling; that in the German people there was too high a degree of ethical culture, the feeling for right and honor was too strong, for it to be capable of thinking of requiting like with like.

"If there should be, in the future, a refusal to hand over a criminal, we shall be compelled to take and carry off hostages, and under pressing necessity would have to decide on more far-reaching measures."

Manteuffel called the note, in the presence of Frenchmen, "indescribable, false, slanderous and brutal": and groaned:

"The public opinion of all Europe will turn against us as it did against Napoleon, and I tremble as I realize how dearly we shall finally pay for this cruel insolence, unchained by the intoxication of victory."

Before the Berlin note the foreign minister De Rémusat had written: "The foreign Occupation is a continuing cause for resentment and retribution. The longer it lasts, the more exasperated are the feelings of those who bear this unendurable burden." (France has unhappily all too soon forgotten this.)

Both camps exert themselves to overcome the

bad feeling excited by the threatening note. Once more it is successful. But yet again distrust is aroused.

"We make no progess. From Paris they write me the most astonishing things as to France's conception of our intentions. The imagination of the French misleads them into amazing error. Many, quite sincerely, ascribe to us all sorts of wicked concealed intentions. They believe we wish to break the signed treaty. You must not for an instant doubt that if we did it Europe would put us under a ban. Not for a second must you question that we shall stand true to the treaty in every detail. If it were violated through fault of ours, I would myself go to Paris and give myself into custody."

So late as March '73 the first ambassador, the Viscount de Gontaut-Brion, hears such words from the mouth of the Chancellor, whose cynical smile is supposed to conceal their bitterness.

CHAPTER III

Thiers' suppression of Imperialist reaction. Germany's failure to pay Reparations brought Ruhr occupation. Evidence that they could have paid.

Not only in the forms of diplomatic communication, but in her domestic policy as well, France did everything that could be thought of to efface distrust. The danger of a restoration of the monarchy vanishes. Count Chambord, who, as last bough on the elder branch of the Bourbon trunk, is called by the faithful Henry V, publicly refused to become "Legitimate King of the Revolution." About the younger branch, from which the princes of Orleans sprang, only little worshipful groups gathered. And no more did any "Sun of Austerlitz" shine on the dynasty dethroned yesterday. True, the third Napoleon in his prison did whisper: "I know that I shall be the final solution." But Thiers set barriers on every side against this most dangerous of Restorations. Without reserve or mercy he laid bare the destructive system, result of which could only be war and defeat. And when Rouher, one of those most responsible, ventured to defend it, an Orleanist, the Duc d'Audiffret

Pasquier, smote him with the full force of an accusing speech in the National Assembly:

"However cold the blood of you people, however light your hearts even now, however heavy the shadow over Chiselhurst," (where Louis Napoleon was confined,) "at some hour ye must have heard the cry: 'Varus, Varus, give me back the legions!' Give us back the army, the glory of our ancestors, our provinces! And the legacy that we have received from you consists not alone in defeat, confusion, suffering, misery. No! You have left behind you, as well, demoralization, which it will be fearfully difficult to cure. When a country renounces its freedom and right of self-control, when it does not create for itself the liberal institutions that make the general cause the cause of each individual, when the citizen thinks himself wiser because he does not concern himself with politics, on which, nevertheless, his blood, his honor, his means, are dependent, when a land offers up its free independence and puts itself under the protection of a gambler who plays the part of Providence,—then with the certainty of Fate must that come to pass which our eyes behold: decay and demoralization.

"M. Thiers has said, that a land must learn that it never can give itself over, under any circumstances, into the hand of one man, whoever he may be. He was referring to the first Na-

poleon. Is it not a still truer word for him who recalls the sorrow and shame prepared for us by the third Napoleon? And when you now look at the white head, at the weary countenance, of M. Thiers, do you not remember how long he, with admirable patriotism, alone, fought against your folly, how your wrath followed him even into his guarded house, and strove with howls and hisses to break his courage? Out of my heart rises the prayer: May the Almighty spare this hard-punished land the most dreadful of humiliations: that of seeing the destiny of France slip back into those hands that have served her so ill!"

So spoke a Monarchist of the Empire, about a king's servant who had gone over to the republic. Compare it with the speeches of our Monarchists.

On September 5, 1873, eighteen months before the date appointed, the last milliard is paid, the last bit of French soil set free. "When that point is reached," Thiers had said to Jules Simon, "then the majority in the Assembly will recognize my deserts in a fine resolution, and overthrow me." He had reckoned wrong. So early as March 17 (1873), after the conclusion of the evacuation agreement, a motion was approved which was worded in Roman fashion:

"The National Assembly declares, that the President has highly deserved the gratitude of

the fatherland." On the 24th of May the same assembly called Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, to the highest seat in the Republic.

It is not here suggested that Germany could have paid in full with equal celerity.

"We are reminded, that we paid five milliards of gold francs. Correct. Germany has already paid, up to date, from eight to ten. That can be made out. It is beyond those figures that the difficulty begins." (M. Loucheur said this, in November '22. But . . .)

In the field of international politics,—which the Briton, surveying the planet from his central outlook of normal selfishness, cleverly calls "foreign affairs,"—ambiguous talk and covert action is a source of the most serious and constant danger. In the year 1870 neither King Wilhelm nor Bismarck, who were drinking the spring-water, the former at Ems, the latter at Varzin, thought of war as imminent. If Baron Karl Werther, Prussia's representative at the French court, had not himself barely recovered from smallpox and suffered from the pestilence, —before which St. Cloud was trembling even more than Paris,—in his official residence, if he had sought a personal audience with the Emperor before starting off on a journey to recuperate, and if then the question of the Spanish succession and the candidacy of a Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen had been calmly dis-

cussed in the tepid atmosphere of Louis Napoleon's Dutch nonchalance,—that summer, at the least, would not have seen the outbreak of the war.

Louis Napoleon was basking contentedly in the overwhelming success of the May plébiscite, and was so indolent, so far from being athirst for glory, that only a tired smile from his veiled eyes made response to the Princess Matilda's gibe, when she saw the Emperor dragging himself wearily along on the arm of an adjutant-general, and called to him: "Will you lead on your own legs in the attack on Prussia?" But the French ministers scented a trap set by Bismarck,—and floundered into it even though the Sigmaringen spook was already laid to rest.

If, after the fatal St. Vitus' day (of 1914) at Sarajevo, the frank utterance of old Franz Josef had been accepted: that he should not and would not hold a whole nation responsible for the murderous act of two boys, then the petty brawlers of the Ballhausplatz would not have murdered the sleep of the world.

From Werther's woes to the Ruhr, the lesson is the same. Had Germany put the effort of will into the Reparations that she did into avoidance of them, if with no less loud a drumbeat she had summoned her wealthy class to pay the indemnity to the conquerors, then no Frenchman and no Belgian would have come to Essen.

The debtor had no right to content himself with "passive resistance." He who means honestly to pay his debt must not behave like a "slow customer," must not make excuses nor offer to take the "poor debtor's oath." Be sincere, and shun even the appearance of a lie.

To people without number the assertion seems a lie, that Germany can for an indefinable period of time pay nothing in Reparations. Why? Because, since losing the war, she has improved her agriculture and her industries, brought them nearer to the peak of efficiency than would have been possible in the previous years of peace, and so is robbing her creditor, who had a right to demand for himself the sums so expanded; because a dozen or two billions have been advanced for ships and dockyards, the coal-tax has been all too long remitted for the mine-owners, our national house-keeping not put in order, but an innumerable host of officials, pensioners, irremovables, workmen, and parasites are supported at the high present-day level of prices, over forty thousand billions of marks printed daily for such ends, a picture of luxurious comfort and limitless enjoyment offered to our eyes; because, despite the eight hundred thousand-fold rise in sterling exchange, English coal, which seemed quite unattainable, could still be purchased month after month; because freewill of-

ferings by the billion were still ready, at a least suggestion, for the Ruhr:—whose coal-kings and iron-dukes could surely themselves allay any need that appeared there.

All that should not have been concealed nor denied. Suspicion and accusation should have been disarmed, and, where denial was impossible, a change in public policy should have been assured.

True it is, that Germany's life had not contracted itself into such extreme simplicity as befits a state heavily in debt, defeated in the cruelest and costliest war of all history. Improvement of the industries, both civic and rural, the subsidy for shipping, were necessary. Without credit established in foreign countries, trade on a large scale was unattainable. But never should this tender solicitude have gone so far that, in all men's minds, even those that strive to be just in judgment, the belief could not but take root, that the state, which was responsible to its creditor, was only playing the beggar's part, while slily winking at private enterprise fed fat at its own cost.

In its chief lines, German business is at the highest point of technical efficiency. Forest owners bushel up money after every cutting. The sale of an ox brings in millions. Even last autumn a man was called an ass who gave away a lean cow for one million. Many a peasant

has bought for his wife and daughters silk stockings and blouses, jumpers and combinations, a piano, even books. Rustic communities of a hundred souls (so old-fashioned census-takers call the characteristic common to all ages and sexes), without stripping themselves at all, have sent to the folk of the Ruhr raw materials and goods to the value of many millions.

Agriculture burdened with debt? It was so once, but is so no more. Naturally: for the repayment of a million mark debt is hardly worth mentioning: a hardship only to the creditor who held the mortgage, and who, in return for his good money, receives only scraps of paper. (And now, that this mighty pile of such scraps rests heavy as a nightmare on the Germany that at the dawn of the war applauded her Chancellor's word, "International treaties are after all but bits of paper, and so, incapable of binding the action of great peoples,"—is that not Æschylean?)

Villages, once the poorest, now display buildings of stone. The three-fifths of the German people who live from agriculture have never, since 1914, suffered from serious want: then they experienced the fat years of Pharaoh's dream, and but for the confusion wrought by their blundering rulers could breathe freer than ever. As to industrials, Mr. Stinnes, chief of

experts, was able to say that they were at the highest point of scientific productiveness.

Good. But consider that in France, whose population, despite the return of Alsace-Lorraine, has since 1914 fallen off a half-million, 37 million hectares (91 million acres) were devastated, 741,883 houses destroyed, 23,000 industrial plants wiped out: that the restoration of them requires, according to the French reckoning, 102 milliards of francs in gold, and that Germany has delivered but little thus far. Can a people in whose land the enemy lay four years long, close to the capital city, that was for four years herself the battle-field, and which since then, by internal loans alone, has raised 146 millions, be justly accused of a desire not to restore the devastated provinces at all, but to utilize them as clever propaganda against Germany? Can it be matter of surprise, if this people, in its distrust, doubts the good intentions of a neighbor whose forceful life-current it feels, yet who, as each regular date recurs, describes herself as unable to pay, and as ill unto death?

Absolutely frank utterance was here necessary. Liquidation (the word frightens the reddest rebels of yesterday) at the sacrifice of everything that could be spared by the state, by the communities, by private industries, became Duty. What the people's powers exerted to the utter-

most could do in atonement to the suffering creditor, the victor, should have been heartily done.

"In order to make reparations, it is necessary to improve our own equipment."

Not by any means on such a scale as it was done. But now—it has been done, it cannot be helped, and we must simply strive to secure for our creditor the advantage that springs from it.

That had to be put plainly. And the next is, to clean house from the cellar up. An end must be put to the production of money-certificates (on which stands the shameless assertion, that the Imperial Bank will "pay" to the bearer the amount indicated, while in truth it only gives him several scraps of paper for one).

France stopped her banknote printing-press in 1920, Czechoslovakia, on Raschin's urgent advice, never even started hers. A state that every week prints hundreds of billions of marks cannot raise the value of its money, nor yet stabilize it. No, not even by throwing bundles of bills on the market, and buying up its own mark-notes, on which the victors and the neutrals of the Great War have probably lost even more than the vanquished state. That works for a little while, and makes it possible to lay hands, at a tolerable rate of exchange, on dollars and pounds Sterling, with which English coal can

be paid for, and in America copper, cotton and food-stuffs.

Whether the main purpose of this method of warfare (which so grimly recalls the hazardous usages of the years 1914–18),—namely, the strengthening of the will to endure to the end,—is attained, is already uncertain. With the high peaks of exchange the industrial stocks went down, and the all too numerous folk whom nothing but profit on exchange helped out of their daily pinch were horrified to see their apparent prosperity, on which their eyes had feasted, trickle away. With such a rustily creaking crane did you wish to uplift their spirits? The six per cent. gold loan, which was to furnish a means for saving not threatened by loss of value, was a scorned child of self-deception and falsehood. Despite the constant snow-storm of notes, the lack of money crippled all trade. Were wagon-loads of bright-colored certificates rolled into the Ruhr, to assure wages and food, or did the financial officials, to check speculation, hold back the new money? Whoever in March had any spare money, and had not been chased out of his credit by his banker or had crept into another, could not but put trust in the dollar more warmly than in the unsecured gold loan, and prefer to hope for a rise in industrial stocks rather than in an early return to health of the imperial finances. These last are not to be

helped by magicians' arts or advertising tricks.

Recognize, at last, what is, and shun the dusty paths of lying and deception, which the most noble intention, even the wish to serve the Fatherland, never can hallow into piety. No masterpiece of witchcraft saves the money-standard of the land that disgorges paper billions from its machine, feeds swarms of drones, and, when coal fails, closes the schools indeed,—as has many a time happened all about us,—cuts out the most important railroad connections, but lets ten thousand cinemas thrice daily squander heat and light, while the closing-time for dance-halls, carousing-dens, pot-houses and drinking resorts is set ahead to midnight.

Everybody knows the song of Woe and Alas, of the middle class ruined and dying out (in France 'tis not much better off). No sheets on the bed, no shirt on the back, tuberculous children, the students who,—to last out till graduation,—fiddle at night for a shameless foxtrot, the furniture carried off piece by piece to the second-hand dealer.

"Why cast ye down your eyes before the cross? Go by, go by!"

But even the privileged ones do not live in everlasting splendor. The much envied iron and coal industry only attains two thirds of its increased capacity, and the heart of the profit is in that missing third. It would have to come to

a standstill for lack of means if, with the Ruhr-ache in its body, it had to pay two billion gold marks down to the state.

Many live riotously, crowd the theaters, concert-halls, and hotels de luxe,—and plunge deep in all the vices of ancient or modern life. Why not, since saving is of all stupid follies accepted as the stupidest?

But all that glitters and sparkles so is but a house of cards. The fattest dividends shrivel, when exchanged into gold values, to a petty fraction of a hundredth.

Until now the purchasing power of the mark has been greater at home than abroad. The gnat-swarm of dealers and capitalists have lived by taking advantage of this difference. How much longer can they do it? By leaps and bounds our prices have overtaken those of the world-markets.

And all that is wasted by our degenerate spendthrifts would make no impression on the gold debt of the empire. Only a vigorously active balance of trade would permit the payment of adequate installments. But the day is already dawning when the high costs will shut our industries out of the competition in the markets of the world. And what is to happen when the smelting furnaces are cold, the wheels stand still, and the millions of the unemployed must be piloted over bitterest want, with paper money?

"No great nation can ever be brought to sacrifice its existence on the altar of loyalty to a treaty, if it is forced to make its choice between the two." The law *'nemo ultra posse obligatur'* (none is under obligation beyond his power) can not be made invalid by any clause of a treaty. Self sacrifice for loyalty to a treaty is not to be expected."

So speaks Bismarck.

Why trouble ourselves longer over the question, whether the advance into the Ruhr was a violation of the treaty? The England of Lloyd George—who is now so moral—proposed it, so early as 1920, to the allied and associated nations, as a "sanction" for a neglect of obligations which was feared,—and so must have counted it among the measures permitted by the Treaty. That calm business man, Mr. Bonar Law, has never intimated that he does not so count it also. The mere proposal to discuss the disputable paragraph (VIII, 8) officially in the Reparations Commission would have brought the Paris plan to naught, as the reply would become valid only by an unanimous vote. But what avails complaint that can reach no judge's ear? France is suffering with Yesterday, fears for the morrow. Instead of imputing to her more faults than she has, it was for us to do everything possible to allay her suffering, to banish her worriment. It is only the discontented

neighbor, tremulous with anxiety, who is dangerous.

From the threshold of Despair she stole, timidly at first, into the Ruhr. "Necessity knows no law." Did you not shout in exultation, too, when Bethmann's little heart groaned out that word?

—"Oh, but then it was war."

Against the Belgians, to whom the phrase was to justify the irruption into their land, war had then not yet been declared. And is it not war to-day? Trench-warfare? A fight for a favorable position, intended to eat away, to disintegrate one of two lands; but which, if it runs on, must disintegrate both, exhaust our whole continent.

Bid the trumpeters of hatred, the courtiers of each national delusion, be silent. Duty commands the statesman to find his way to the desire, the point of view, of his opponent. As no early intervention is to be hoped for, and no Heavenly miracle relieves the German empire from the burden of Reparation, she must, without being halted by the specter of a false sense of honor or lurking dread of massacre, proclaim a debt-program that shall enlighten the world; and shall estop the blindest Chauvinist from longer application of military compulsion.

He who barricades this road is acting from motives of internal policy: desires to weaken the

young and sickly republic, and rally the masses about the banner of the creed that the Twentieth Century is not yet ripe for the ideal of a peaceable democracy, and that only a penitent return to the military monarchy can save the German people from the wiles of the foes and worldwide deviltry.

Don't you see it, even now?

If the Frenchman did, as you have heard, from the wilderness of his worries let himself be misled into a detestably brutal attempt, still it will be no man's shame, but to every man's honor, to climb higher up the ladder of common sense than other men have, though men of an older civilization.

CHAPTER IV

How von Moltke and others foresaw failure but proclaimed certainty of success, 1914–18. Treatment of doubters.

"It is going badly. The hopeful beginning of the war will shift to the opposite. We must be stifled in the struggle against both East and West. Bitter disillusionment is coming now in its turn. And how we shall have to pay for everything that has been destroyed! I fear that our people, in the ecstasy of victory, can hardly endure disaster." (Sept. 9, 1914.)

"The success for which we had hoped has not arrived; always fresh disappointment. It seems as if nothing would turn out well for us again. And yet, success must come, unless we are to be stifled by the mass of our opponents." (Oct. 24, 1914.)

"The results from the conduct of the war are frightful. For three months there has been butchery. Our military strength has been wasted in terrible fashion. We are headed for a catastrophe, unless a turn of affairs is brought about. I see things as they are, and it is my belief that the whole army judges as I do. Confidence has gone to the devil, and confidence is a gigantic force." (January 12, 1915.)

"In the West we can now win only partial successes, which will remain without influence on the end of the war. Our general military situation is so critical, that only full success in the East can save it. If we succeed in defeating the Russians decisively, and make moderate demands, I believe that we can make peace with them. General Von Falkenhayn has so little of the army's confidence that new operations must not be begun under his leadership." (January 17, 1915.)

"If we do not have peace with Russia in two months, I do not know what is to become of us. The resources of the country have been squandered in sinful fashion. There is no longer any guidance of the war: it is a complete fiasco." (January 29, 1915.)

With these sentences from the letters of Gen. von Moltke, who was for nine years Chief of Staff, every one can compare what was said officially, and officiously, during the first five months, and thereafter almost four years long, upon the conduct and state of the war.

Must it be even so again?

"As the Americans can neither swim across nor fly over the Ocean, while their ships would be sunk by our gallant U-boat heroes, no one need fear that even one man from overseas will reinforce the enemies' line of battle."

He, who as Minister of His Prussian Majesty spoke (approximately) thus in the Landtag, is, in the "Temporary Organization of the German Republic," the leader of a great party, and can still play the rôle of prophet. Why not? His associate in leadership, who by the side of this Lepidus is almost a Mark Antony, (only more virtuous and therefore more censorious than the Roman garde du corps,) still "passes current" in the Fatherland, not having depreciated like our own Mark: and he has often enough said, that Germany has more "silver bullets" than the British empire, that the taxation screw need not be turned so hard, and that he is sure "the costs of war will be borne by the enemy."

Even the victors, not held back by shyness, long ago perceived that no vanquished Power, no group of cripples, can pay the war-costs. The Americans had come, on ships not one of which was sunk: at midsummer of 1918 three hundred thousand men per month. And they had everything: the best arms, countless tanks, clothing and food such as a gentleman is accustomed to—and the most defiant contempt for death. Whoever knew America, if only from the proper books and trustworthy oral report, never had been in doubt about it. The keels of twelve great ships laid down in one day: in a few

weeks off the ways. Five thousand more tanks? A bagatelle. Thirteen billion dollars (to-day it would be 40,000 billions of marks) loaned, their own immense equipment provided at highest prices. And with all that, no sign of disturbance visible in the business of government or people.

Three years after the conclusion of peace, I heard one of our most illustrious leaders of armies, between the soup and the asparagus, spin the yarn of the final victory that was close at hand, and frustrated only by the change of feeling at home. When a superpatriotic lady asked, whether the fast-increasing number of Americans had not become dangerous, he in calm tones responded, immovable in the consciousness of his own majesty, while his hand cleared the meat platter of the stuffed tomato-nests: "Oh no, dear lady, the fellows could do nothing, you know: we just mowed them down." This with a calm smile, while (almost) every eye hung worshipfully on the lip of the gracious hero who "did it," who would have compelled two worlds, but for . . .

Many a one saw, what could not but come:—no, not what might, but must: must, ever since the first disillusionment on the Marne, on September 10, 1914. If England found time to equip her empire, to persuade into taking up arms the four continents whose ruling caste

speaks her language,—there was left not a straw of hope that Germany, between her limping allies, could force a victory.

No one might ever so cautiously intimate anxiety. "Croakers belong in prison." (Not yet, "against the wall." The kindly habit of "just simply getting rid," officially or by assassination, of any heretical unbeliever of official "truths"—as well as the wiping-out of the fundamental constitutional principle of equality for all citizens before the law,—belongs to the triumphs of the socialistic-democratic republic. The emperor's rule, under the "accursed system," was always most sparing of the blood of those among its sons who were not forced into uniform.)

"We are victorious, if we keep the Empire intact, *minus* a rectification of the Lorraine-boundary, to plaster our wound on the French side, and bear home with us, as *plus,* the recognition of German capacity and accomplishment." So I often said.

"Nonsense! In our people's eyes this recognition must take the form of added territory."

"Make peace, before Russia, our chief—soon perhaps our only—great market, is utterly destroyed, and before the pair of Pacifists, Asquith and Grey, fall."

"You put faith in those swine-dogs? They are the very ones who . . ."

"Take advantage of the nervous uneasiness and the breath of mutiny of the Painlevé-Nivelle time. The English feeler (Mr. Trevelyan) points the way. Painful as the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine might be, the Empire survives it."

"But not the dynasty"; cries Wilhelm: "and if the Hohenzollerns must fall, let the Germany they created fall with them." (The words are vouched for.)

Even victory, had it come in the fourth year, could never have been victory over the British Empire and the United States, and would have brought to the isolated shunned Fatherland, for decades, a state of actively fruitful misery. "We shall have to pay, too, for every ton of the 'rich U-boat booty': while it seemed profitable, so I spoke. The listener's look advised departure to a secure asylum."

"Stop now, when the gang's knees are already shaking? You have no conception of the offensive which our Eric is quietly preparing?"

The good Ballin related to me himself, more pitifully than in anger, that the very highest lady in the land wanted to slap his face with her fan, because he had said that an adequate political understanding with England would one day be indispensable. Her husband dragged the righteously wrathful dame back; but he, also, called

the ship-owner's opinion "Very questionable." Ballin's, who, alone among all the citizens of the Empire, had won in competition against England on her own domain, wrested from temperamental Lady Amphitrite! A Jew, born in Denmark, an intimate of Ernest Cassel and Edgar Speyer, a favorite of Lord Rothschild. So must it come to pass. (See "The Wise Men of Zion.")

Under the chastening rod of headquarters, where unavailable generals were enthroned over front-shy conquerors, the band of heretics increased. Oftener and oftener from the council-room the bell rang: "Here I have a pair of scandalously bad rogues: couldn't you . . ."

"Now then, you rascal, you shall die a hero's death."

Whoever, under fifty, was "burdensome" at home:—"Out with him! Off with him, to face the foe!" Anybody who was a partisan of those whose seats were farther to the Left than comrades David and Lansberg: "Bacteria to the Front!" No wonder if, starting from these points of weakness, decomposition set in. But so late as October 1918, from all the walls the cry of the Generalissimo's messenger was that Germany, Germany alone had through all the course of the war assured free expression of opinion:—and furthermore that she was assured of definite victory, in the West also.

And then it happened (as Madame Odilon used to write, at the end of the chapters which glorified her busy Eros as bringer of new delights). What had to come, came.

CHAPTER V

Circumstance and Event. Fatal reaction of atrocities in war. Pathos of the needless present duel. France and Germany natural economic allies, not foes.

OBEDIENCE to a commandment uttered by two men, one a German, one a Hebrew, Fichte and Lassalle: "Speak that which is,"—was forbidden. Only the foe had obstacles within, losses without: not we. They were threatened with bankruptcy, mutiny, disintegration of their state, revolt of alien races, dominions, and colonies, with dissolution of alliances, angry impatience of neutrals,—every string of the harp! Day after tomorrow France is prostrated by lack of salt, a little later the Anglo-Saxon world because they can get on no longer without importing coal-tar dyestuffs.

"We of the general staff" (that is, in one of the hundred cold storage rooms for insolvent "writers," who could not get positions)—"have, of course, news which does not reach even you."

The blockade; the shamelessly ignoble posters, which yet had no effective result. "Feed your sugar to the beasts: we have a superfluity. Everything we need. More than we need! Our allies stand unwavering as rocks. Victory after

victory. Are our hostages, in East and West, a mere trifle? Time works for us. From moon to moon the feeling of the outside world turns in our favor." (Proof:—out of the broad press current, sentences culled and sifted, whose source and place of origin would not always stand the purity-test of the spotted asbestos in the women's heaven of Faust.) "Only hold out: then no devil robs us of triumph."

These tactics created the psychical condition in the autumn of 1918, and its frenzied result, the Simili-revolution. They, and not the "Dagger-thrust." (That word, by the way, and its special meaning, did not originate with Colonel Bauer, but with the attorney Kerenski, who used it before the Petrograd court martial, as advocate of Socialists accused of high treason: among them Kamenieff, now one of the Diadochi of Lenin the Great.)

If the Germans had said, with the cool shrewdness of the Briton,

"It's a long long way" (to Tipperary), "the task is terribly hard," then never out of disappointment could catastrophe have come. But they heard every day: "It needs but one breath more; only the extent of our absolutely assured victory is still clouded in doubt." Not until October '18 were they suddenly affrighted out of their lovely dream by the proposal for a truce, made in Washington. "We have been lied to

and deceived": the extreme Conservative who said that, groaned out the feeling of the whole nation.

This policy was persisted in before, and after, every event. The circumstances (war fifty months long) demanded a different one. Event—even though painful, gives wings to men's spirits, uplifts them to strength of will, scoffs at bitterest hardship. Circumstance, even though hailed with a thousand banners, consecrated by millions slain, is always wearisome: it plucks feather after feather from the spirit's pinions, leaving it crippled, to sink into daylong dust, nightlong worriment.

The hope, to be able to win the mastery over adverse Circumstance by the same strategy and tactics that train the will to master Event,—is as futile as the fancy, that the inspiring intoxication of the heart and ecstasy of the senses in the betrothal time can assure happiness in marriage. No, not even for a prolonged engagement.

Neither the leaders of armies nor the civil executives realized the difference, nor even had any suspicion of it.—Poison-gas. The inventor, Privy Counselor Haber, had sounded the warning: "I give assurance for a year; after that the enemy will have it, too." None paid serious attention to that.—Air-bombs dropt on London and Paris: enormous bolts from the far-away maws of Big Berthas: as Event, bewildering,

agonizing; as Circumstance, hardening to steel the power of endurance. ("Your Berthas have effaced the idea of Wilsonian peace, and put an end to defeatism," says a Frenchman.)

The merciless U-boat warfare brought the same lesson. And in this (the most dangerous) case the statesmen were absolutely no wiser than the strategists. Vice President Helfferich, only, distinguished Circumstance from Event. He who had credited to his Fatherland the possession of the most silver bullets now offered iron.

"We hold the foe in an iron grip. No man will turn Fate aside." "England"—he said,—"must starve or surrender." From the session in which he had announced the meager amount of the English food supply, Referent Erzberger, (who was heartily at feud with him ever since the good old colonial time, having been his rival for the favor of Theobaldus,) came out hot with anger, and whispered with craftily smiling eye: "The rice, that alone assures food for months, he left out, and when I reminded him of it, he turned furious and rude, as usual."

The State Secretary, a man of many-sided knowledge without creative ability, reckoned aright the weightiness of the Event, when he cried: "If the card of unrestricted U-boat warfare doesn't take the trick, we are lost for centuries." A few weeks later the Circumstance struck him as highly creditable and the strongest

assurance of victory. Again the clever man was clever enough not to be clever.

"Almost" accurately was the weightiness of the event estimated. Though the card failed to win, and Germany, without revealing to the unprejudiced observer even the last faintest sunset glimmer of hope for final victory, fought on with Spartan valor for two and twenty months more, with Spartan patience devoured beets and conserves, (tough as if from Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb,) though she did not cry out for peace until she was not merely herself defenseless but had disarmed the arbitrator, (whom the Allied and Associated Nations, no longer needing him against the fallen Colossus of Potsdam, could now stow away in the White House along with his philosophy of renunciation,)—despite all that, (and it may already be added,—despite the fact that since November 1918 she has been worse ruled, and far worse administered, than even under the Empire, hardly one imaginable mistake having been avoided,) yet Germany is not "lost for centuries." She is still a vitally important member of economic and therefore of political Europe. Must the German Empire now, like the hero in a high tragedy, after agile escape from the deadly peril, in blindness bring about its own downfall?

The Empire, not the Nation. Neither for peoples,—as the Poles, Serbians, Armenians,

Syrians demonstrate,—nor for the Occident,—in which America must surely be reckoned,—does danger of downfall threaten to-day. But for the mightiest Empire, in all the resplendent glamour of absolute power, yes: dissolution and downfall wait, at any crisis. Hapsburg-Lorraine, Holstein-Gottorp (under the deceitful firm-name of Romanoff,) and China's Manchoo emperors, have come that song quite well to know. Between the Meuse and Memel must tragedy be?

"Well, we aren't on the Meuse: and Memel the Lithuanians have swallowed. There's no longer danger of falling to pieces. That's already 'Event,' or 'Circumstance' if you like that better. The notion that Germany can live in this 'Peace,' can flourish, that's your own private delusion."

Does she not live, and with the budding of her youthful strength scare three neighbors into worriment? And where is there a serious-minded man who had ever imagined that, five years after the cruelest overthrow in all history, wrought by the exertions of a billion men, the picture of his German home was going to be what it was yesterday?

The Peace Treaty was harsh, and in many of its provisions impossible to fulfill. "And so, Sire?" The Impossible can never be accomplished, the unbearable is borne but for a short stretch of the way out. Dictated? So was every

Peace Treaty: the gentlest enforced "with the pistol at the breast." Even at Nikolsburg, Franz Josef signed only that Vienna might not see the Prussians enter, and Prague appeal to them for deliverance.—Revision? The surest means to block it is uproarious demand for it.

Have princes, officers, accused persons anywhere been delivered up to the victors? Have the distressing Leipzig procedures been continued? Have not the figures for the reparations-debt been most comfortably unfattened? Think of it: don't talk about it. Revision only comes when necessity gives her quiet command.

One task of statecraft is to bring the reckoning for the Necessary within the total of the Possible: and the second to recognize to-day the necessity of the morrow, and be in readiness for it. Various "combinations" are possible. Imperative alone is it to work in association with France: indispensable, because, without that, neither of the two nations can fully utilize its industrial resources, because one alone cannot venture into competition with existing or future industrial empires; and further, because only that partnership would prove the cell in which, out of which, the (at first economically) United States of Europe would develop.

From reparation which has not yet been made, from a treaty which, as yet, has been (if you will,

could be) only partially carried out, Germany can not have become enfeebled, infirm, an incurable cripple: and to the "court of marvels" of Parisian melo-dramatic, that provides bloody bandages, humps, every sort of gross appendages, on loan,—a people of mature dignity ought not, even in direst need, to lower itself.

The Versailles Treaty is a pontoon bridge, not the shore of the Land of Plenty; a means, not an end; it heats up the Purgatory out of which, to God's joy, the sinner, purified by repentance, may climb into the Eden of the League of Nations.

The louder the outcry grew, from within and without, against the German army, the deeper-rooted became the superstition as to its omnipotence, its superiority to all else; and that strengthened militarism, which only holds sway where the military spirit, (which in the brains of the army-body is indispensable,) controls the forms of civic life: that is, politics in the original sense of the word. That is what Bismarck never ceased, from before Düppel until after Sedan, to combat with undiminished energy. Beware, lest by stubborn assault on the paper ramparts of the Versailles Treaty you make out of this means, also, an end in itself.

The proclamation of treaty-revision as the German goal can be received with the smile of

"benevolent neutrality" only in that land where, after destruction of the German marine, dethronement of our commerce and overseas trade, thinly-veiled annexation of our colonies, confiscation of private property—everything attainable is attained, and Revision (of what has already happened) would be harmless. Big business folk, the men of great cities, are wont to toss worthless securities into the grate: and Mr. Lloyd George's all too simple Peace-formula ("The Kaiser must hang, the Hun must pay") was doubtless never taken very seriously.

France, a land of small farmers, many of whose legislators have received their election as a reward for their valorous endurance in the trenches, and are quite innocent of all politics, would sweep out, with thorn-brooms of accusation, any government that spoke of needed treaty revision, for having spared the Boche ("with whom things are going better than with us,") and for having wasted the fruits of the hard-earned victory. "He that pays has lost his case" is a peasant's rule, (and not in France alone is it valid). The idea that the payment of such enormous sums would be made possible only through an increase of shipments abroad that would be unendurable to other exporting nations, and through a corresponding change in the balance of trade—is a truth beyond the horizon of a short-sighted peasantry.

France can almost live independently on her own resources, has enough to eat and (plenty) to drink, colonial possessions of great extent and immense natural wealth whose surface has hardly been scratched. For her art, artists' materials, articles of luxury, for the whole realm of perfumes, wines, soaps, farces, dainties sweet or tart, for the entire domain of the Rue de la Paix and the Midinettes she has no need ever to fear "dumping."

What does she need? Fourfold assurance: that Germany will restore the industries and agriculture of the North-east departments, laid waste at the command of her military chiefs; that she will not plot revenge and use her larger population to change by force the 1919 frontier; that she will not enter on the policy of supporting Zollern electoral princes and kings, strive to return to the armed fraternity of the Waterloo "Belle Alliance," thereby forcing France,—since she will not be dependent on Berlin's humor nor England's appendix,—to keep herself in a state of defense on the earth and in the air, above and beneath the sea; and, lastly, that Germany shall, without any "mental reservation" whatsoever, work honorably with her for the full exploitation of the renewed equipment of the French iron and coal industries, and also for the enrichment and rational development of her Africo-Asiatic colonial domain.

The national finances, the Third Republic's child of worriment, would then—since the land, air and sea forces could be diminished,—be restored to health more rapidly than could be hoped for under the prudishly bourgeois régime of the light-hearted M. Klotz.

("It makes me giddy! Into my first cabinet I took Caillaux, who is for Napoleon, for Briand, for Jesus Christ; into my second, as Finance Minister, Klotz, the only Jew who hasn't the mistiest glimmer of an idea on Finance." Thus spoke Citizen Georges Clémenceau, Jacobin from la Vendeé, most Prussian of Frenchmen since Cambronne, and for his soft heart ordained for enrollment in the Heavenly corps of the Blesséd Boys.)

Not one of those assurances can France obtain from any land upon our planet save our own. For, against any alliance to enforce the treaty, one to oppose it is imaginable, every coalition is imperiled by the gnawing tooth of time, and one with a superior, which therefore would alone give her permanent assurance, puts the protected state under guardianship. From all this is revealed the fact, (against which the blinded and the misled will rise up rampant and foaming with rage,) that France is the only Great Power whose vital interests, (whose fundamental concerns, you might say,) are indissolubly connected with the revival of a strong Germany.

And it is these two nations that to-day contend, breast to breast, in the ring, while on one side at least the strife is carried on with a fiercer bitterness than between 1914 and '18, more violently than ever a Dempsey, a Battling Siki, or whoever else are to be named as the highly honored—and yet more highly paid—gladiators of our days strove against Georges Carpentier. Everybody waits impatiently round about. Will the Mighty Ones, who sit, reverently peered at, in the front seats in the arena of brutalized Christendom, give, with thumbs turned downward, the signal for the deathblow, permission for the knock-out?

Breast to breast fight the two. They could, alone at last, look each other in the eyes, ask each himself and his opponent, whether the race-strife must rage, the "Zoological war" must be fought to a finish between them,—that war against which Rénan in his humane sympathy uttered his warning in 1870 (in his public correspondence with Strauss, the German biographer of Jesus).

Once more the tactics which would avail against Event are expected to suffice for wearisome Circumstance.

"Hold out, only a little while yet, then we'll accomplish it. Time works with us, has already won the world's good will. Of course, since on the justice of our cause, ours only, despite the most shameless attempt to darken it, no shadow

of doubt falls, or can fall. The enemy is isolated, nervous, even in his most advanced trenches undermined by the current of political discontent at home, threatened with a cabinet crisis, made anxious by the heavy murmur of the approaching election. His losses are terrific, no longer endurable."

"And ours?"

" 'Tis no time to speak of that. Croakers belong against the wall! The united front is assurance of our final victory. Moreover, the fact can not be downed by lying, that the burglar's losses, in this case, are far greater than the man's he robs. And the more shamelessly the greed of the enemy shows itself, the more clearly it stands revealed that his will is to cut the Empire to pieces still more, to destroy the German people, that he does not, as his hypocritical chatter pretends, strive for just conditions,—so much the surer and nearer is the interference, the intervention, of the Great Powers, who, though seemingly neutral, are horrified over this condition of things, and see their own interests threatened.

"Yes, and among them are the very Powers that signed the most scandalously cruel Peace-treaty that ever, since the days of Carthage, was forced upon any people: a treaty for whose fulfillment we have nevertheless done everything possible for human powers, even far more be-

yond that:—and yet now it is every day scornfully violated. Upon this scandal the lands and continents can no longer look, as idle spectators, that boastfully call themselves the contenders for right, for freedom, for self-determination, for 'democracy.' "

—Under seven moons we have heard it daily. Endurance, united front, robbers' greed; will to destroy; Time working, wooing for us; victory after victory; our news, bronze; the enemies', ill-mended broken dishes full of lies;—it is all here again. We have had it before. Instead of "the rich U-boat booty," the war press-annex records the constant disappointments and losses of the enemy. We are again in the autumn of 1917.

Must the German empire, actually, like every hero of high tragedy, itself in blindness compass its own downfall?

CHAPTER VI

False notions as to foreigners and selves. "United Front." Falsification of facts. Wilhelm's real character early known. His secret letters to Czar, and their fatal effect.

"A PEOPLE," says Goethe's Alba, "never becomes mature, never old; a people remains always childish." To this gloomy belief of a piously Spanish National any man's judgment might incline, who beholds a valiant industrious nation, superior to many a neighbor in ripeness of understanding and in imaginative power, slip back under the baneful influence of the same method which has once already imperiled its life. Not a lustrum has passed since then: and yet, no voice utters a warning against a diet that works such evil even to the very inmost soul, against a drug already proven a poison with no healing virtue.

In absolute power grew the nationalist Reign of Terror. More completely than most men yet dream, Fear beats down the will to be truthful.

"Outside only cheats, villains, idlers, sated profiteers, or malignant Sadists, who do not, like their ancestor the Marquis de Sade, satisfy their desires in the agony of their victims, but would first empty their pockets, also: in our own land,

a race of shining angels, gathered about the Palladium of righteousness, honor, freedom, human dignity, led only by the impulse to attain the height of the Ideal, even though it should be the naked rock, where from the travailing quaking earth the cross of suffering, standing immovable, towers Heavenward."

And whoever sees otherwise, who did not learn all this with childish eyes in his indestructible picture-book and again in the primer, who perchance raises the question: "Why, and for how long, do mightier devilish powers still endure the little band of angels?"—he is a traitor. That the Irishman Shaw as ungently heckles British politics as once, (though not with such Aristophanic wit,) the Pole Korfanty did the Prusso-German, that in England, again, by Messrs. John Burns, Norman Angel, Morrell, Henderson, Asquith, and on through the men of the "Nation" up to General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil,—in France first by the England-hater Caillaux and the Bolshevik Cachin, later by Messieurs Jean Languet the descendant of Marx, and Léon Blum, but also by the (widely diverging) brothers Jouvenel, the Radical leader Herriot, even at times by the multi-millionaire Loucheur,—the action of the government has been fearlessly criticized, while from Italy, Belgium, Poland, opposition to the rulers' will has been audible,—all this was praised to us as hope-

ful and helpful evidence of unbending and truthful manly virtue.

"There," it was urged, "are fellows whom no slap of the sword-blade, no swish of the scorpion-whip, can subdue."

Only, woe to every man, who in Germany dared do, what they in their fatherlands did! He was a "harm-bringer," and so must be quickly made harmless; for he "breaks up the united front." No stupider word was ever devised: hardly one, that brought worse bewilderment into the minds of men.

Sixty, or thirty, million men, diverse in education, in views of life, in class feelings, in wealth, and in their "totality of desires" (i. e. character), can never hold wholly like opinions upon essentials, whether Event or Circumstance. What from afar seems unity is an artificial picture, the product of clever deception; and if Hellmuth Moltke, Germany's sole great field-marshal since Fritz and Scharnhorst, may speak, it is not a beautiful production.—Or would Britain show a nobler countenance, bear more deeply the impress of Shakespeare's "Majestic comprehension of mankind," if from the Island-empire no voices were to be heard, that had any other tones, and gave expression to other thoughts, than those of the Honorables Balfour, Lloyd George, Bonar Law? Nothing else has helped out more the insinuation that German politics are always

alive with lying and deceit than the endless chatter about the United Front: to-day firm against the storm, to-morrow threatened from the rear. Never-ending; for throughout ten years we have never escaped from the situations, for the duration of which there came the harsh command, the harsh prohibition: "Not now, when everything is at stake, may the patriot . . ." (speak a truthful word?) "Not now"—not in this hour, never before a serious pressing decision: neither in Parliament nor in the Press. Both these (it is the only conclusion an unprejudiced man can at any hour draw), on comfortably windless days, are to be glorified with hymns of praise, as the noblest triumphs of civilization and culture, indispensable to the activities of the Polis, the institutions of the state that distinguish good from evil:—but when the clouds of storm or tempest rise, when by functioning they could actually prove themselves necessary and useful organs, then they are to be promptly and carefully "laid to rest." That is,—if the child is asleep, nutriment wells from the mother's breast: if it presses hungrily upon her bosom with mouth and fingers, then " 'tis not the hour" ("Says she," little Cohn adds with a grin).

The most unfortunate element in this condition of things is, that the Obedient themselves are incredulous, and at every step is heard the

whisper: "All made up. The box leaks, and reeks, miles away, with foul swindling."

Miles away, yes: even into the enemy's country. There they say:

"Even Tacitus, who in the depths of his heart was surely pro-Boche, has called them *versutissimos:* the trickiest lot;—so they are still, and we should be stupid indeed, heads stuffed with bean-straw, if German camouflage could deceive us."

In one of the official documents which the poor book-man Eisner, under the delusion that Germany had experienced a Revolution, and that the public exposure of the fallen rulers was the duty, not merely the right, of the victorious rebels, caused to be published, I found the Apocalyptic never-to-be-outlawed sentence: "To the rest of the world, of course, everything must be denied." That was, and remains, the regular program. Whom has it profited? Surely not, from the Marne to the Wupper, from the Bug to the Herne canal, the nation. Yet ten governments, from the time of Bethmann till . . . later. Not a breath, not the least, out of the lungs of a vigilant Opposition, (without which "Parliamentary government" is an empty word-husk, the mere sign on a quack's cart in the marketplace).

Everybody stands straight behind those admitted to the councilroom: and the watchword—

better you'll not find,—is: "After your file leader!" Yesterday I read the sentence, "Every one stands behind Cuno." At the imperial court the usage could safely be abolished of standing "behind" men whose gracious courtesy invited respect. Rulers who from time to time read off a pompous wearisome Sunday sermon of dubious authorship, but never accomplished the least thing for the state, are uplifted to the rank of heroes.

"Accomplished nothing? It was they first who finally said 'No!' (i. e. to the treaty fulfillment.)"

They ventured, then, a bare negation, which at least three pillars of cabinets had done before them: a bare negation, for which the resources of the people, not of the ministers, are surety; and which assures to the government a convenient moratorium, but to their subjects the dawning of new days of suffering.

Pray, does no one ask, what all the sly petty doings since 1914 have profited the nation? Is the very question a breaking of the line, and high treason? Whoever wishes to answer, not flippantly, let him ask himself first, with knowledge of everything dragged to the light since 1919, how his German fatherland would stand in the world to-day, if at the right time there had come to the people, or only seeped through to them, the judgments that Wilhelm's parents, his first

Chancellor, even his favorites, Hinzpater and Waldersee, passed upon him.

His tutor murmured, "perhaps he could cut a showy figure, but nothing else." The Chief of the General Staff (read his own words) was in a fright of blackest anxiety at the "behavior of the thoroughly ignorant Kaiser, led, blinded by the magic of his own charms, into Cæsarian delusions' ":—though not, to be sure, until Supreme Highness' favor had cooled, and a "Distinction" failed to arrive in due time.

"Another, equal case of over-self-appreciation! He says he is going to lead Germany to greatness and good fortune: and thus far has only set her back. He, who insists on knowing everything better than others, must now see that much goes ill with us, and the general feeling is turning against him. In his utterances he is just as self-confident and haughty as ever: but my belief is that it is vain braggadocio. If one could still take the Kaiser seriously, in general, in his utterances, the right course would be to resign one's rank as a nobleman. Of his own infallibility and superiority the Kaiser is convinced. If anything does not go aright, the others are always to blame. Enjoyment has become the chief thing with him, the working time least of all."

So (and worse) writes also his favorite Waldersee. What I, almost alone, intimated in "The

Future" (and twice "atoned for" by six months in the damp fortress on the Vistula) is now far exceeded in severity of condemnation by the entries in the general's diaries. Bismarck found in the third Kaiser all the Hohenzollern traits harmful to statecraft, and no virtues. Kaiser Friedrich called his son unthankful, presumptuous, vain. His mother wrote:

"He drinks in everywhere nothing but incense; his vanity grows, but not his insight. At this court there is no society that ennobles or instructs him. The views and feelings of an autocrat, a Prussian lieutenant and Corps-student, do not suffice for that. 'I suffer no one near me,' in the mouth of a very vain, immature, inexperienced and wilful young man, is an evil word. What may we yet have to live through! The end of the drama is not yet. The monarchy seems to me put to a hard test, and I tremble in fear of evil changes."

Not a sound of this, or of much that was worse, reached the German people. It was covered up by lying and deceit, which had already begun at that time. The people heard, daily, that a kindly Fate had bestowed on them a Light-bringer, an All-protecting Phosphor, a World-wonder, that all nations envied them. And yet it would have been so easy, in an instant, if they had known the danger, to dispose of this Kodak-Kaiser, this Film-Imperator, who was even more

to be dreaded than Nero, the earlier Artifex on the throne. The first outburst of anger in the upper classes would have put our Neroling in fetters, more quickly than doom befell Agrippina's son, who only caused a part of a city to go up in flames. But because he was gazed on as the Miracle of the world, deified, he was able, in thirty years, to lose all that had been won for Zollern since Fritz came to the throne; to lay in ashes the whole structure of the imperial power.

Consider what would have happened without his will o' the wisp chasing. Not the psychopathic madness of the feverish fleet-building, which yet never altered the relative force of the British and German marine, and which, for a land without overseas coaling-stations and harbors, its radius of trade, consequently, bounded by the Channel, could acquire adequate value only through war (with England, Holland and France).

Not the amorous ogling directed toward France, and the lover's fury of the rejected suitor.

Never the (hardly ever anywhere mentioned, yet) most fatal error of German foreign policy, the graciously calm acceptance of Japan's triumph, which threw Russia out of Manchuria and Mongolia, and threatened her on Lake Baikal, in the coast provinces, and even in Vladivostock. This compelled any Russia, even the extremely

peaceful one of that day, to turn back into Europe (as did Peter, Katharine, Alexander and Nicholas II). There, it could not but threaten the ill-united twin-empire of the Hapsburgers, force Germany to make the choice,—which Bismarck's wisdom had always evaded,—between the two empires to eastward, dispel for the French the clouds about the dream which had long been but a glimmering hope (viz. a Russian alliance), and assure to England her mandate as arbiter and guardian of this continent.[1]

No true statesman in Germany would have looked on inactive, much less with pleasure, at this defeat of Russia, administered by Japan but prepared by England. None such would with amazement, with gnashing of teeth, have demanded the destruction of the Czar's empire, because,—after the violation of the German imperial word which in 1880 had promised the French republic an unlimited freedom of action in Morocco, after the utter folly of Berlin's action at Tangier, at the Quai d'Orsay (the throwing overboard of Delcassé by All Highest's command) and at Algeciras, after the unendurably pedagogical and at the same time insidious letters of Wilhelm to the innocently

[1] This entire paragraph is in the German a single mighty sentence, the most awesome of many heavy-weighted periods. The translator has expressed, with some freedom, what he believes to be its meaning and argument. Only Thucydides could match its form. L.

weak anti-British-minded Nikolai Alexandrovitch—King Edward, (who had learned the substance of those letters through his sister-in-law Maria Fiodorovna, the Czar's mother) had gone to Ravel in order that Russia,—which had come back to Europe, was allied to France, and was wavering in uncertainty between the equally insincere German attempts to allure and to overawe her,—might be drawn into the future decisive struggle with Islam for which she was indispensable, and also into Edward's defensive Trust against Willy's Germany.

This "Encirclement" (I must acknowledge the discovery of the idea and the paternity of the word, *"Einkreisung"*) had a defensive, not an offensive purpose, viz., protection against a weakling's wild brutality, and not aggression. Nevertheless it threatened deadly danger for the German Empire, unless he was stripped of power betimes. And not merely behind the Grey Starling of militarist officers did the conviction grow, that only the sword could free the future of Germany from this net woven of cabotage and keno policy: and also, that the unavoidable war must be preventive, fought at the favorable hour of German preparedness.

"And then it happened."

CHAPTER VII

Moral decay of Germany due to Wilhelm's example. "To the Outland deny everything." Loss of Party honesty, notably by Socialists. Wholesale massacres of political opponents since the war.

THAT out of such an experience, out of all that was to be seen heard and felt from 1888 to 1923, a full-grown people did not learn to value aright the protective strength of truth, the healing power of sincerity, must be incomprehensible to him who does not know with what persistent cunning, in the course of these seven half-decades, the youthful national consciousness of the Germans had been perverted into the utilitarian creed of a business corporation, utterly without conscientious impulse. Youthful it truly was. The nation that became united in 1871 had no common record, only a history of separate races (the strongest of which, five years before, were fighting against each other). And—just as Israel, on account of similar lack, found refuge in the Logos, a doctrinal faith which took the place of a national self-consciousness,—so Germany, in her quest for a national history, let herself be misled into the cloudy Edda-realm of aboriginal Germanism: too often, also, with Wagnerian decorations added thereto.

Even genuine Germanism, or what was accepted as such, was wholly alien to the nature of these peoples, who had either never been, or had long ago ceased to be, purely Germanic. (Especially is this true of the colonizing Pruzzo-Prussian race, who had been lifted to leadership by their savage physical courage, and by their ability to adapt themselves nimbly to the changed forms and requirements of civilization and culture. This Germanism was then promptly supplemented and decorated in motley fashion out of the traditional treasures of the Christian church. Thus the German soul was clothed in a patched-up coat of numberless colors, the make-up of which, from the tatters and shop-worn goods of two zones, was evident to all save the stone-blind.

Upon the crippled body of the enthroned lie the gay jacket glimmered in every tint. Behind the Crucifix, scandalously misused as business sign and lure for customers, limped a little Nero, a dwarfed Heliogabalus, known to his intimates, in familiar utterance of lip or pen, as "Darling." Upon his tongue the Sermon on the Mount, in his heart another cult. Insistent and loud the admonition to righteous behavior,—and with it the bedizened luxury now ascribed, by weak memories, to those suddenly enriched by war, victory, and overthrow of nations.

In folk as fish, the head rots first. Where

should Sincerity flourish? Who should proclaim her austere command, under a Kaiser who "would have every day his birthday," (Bismarck) under the scepter of His Majesty, who "needs the sun," (Plessen)—to a people entangled in this web of lies? The factory chimneys smoke, the export totals rise, on all the globe nothing is decided, even by an admiral on the Atlantic Ocean, without the German Kaiser; Neptune's trident is in his fist, the land-road past Bagdad to India is open. Russians, French, Americans are bursting presently with the pressure of yellow envy, England foresees her own grim misery before the advance of our Quadriga, Marine, Bagdad, Islam, and Export-figures.

Only now, as everything is at stake, not aloud, not in the foreigner's hearing, is it to be conceded that much with us goes ill,—rottenly,—that even what seems to shine like lightning is unclean. We'll put it through, though.

Year by year widened the circle of those drilled to the rhythm and rites of this utilitarian religion. And before even the most suspicious folk at a distance dreamed of it, it had poisoned the roots, and presently every young growth, of German political life. Not until the (easy) transition to military morality, which "organized," along with everything else here below, the "wholesale sending of the truth to foreign

lands," (only, of course, it must be *official* truth, as in the too soon forgotten satire by Laboulaye on the "Poodle-Prince"), while Truth at home was left starving, blinded, vermin-ridden in her dungeon. Only after the supreme performance, the Message of the Ninety-three ("To the World of Culture"), did that which had grown up in darkness and silence stand revealed.

"It is not true that we have violated Belgian neutrality":—there stood, put in literary form for us by a comedian, what verbally originated with dry Lerchenfeld. "To the Outland, of course, everything must be denied":—the business secret and final word of German wisdom. The trade-partners call it "patriotism," and imagine that this stubborn system of denial, worthy of a bunch of forgers, of a gang of thieves' fences, creates "the united front" required, in critical times, by national feeling.

They parade the high-sounding foreign word "Mentality" (which any rogue in a scrape knows how to value, with the syllables *senti*-prefixed) and they chatter and scold like a tree-sparrow when the world shows contempt for it. No other word, they say, reaches the very heart of the actual feeling, which is remote alike from hatred and affection.

What they accomplish is often admired, and sometimes their all-round efficiency: especially in France. But on their political morality

(what we call, y'understan', "ethical adjustment") other men look down from snowy walls of cold distrust, piled layer upon layer. Incomprehensible, that every one round about does not detect it, that all do not strive, by rooting out the cause, to get rid of this feeling, which is passionless, and the more exasperating for that. German officialdom could as soon secure a foreign loan as belief in its word!

Then the lining-up of learnéd betitled manlings, to demonstrate, in the honorable garb of their specialists' dialect, the violation of the Versailles treaty. No one pays attention to that. . . . "Scandalous documented perjury!" At every attempt to execute it, a groan, a roar, that the treaty, with which we might after all possibly get along, has been shamefully broken." What? If it is an outrageous scrap, and even grants to the victor every arbitrary right, the most insolent misuse of his power of the moment? If the first is correct, the second is erroneous: and the truth of the one proves the falsehood of the other.

But if one determines, nevertheless, to look into the facts, it appears that these adepts in law had "quoted" the wording (not the meaning) of the treaty "as they interpreted it."

Investigation by experts as to German capacity to pay? "No thank you. We know all

about that already." Protests by the government, "Immovable determination," what it has offered, would offer, to what sacrifices it had educated the nation, ministers' speeches against "murderers, robbers, blood-baths of murderous assaults, robbers' raids after booty": all this resounds, but never wakes even an echo.

And if some one answers it? Then the German citizen, whose mark does not permit him either a journey abroad or daily foreign newspapers, hears nothing of it.

Here is an example. The reproach of having done nothing for Reparation was met by the Berlin government with the statement, that, down to the close of 1922, 22 billion 440 million gold marks had been paid. A published statement of the Reparations Commission calls this reckoning fundamentally incorrect, and declares that everything accomplished, (money and value of materials) gives a total 7.927 billions: that as value of the Saar mines was entered not merely that of mines actually opened up, but also that of coalbeds whose existence is merely surmised, as to whose exploitable value, therefore, no one can form a judgment. Ships detained in American ports, which were never offered for sale, and whose return in the spring is probable, were entered as a payment of 2½ billions. Although the Peace Treaty expressly prescribes that, for

coal and coke furnished to the victors, Germany can demand only the German home price, they appear in the reckoning at the price in the world-markets, etc.

M. Loucheur said, "Germany has paid 8 to 10½ billions." Which estimate is correct, I can not decide. But I never have found, in the papers I see, one word about the Commission's statement, to which England's representative must no doubt have assented, not even an attempt to refute it "officially." But when conversation dashes on the desolute strand of Reparations, up darts, straight as the flight of frightened seagulls, the question: "You know, don't you, that we have already thrown almost 23 billions of gold marks into the gang's maw?"

There were more billions still, according to the statement finally made, on July 6th, by a representative of the Minister of Finance to the Economics Committee of the Reichstag. The 7.927 billions which the Reparations Committee announced was, it seems, merely the amount of a preliminary "credit-sheet": while the "finality" was not yet figured out, and the total amount was to be estimated at nearly 36 billions. Included in this sum were all values of imperial and state property delivered up in the ceded domains, the German property liquidated in foreign countries, and the property restored. What had been paid in cash was not stated.

It was added, that it was an erroneous belief that, in this field (of what might be called political morality,) a distinction was to be made between the Citizens' Parties and the Socialists.

—Yes, that is entirely erroneous. Class distinctions, in the old sense of the word, no longer exist: the far-shining blood-red line of Marx's time between Bourgeoisie and Proletariat has gradually faded out. The trained city-workman pays the state a (ten per cent.) income tax, so does not merely serve it by begetting offspring. He lived, even before these days of whitewashed state insolvency, better, certainly not worse, than the ordinary citizen, from whose class feeling his own cannot be separated by any wide cleft.

Only so can be explained what we have experienced in the last nine years. A proletariat never has, never would have tolerated any leaders of such a type as Messrs. Noska, Hörsing Landsberg, Loebe and (yet worse) Ebert: nevermore the old style of well-to-do bourgeoisie.

Social democracy, while it still regards its dogma as the most modern, the "latest novelty," is long ago behind time (not merely with its rent); and is therefore incapable of any strong action. As the party of small tradesmen, officeholders, handicraftsmen, salaried men, and half-contented laborers, who have "something in the bank," since '22 even a share, or two or three, in Hapag, Lloyd, or Aniline, as the party of the

new middle class, with whom nothing, save loud allegiance to nationalism, and anti-semitism, goes the traditional road,—such a party had to become patriotic, in the fathers' sense of the word, and could only carry on the shallow Consumers' policy, the weakness of which their forefathers for a half century flaunted scornfully in the face of the Liberals.

Why then, to-day, so much ado about proletariat politics? How much space divides a Doctor who writes leading articles for the (at most) blotting-paper-red central organ of the SPD, from one who performs the same service of brain-muddling for Ullstein Mosse and Scherl, for the Junkers, the Germanists, or the Semitic flock?

How should one of the loiterers in the salons, who, because they also just now stand well up toward the imperial feeding-trough, are hailed before the baccarat glasses as "Excellency" or even "Chancellor," or because they are on the right road to the Goal of Desire let themselves be tickled with compliments over the cheese and port, as "our next Foreign Minister,"—how should such a one have the stubborn proletariat "feeling," that is haughtily and curtly denied to one of us, though out of naked poverty he may have pieced out for himself every rag of his education, forged and chipped out every tool for his handiwork? Why should the common run

of Austrian university men have that feeling, who at home, unfortunately, are not "indispensable," but who are not to be turned away, whose coffeehouse lingo, not suitable for the Vienna Imperial and Buda-Pesth, now rules "dualectically" the social democracy, (Holy Hegel-Marx!) and would fain educate the industrial worker in "Knowledge of state necessities"?

Fate sent one to the Lindenstrasse, one to the Linden printinghouse, and a third to the plantation for God, King and fatherland,—which despite plenty of fertilizing is growing barren: but they all belong to each other, they all at the bottom of their hearts love each other, they breakfast and drink their social glass of beer together. For one "stands too high intellectually to confuse personal with political relations," or to refuse to exchange the "Here's to you" of comradeship with one, merely because one has just been calling his faction a profiteer-gang and a bunch of sharpers.

To the utilitarian creed of this conscienceless partnership, also, Party Socialists of all colors and grades are subject. At the hour, in the summer of 1914, which proved the shrillest damnatory utterances of Auer and Bebel to have been justified, and revealed that the foundation-wall of the Imperial policy was corroded by the fungus of falsehood,—the Socialist-Democratic

Party, in order not to alienate too large a part of its following, turned patteriotic and gouvernementale. Since its members have become actually ministrables, and in communities, states, yea the empire itself, can attain to any office or benefice,—everything seems to it permissible. It jeers in Berserker fury at the simplest stand for ancient freedom, any attempt at limitation of power.

Would that party, otherwise, for years past and years yet to come, endure in the highest seat of the Empire one whom a popular majority never chose, and never would have chosen, to represent them? Would the equality of citizens before the law, a liberal possession on which even Wilhelm did not venture to encroach, have been done away with while they had a share in the government, and Germany, with their aid, by the "Protection" law, soused deeper in dishonor than was ever any republic in our quarter of the globe, deeper than shameless malice of foemen could plunge it?

As for the wholesale massacring that has come into fashion since '19, (beside whose piles of corpses all that has been done by French muskets in Rhineland-Westphalia seems innocent child's play,) they treat it as they did the "excesses of the military power" in war-time. For the galleries' ear, and to quiet the comrades taking a drop, of a payday evening, they make

speeches in gloomy tones against it, but fight shy of any vigorous attack on it. The military commanders had to duck, along with the fop-censor, when the gynaecologist (Scheidemann) exclaimed: "Kaiser's style! Be done with it, or we won't go along with you any more."—Never occurred to him!

And the unions, organizations, bands,—who hire and train the murderers, the actual criminals, and who are the patrons, supporters, accomplices and concealers of this most cowardly brigandage rouged over as patriotic, and who often just go shamelessly in broad daylight,—they are hauled in next morning by Weise or Weissmann, when Leader Wels lifts his blood-drenched hand, or Leader Hermann Müller raises his, withered since Versailles?—Never occurs to them!

They never even raised a finger to release Mühsam and Toller, who are not, to be sure, proletarians "born," but men of spirit, of quite other stature, from a cage called a fortress, and from momentary danger of their lives.

And: Remember Luxemburg and Liebknecht! Before the judgment-seat of history that miserable double murder lies perfectly plain: the place where it was prepared and plotted, those who planned, favored, profited from it, are unmistakably identified. And in our Golden Age of Socialistic participation in

the government, not a hair of those brave fellows, those Bravos, has been touched, who shot down, cut up, trampled into fragments the unarmed woman "in flight."

The Bavarian who sent a wreath of roses to the murderer of his associate Eisner is a worthy member in the leaders' front row of this party.

A yet more noble pair are Ebert and Noske in the camp of General Märker, who relates how Yustaf cried out in tone of command to Comrade Genoske, who was bowed low with worry over "Peace and Order,"

—"Aw now, Fritzie, hold yer head up. 'T'll all be all right!"—"Right," because, close by Berlin, there's a force, kept under stiff discipline, of the old emperor's breed, bent on the merciless "cleaning out" of Spartacist nests.

These "wavering shapes" had for long years marched in the van of the international, revolutionary, people-delivering Social Democracy. It was on his most lucid day that Wilhelm said: "I shall be glad to work with Mr. Ebert."

"So," grunts the all-too-sly one, "So it is and ever has been everywhere. 'When high office beckons, goo'bye principles!' Remember Wilhelm von Humboldt's bon mot, that 'A liberal, made a Minister, was no Liberal Minister.' Remember Millerand, Briand, Viviani, who once were Gallo-Marxists."

These gentlemen I can not accuse of disgrace-

ful action, because I can not prove it. . . . And secondly, they went out, or were put out, of the Social Democratic party. That is quite another matter.

Ambition, thirst for power, but also a nobler motive, may work a change of faith.

One man wishes, at any cost, to be Minister, shaper of the people's destiny: and he must, therefor, renounce the watchword, "The National flag belongs on the dungheap." (The case with Hervé-Briand.) One man hath an itching palm for title, rank, for gratification of his vanity: and with a clear illumined countenance, he casts alertly from him all his declarations against Rome's "parsons" and Marx's "absurdities," against "Dukes of Industry," and for "Care of the Poor." (The case of Rathenau.)

And yet another man is convinced, by maturer experience, that, as everywhere in nature, so it is in the fields and pits of politics; evolution is always safer than revolution, and its results more enduring; that, outside the conservatory walls, the ripening of fruits is not to be hastened by artificial heat, that control over the will of the masses can be assured only through the solicitous education of the nation, not by a command flashed down in lightning from Horeb—and so the man, grown wiser, leaves the shock troops of the rebel army. (The case of Miquel, perhaps

also of Millerand, Briand, Viviani, and Mussolini.)

The truth that, in the states of Western Europe, extreme Conservatives, from Disraeli to Clémenceau, Loucheur, Salandra, Giolitti, have struck deeper roots into the soil of Democracy's thoughts than any of our mouth-Internationalists, and that, at least in England and France, what has occurred under fifty moons with us is not imaginable,—must not be forgotten.

Yet the most important difference remains: that the German Social Democracy has not said, "Patria, peccavi" (O Fatherland, I have sinned), has not passed out of error into the light, but insists that it has remained exactly the same, anno Bobby Loebe, as it was when Lassalle, Schweitzer, Wilhelm Liebknecht, marched in its van. The difference is almost as tangible as the world-famous "little difference" between man and wife, that brings the speaker his tribute of applause in every sailors' pothouse.

All the transformations of the National Liberal party, which have been a thousand times ridiculed, grow pale in the memory beside such recklessly sudden reversal of values, such emptying of the kernels out of the shells of old beliefs.

Why throw the light on particulars?

They who for decades put all indirect taxes under a ban as a crime against the majesty of

the masses, have now let seventy per cent. of all taxes be collected on salaries and wages. They who in every contest with a Western power, from Luderitzland and Samoa to Casablanca,—no doubt from honest conviction,—denied the justice of the German cause,—now, since '14, have spat and spit gall and slaver at foreigners' baseness, and find Germany's childlike purity ever free from guilt or error. And they who magnified every diplomatist's trick and everyday convenient pretext into a scandalous act, and hotly contended that the government of great empires required not the slightest supply of hypocrisy, now approve every lie, and even the grossest misquotation of speeches by ministers in other lands, (though these, as they are essential to the defense of our own rights, should be treated as documents,)—and, to their young patriotism, the ugliest means justifies its ultimate end!

Everywhere their suspicion scents favoritism, clique in corps or club, party-factions complaisant because of bribes from public funds, corruption of every sort; and the fact that Bismarck made his unusually gifted and industrious son his own assistant, a bit before the regular age, is accepted as full proof of shameless nepotism to the injury of the Empire.

And now? Never could the Guelph (corruption) Fund do what is at present done with

money paid out of the treasury for election expenses. Never, save in states near to the Equator, have public offices been so insolently bestowed as reward for party loyalty or personal service. Nowhere save behind a brazen forehead could the assertion originate, that all the recipients of honors since 1919,—ministers, embassadors, state secretaries, high priests of power, were found by means of practical selection, more suitable being nowhere to be discovered: that a good-natured office-holder, whom friendly associates declare to be incompetent to attend promptly and intelligently to an ordinary matter of business, though it were the buying of a pair of trousers, has been selected by Heavenly and earthly Providence as the head of an important district government.

Formerly, the idea of a national community of interests was laughed to scorn, as one of the thousand devices of a tricky capitalist class; and through all Socialistic thinking, as its central support, pillar of belief, and beacon-light all together, rose on high the statement:

"My class associate in the Outland—that is, in another organization of the capitalistic world for our compulsory exploitation,—is far nearer to me, more trustworthy, better authorized to demand my help in his task, than any of my hostile fellow-citizens who are outside my class; and therefore we support,—paying no attention to

the lying chatter of the hired writers of Capitalism,—every strike or upheaval that gives hope of partial release from the yoke of class servitude."

In this, so much at the very least is correct, that three bankers, from Buenos Aires, Paris and Essen, just like three industrial workers from the same cities, would come to a prompt and complete understanding with one another, but two fellowtownsmen, one a banker and one a working man, would waste their words on each other. D'Israeli's "two nations" dwell in every land.

But how does the very central group of Marxists talk now?

"Proletarians of all lands, unite in a labor union, in a small or a great coalition, with the capitalists, contractors, men in control in your zone, and fight, shoulder to shoulder with them, against the common enemy, viz. the gang of fellows without fatherlands, who have the audacity to take the contents of the Communistic manifesto of Marx and Engels seriously, and out of it to attempt to create a union of free workingmen."

Overdrawn? Not a bit. Only a compact bundle of the flimsy stuff that here is piled high about the poor man's soup-kettle by crafty demagogues, but there is scantily rationed out.

CHAPTER VIII

Anything for the sake of office. Apostasy of "Independent Socialists." Ignorance in high official station. Loss of faith in "German God."

BEHOLD the eternal billing and cooing with the "paid writers of Capitalism": the mutual assurances of loyal brotherly love between Jerusalemer Street and the Lindenstrasse. Hearken to Comrades Loebe and Leinert, on the front bench of Parliament, as they "give soul-uplifting expression to the grief, the feeling of honor, the indignation, the united determination of the entire German people," and flog with wordy rod the troublemaker, who breaks the united front, quite as sternly as they do the foe out yonder. Not Kroecher nor Ballestrem could do it otherwise, not from Udo Storberg's presidential lip could the patteriotic drop drip oilier. What "class interest" pushes the band of comrades into a war of frogs and mice against the "Guilt-lie," and so, surely, honest gentlemen, into a defense of the "accursed system" of the Kaiser's régime: to which alone, not to the masses of the people, the whole world ascribes the guilt at the outbreak of the war? Has the superabundance of your

benefices, the bliss of luxuriously cushioned life, —transformed with the suddenness of a fairy-tale into bourgeois enjoyment—so dimmed your eyes, that you can not see how just this shrill exposition, this ceaseless dragging forth of the question of guilt, is all that blocks our return to the condition recommended not only by honorable tradition but by many a cool consideration of self-interest,—a condition which your botchers' government, your wastrel-administration, has taught us properly to appreciate?

If you have turned Patriots, Nationalists, true German compatriots of Mess'rs. Petersen and Schiffer, of the bourgeois gentilhomme Brockdorff, of the Stresers and Raumanns, if you are converted from red to black Marxism, from the Jewish Communist to the Catholic property-protector, why, that's all right; only, spare us, then, pray, the gimcracks of long-past party days.

Nowhere, not in the highest place nor in the numberless offices of the Republic, has there been an attempt to create a new type of servant of the state: servants of the people. Oftener than his happy heir, who goes to breakfasts of film-folk but not to factories, Wilhelm used to see workingmen. If it was but an empty gesture, the hypocritical homage that vice pays to virtue, even so it is better than the stolid indifference of a "parvenu in power." When I see

the auto of the President, for whom the distance on foot would take but five minutes, glide up to the door of the State Theater, with headlights shining, the flunkeys lined up to receive him, and the procession of the reigning family into the orchestra loge,—I'm just nauseated. Since Messieurs Ebert and Scheidemann greeted the remnant of our troops, chased home by superior force, at the Brandenburg Gate as "our unconquered army," the Lie has invaded our land in hornet-swarms. Only after it could follow, and after it could not but follow, the invader in horizon-blue.

And the "Indépendants." They help out. One little group, hardly to be noted in the throng, stands by its banner apart: the main body always helps out, seems only too happy that it is allowed to help out, instead of shivering "out in the cold."

What response would the most honest of the lot make to an accuser?

"Our party—and press—were bankrupt. We couldn't go on alone any farther. When old Ledebour cried out in a meeting that he wouldn't go to Ebertines and Nosketines, who were worse than any Kaiser's government, who had acted more savagely against working men than any Czar's minister, the shout came back: 'Then we'll just go without you!' All honor to him,

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that he didn't yield. But he's over seventy: has the label once for all: 'Backbone! Won't tumble!' As an 'Immovable' he must stand and fall. For us younger men, leaders and masses, it was another question. The majority voted, only last year, for the complete and immediate union of SP and USP.

"The poor citizens, organized by trades, but not feeling themselves to be proletarians, expected nothing further from the Revolution, but believed in the absolute power of great numbers, and imagined that if their party, on the morrow, had twice as many seats as even under the Triumvirate Liebknecht-Bebel-Singer, it would make the kingdom of Heaven here on earth, in the Republic with Socialist Ministers, for itself and for them.

"Now that bubble too has burst. The last bit of pious faith has gone to the dogs. Everybody that isn't making eyes at the Communists is disenchanted, stolid, only to be stirred up against the "High Priests." But, at the time, there wasn't a thread to hang on by: we had to. We did brace against it a long time.

Good Eddie Bernstein, he had gone ahead. Of course. The communicative old man couldn't just live, parbleu, but wanted to be still writing articles,—and see them printed, too. But nothing can stand them and live except *Vorwärts,* which is only read by one in five hundred

of its subscribers (the rest use it as general trade advertiser, for wrapping-paper, or for a napkin), and which therefore could just as well print a chapter of the Apocrypha or a papyrus from Maspero's collection, and pay (in paper marks) a hungry mummy, who was of the party, for it.

"And we chase after him? Pretty rank! But at last it had to be so. Where Rudi Wilferding, the young prodigy from Austria, has camped, (and rudely stamped to bits all the fables about the superiority of the Jewish intellect), no grass grows for aeons. The greatest success in party formation, and founding of a press in the tempo of the strongest motor, is wiped out. I don't worry about Rudi himself: with us, whoever is too thin for a middlesized job gets to be a Minister. That's what'll probably happen to him: just because in a little university, where there wasn't too much anti-Semitism, he could be a tolerable tutor.

"And the party? That our going in will gradually purify it, will drive out the slow-coaches, the pushers, the profiteers, the toadies, that's sure!"

Just as sure, Mr. Dependent, as is the old familiar experience, that the black suit of the fine gentleman who jumped into the meal-chest took its color from the contents. And did you ever see the bold jumper come to look like a miller?

Adolf, August or Hermann, his first name is Noise and Smoke!

Whether he by spicy news items, witty little leaders, and ever adequate and always wrong prophecy picks up a reputation as a diplomatist, or by rapid production of newspaper articles, without ever believing a word of them, tries to hit off the market, and after his own fashion has deserved to,—or, of high descent from the Cherusker, translates the wisdom of the Vorwärts chief into North German impudence,—'tis all one color.

—And the Independents, they help out.

Whoever has been awake in Germany, through the last four years, has not believed that he could be deprived of another "illusion." But even that loss I did not escape. Never would I have thought it possible that the Independents, after all that has happened since '14, could make up their minds to return to Messieurs Noske, Ebert, Bauer, Hörsing, Landsberg, to all those whom they had a hundred times accused of scandalous apostasy, of unpardonable political sins. When they spoke about the "Majority Socialists'" treatment of Mrs. Luxembourg, Liebknecht, Jogisches, Haase, Eisner, of the compact with the military commanders, which so shamelessly increased the control of the press, of the eternal agreements with Bethmann, of the great and little acts of malice from which they person-

ally, or their faction, had been victims, both on and after the 18th of November, their blood rushed to their foreheads and their rage choked their utterance.

"Beside the watchword first published in their 'Vorwärts,' 'Never again war!' we set another: 'Never again peace with these people!' "

To that peace Messrs. Breitscheid, Cohn, Crispien, and Levi have agreed. They had to? Only if in them also the craving for profit stifled every other consideration. "No man must must," when conviction, conscience, (name it what you will) calls for defiant resistance of the imperative that resounds from without. Where devotion, to a person or to a cause, is empty pretense, the grimace of one working for gain of any sort,—there is prostitution.

With small or large following, with or without prospect of reelection or winning of fine offices, it was for these gentlemen to do their duty, to stand by their banner, to fight for their cause, which was no lost one. But they wanted to show themselves "canny" folk, and not to kick against the pricks; and after a severer testing than that of Molière's Argan in the purple ring of titled bowel-rubbers and blood-tappers, they were admitted into the utilitarian religion of the profiiteer brotherhood. No harder blow could have been struck at German politics from within.

The last flag of a watchful and effective opposition fell from its staff.

The world-wide crisis brought on by Socialism,—which, by the boldness of its Mephistophelean negation, by the effect of its usually clever criticism, had dazzled men's minds, even to the dough-headed Pomeranian squires, but nowhere had any constructive effect, had not indeed been able even to hold up the foundation-wall of its own structural belief,—this crisis, so dangerous to the laboriously attained status of modern society and industry, was made more acute in Germany by sinister special phenomena. Here the workingman, disappointed in all groups and leaders, no longer trusts one of either. The Haases, Kautskys, Scheidemanns, Luxemburgs, Zetkins, Radeks, Sinovieffs, Ledebours, Levis, Parvus and still lesser lights who had yesterday been praised to him as of the Messiah's race, had been shouted down, each clan by its neighbor, or by those just deserting it, trodden under foot, and driven forth to the outcasts of humankind. The workman sees that his own people,—not mere sidetracked or starving collegians, no, "straight-going" industrial toilers,—are quickly acclimated in the atmosphere of prosperity and power, and are distinguishable from their former masters only by their inferior capacity, their idling habits, their indecent greed.

So, to the honestly clever ones, who almost everywhere in the world of labor control the rest, there dawns the realization that their own class is not, by nature and to all eternity, noble, helpful and good, is in fact no better than other classes, whose character has not yet been corroded by the fungous mold of power and its possession.

Can the pimply dried-up creature who was never led into temptation set up for a saint, because she has carried her virginity to the Suabian's age of maturity?[1] Is a class to whom the official palaces are bolted, the wide domains of the blessed capitalists barred by unclimbable fences, elected for the saving of the world, because from it arise no oppressors, exploiters, jobbers, or pushers?

To honest Siéyès the Third Class, because it "was nothing" seemed destined "to be everything"; and the citizen, fighting for admission into administration, government, big enterprises, has been, from the days of Miller the musician to those of the seven Göttingers, of Waldeck, of Ziegler, in his own way a splendid fellow.

The German workingman—to whom the doctrine was never preached that he could bestir himself boldly for something other than an increase of pay, and to whom the "political strike,"

[1] I. e. forty, when the slow Suabians are supposed to be grown up.

and so, a strike ennobled by its motive, is daily stigmatized as either criminal or foolish,—has grown stolid. Whom shall he believe next? To-morrow, perhaps, a Communist with a wholly new unworn mintage of words; or one who smites with fasces, bundles of rods, them that are sated, flaccid, indolent from long possession of power: one more like Benito than are the louts who in our North and South are bunglingly following after him.

It is not quite sure, even, that against a cleverly prepared bringing-in of a new monarchy (of about the English pattern) labor would make violent opposition. It would not be worse off so than under the tax-scourges and prohibitive ukases of our President Fredericus. "If the fox is dead, his skin is good." Since the Social democracy put off its armor, and has even swallowed the unforgettable disgrace of the "Protection law," you can hear every day, even beyond the vanity-pasture of the Kardörffians, from the mouth of those who see aright,—that the participation of "representatives of German labor" in the government is indispensable, and not too highly bought even with weighty sacrifices.

With such workmen's representatives, Wilhelm's handy men, black and white or black white and red, would gladly have shared their

responsibility as colleagues. To their ear used to come from time to time warning, scorn, accusation. But now? When the excitement is maddest, when the pest of lies smells to heaven, when shame seems to have fled to brutish apes,—nothing. Not so much as a breath of murmured blame. Everything in order.

How often were days, weeks, of national grief "ordained"? Ordained grief! And what must have happened in a nation's soul, what darkness must have come to overshadow it, before such an ordinance could even take shape? Again, nothing. A few village clergymen, canonesses, and such old-fashioned folk may mourn. Among the people, nobody thinks about it, nobody, from the Thiergartenstrasse to New Cologne and Lichtenberg, speaks of it. Gambling, with brokers' notes, roulette or cards, goes on the same as ever; at most, not so uproarious, and the fox-trotting behind lowered curtains. The creditor passing from impatience to brutality is railed at as a burglar, a robber, a murderer, accused of perjury, of false coining, of a Herod's bloodbath; and he listens outside, nevertheless, while the same voices are to be heard, watching his chance for fresh charges, which this hailstorm of abuse may offer him.

But it passes by the nation's ear. "Yes, well, 'tisn't the first time." Because workmen, clerks, officials whose idleness, careless patchwork or

sabotage has been paid for month in month out according to salary scale and time-table, with advance money secured easier than elsewhere, rejoicing in the unhoped for rest, do not go in quest of hard work, they are called heroes, and glorified to the people, to the universe, as ideals of suffering virtue, of self-sacrificing loyalty. Everybody who got out of the kindergarten before last Easter knows which way the cat jumps: why five dozen printing-houses are turning out billions of marks. "But can we fool the cursed Frenchmen with it?"

If it comforts you, count them accurst, and be quite sure that God will punish them. And by the way, how is it with England? He hasn't noticeably punished her, in spite of all the rubber-stamps. Because he too is not always wise and just? He who believes that is no Christian. Because he found England's May-time of sins less abundant than Germany's? He who thinks that possible, may never again call himself a German. How did it come about, then? Evident it is that "our old German God" punished the princely houses Hapsburg-Lorraine, Holstein-Gottorp, Hohenzollern, Coburg, Wittelsbach, Wettin, etc. etc., that were filled with boasts of his special grace, chastened only Germans, Russians, Bulgarians and Magyar Tartars with his comet-rod. All the others he has blessed, each in his own fitting fashion, with

success. (As for the Turks, who also came off with a black eye, of course they don't belong at this Lord's table.)

Why the German, "honest, pious and strong," when his Lord God proved himself either unwise or partial, and certainly blind, did not thereafter refuse him obedience, I cannot comprehend. This, only, I can, all too easily: that the French do not quake at the German curse, that the burden of it does not make them stagger, and that they consider their strong-boned neighbor easy to appease. Don't they see how England, yesterday maledight, is to-day wooed, caressed, coddled, glorified with an alternating current of adulation as the righteous guardian of world-order?

> We love together, we hate as one,
> We have but a single foe alone!

Yes, until there's business to do with him, that's sweet and neat. Then, we unite in a general hatred against one, or two, from whom, for the time, nothing is to be gained. So it looks to the eye of the French. So they, to the question, whether they are not afraid to bring about a new war of revenge by seizing the Ruhr as their security, or to make the Germans hostile to them for a century and beyond, answer with a wink:

"Our ore and their coke are going to do such a 'colossal' business together, that all the hate

will be smelted out of Germany, as soon as we've agreed on the division of profits. Until then, whatever we might do, they would scold, curse, brood over revenge, try to mimic Scharnhorst. Even cutting the amount of their debt down two-thirds would not protect us from that, but only harm us, because it would be interpreted as a sign of weakness. We are in a position like that of the champion traveling salesman who used to say: 'They will make war on us, if they don't do a good business with us.' "

Whether the French are "accurst" or not, I don't know: but beware of attributing to them the simple stupidity of the international ox. They have eyes, ears, a nose to scent with, plenty of informants, paper francs by the cartload, each worth 170,000 marks of the same material, and also silver, even gold coin.

Even the part of Germany not occupied by their troops is encircled by their observers, and these watching and judging organizations render better service than our own, who, for instance, are not aware yet that General Nollet has constantly advised them, from Berlin, to be patient and sensible, and Ambassador Dard has warned them, from Munich, unwaveringly, against any hope of Bavaria's withdrawal from the Empire. They read the German budgets and bank statements, and know where the billions go.

Childish as was the fancy, in the days before the Versailles decision, that, besides the neutrals who made no secret of it, there was also a troop of hostile observers maneuvering in Germany, and that the indiscretion of a watcher of press or Parliament had "betrayed" the real internal condition of Germany to the Allies,—quite as silly, now, is the fear that some thoughtless person might hoax the French anew. They are so well served by their own people, that there is no further lack to supply.

CHAPTER IX

Loebe as President of Reichstag. Fraternizing with Imperialists. New officials and permanent old bureaucracy.

THE only thing that is incomprehensible, inexplicable to the French is that a people whose physical courage their bitterest haters have never denied, and for whom, only yesterday, millions cheerfully gave their lives, is willing, is not ashamed, also, incidentally, to decorate with the wreath both of the civic oak and the laurel, with the fair fragrant and weighty name of "heroes," valiant folk who in this cause never took any arduous venture, who never risked even so much as their monotonous oft-threatened job, and who now, for the first time in their poor lives, may without loss of pay relieve themselves by loafing, by light work for short hours, or by practical jokes.

As for us, painful experience has taught us to understand the inexplicable. "To the Outland, of course, everything must be denied." Whether the conscience of the nation is thereby curdled, and the lie flourishes so that it, as good Mr. Werfel expresses it, "overcomes the stench of blood," —no matter: "only keep one's self blameless in

the enemy's eyes." ("Blameless" is a—is *the* shibboleth of this new Germany. What can not with reason be found fault with, that is, has not been previously discovered as a sin, and proven, —is good: noble: and fine. Never let yourself get caught, and you enjoy all the rights of honesty and virtue.)

Furthermore the conception and the word "Hero" must to the gutter. Altogether, the lie becomes (in case of need the supreme) patriotic duty: and she builds her nest so cozily that presently she is twittering even where no one desired her noisy evidences of life.

An example of this also, if you please?

Whoever recalls the mere fact, that Social Democracy did not hold with the German doctrines or doctors of the law, would put it quite too naïvely. To it every Magister Jurisprudentiae was not merely, like all professors, bodyguardsman to Majesty, but most eager to lick its boots, to perform the most ignoble and disgusting service for a Hohenzollern. And also, y'unstan', the paid servant of Capitalism, a disgrace to Justice, etc. Well, in April befell the fiftieth return (I think it was) of the day on which he who is now the oftenest-named of this teaching guild had been made Doctor. "Worthy to enter into our learned body" it runs in the case of Argan, in Molière. Most worthy. Old Dr. Kahl, professor and privy counselor, is a good

jurist. Not a creative mind, like Rudolf Ihering, not even a Binding in civil and constitutional law, but a straight and clear thinker, better adapted for teaching than for research; a firm man, who knows what he wants, and will not, to seem taller, set his feet in ell-high buskins.

He has been so long settled in his own domain, that the weak lemonade brewed by his colleague Litzt, long since shrunken to a Privy Counselor pure and simple, out of the scant and dubious remains from his frothy youth-time, obtained from Tokay grapes and his uncle the Abbé, Cosima's father, with slices of lemon, saccharine, and much-boiled water—seemed to him a dangerous uproarious drink from some devil's kitchen.

Absolute royalist, and imperialist; only that in the quarrel over the succession in Lippe, from a sense of justice and his belief in legitimacy, he delivered, in favor of the Biesterfelder line, an opinion that laid low the Strassburger Laband: so, on the right side; and, therefore, on the side brutally and treacherously attacked by his first-name-sake, Wilhelm.

Against republic and uncontrolled democracy; in favor of authority, discipline, obedience, quiet, and order. One of the learned who are indispensable to big capital, especially the most mobile, because it can hide its money-bags behind their book-cases, and in front of them, shoulder

to shoulder with Our Fritz, sound the call to the intrenchments for "union and right and freedom." With a keen nose and a harsh word of rejection for anything with the least odor of Socialism. Never a word against three score hundred cases of monstrous and unprecedented violations of law, whose theater was the "Freest republic in the world," charged against the terror-murderer of the hireling-murderers' agency; but squarely for the Protection-statute, which put the state of law back behind that won in 1848.

Take him for all in all, German People's Party. No reason for jubilation. Nevertheless, a Jubilee. Whether the German Reichstag, in the "honoring" of his gray beard, will, should, must strive to rival the bowling club's "Clear the road!" is its own affair.

But to-day, Mr. Loebe sits in its presiding officer's chair. "Such an oft-tested associate" can, should, surely will not share in making this civic celebration. He will say:

"How long a member of this high house has been doctor, apothecary, public secretary, editor, chief counselor for Sarotti or Polyphon, does not concern the Reichstag. We do not sit here as representatives of private occupations. If, however, a few unsuitable words should nevertheless at an unfitting hour be uttered, then let it be done by one of the Vice-presidents who

stand politically nearer than I to him who is to be honored."

He'll say it? Somebody cough! In the morning, congratulation in the home of the Celebrant. At noon decoration of his seat under Wallot's dome, still glittering à la Sedan. Clear road to the desk for the bouquet de rigueur. Afternoon, solemn repeated congratulations in empty plenary session. "May Herr Kahl live to see the day when his scientific labors for Germany shall be profitable."—which they have not been heretofore, then. Bitter-sweet? Watcher thinkin' of? "Mr. Kahl's great merits in behalf of the science . . ." of law: how could they bring profit to this Germany? "We are proud that we may count him in our number." Seriously. Literally: proud. (It belongs to the complete story, that the gentleman thus honored, in his reply, ascribed to himself "the utmost possible modesty." Every inch a Wilhelm!) In the bowling club it is pleasing. Every one of the ninepins quivers with feeling.

"All paid homage to one Head: one: but it was Loebe."

But why, since you are so proud of professors of such and similar mold, why did you for whole decades bleat into our ear the tale of their pitiful pusillanimity, and curse at them, whose marrowless spine let science glide into servility?

Herr Breitscheid, (put under ban in wartime,

buttoned into the King's coat, field bookkeeper's assistant in the East, now again taken into favor as a true healer, candidate for Rathenau's inheritance, with whom he has much in common,) this "radical" file-leader of the until yesterday Independents caresses publicly his giant-colleague, who surely speaks in the Kreuz-zeitung just the same as he does between Jews and Jews' comrades, at table or tea-table—yet surely not with the intention, in the morning as minister, at noon as ruler, to make the weather pleasant for the saints and knights in the Right corner because loud Red is proud of Blue and Black, or colleague values colleague as a man of honor, so you are determined to house together in Pickwickian good humor, mimicking in your fashion the united front.

Why, then, still the separation of the factions, the eternally wearisome barking and scuffling? 'Tis but mouth-fury. Its fields, though fertilized year after year with heaps of billions, remain unfruitful. To what end all this, oh ye . . . What am I to call you, if I wish to express in parliamentary (that is, in untruthful) phrase whose children ye are? Climb into the sun. Embrace each other there in sisterly fashion. And lay a wreath on the grave of your colleague Bassermann, who in an hour of sweet self-forgetfulness blurted it out, that in the Reichstag there was, properly speaking, only one

distinction: viz. that between members (of all parties) who could hope for admission to office, and those shut off by wall and bolts from this hope.

Only a perverse fool could deny, that through other Parliaments—even throughout the nightly illuminated realm of all European parliamentarism, steals upon soundless or resounding soles a pest sprung from like germs. But here a distinction may be noted: not merely the one already mentioned, viz. that loss of one's "convictions" is, ordinarily, followed by withdrawal from one's faction and party. Elsewhere, one feels shame in so departing, seeks to hide it behind a fragrant veil.

"Here with us? Pshaw! He who, on the height to which he has climbed or crept, though it be but a hillock, now that he is Party Secretary, party editor, pay-day watchman, bartender, has cast far from him whatever was in the valley before, as men who have been preached to reject the Evangel, and he who gives the matter just such a twist as Wilhelm's confidential, really confidential ministers, under the hailstorm of his well-rehearsed rage, used to do—he is the right man. He is a pattern of statesmanship, if he has also the courage of the "stopper," (which costs little, on the petty throne of official power,) if he heats Hell for those who hold fast to his own belief of yesterday.

"Against people like Ebert, Noske, and Loebe, there is really nothing to be said, after all. They have proved themselves true politicians: and in practical life have quickly learned the impracticability of their theories."

All this criticism of our condition comes not from the knowledge or delusion, the clear-sightedness or the vagaries, of an individual. Every one near to the facts, and not altogether stupefied, judges about the same, and for the most part only attempts to excuse himself, his administration, fraction, or party: "We are under compulsion." As the blessed Caprivi often experienced in his short administration, and as the unblest Wilhelm did in his much too long one, "Compulsion" arises, where the courage to acknowledge error and mistake is lacking, and in order to hide one blunder a dozen more are committed.

Ten thousand who down to the autumn of 1918 were little people are now sitting cozily, dignitaries, beneficiaries of the Empire, of the states, provinces, or local administrations, important "factors in German politics," or are paid at the highest rates for miserable articles, are living in such style as their dreams or wifie's never dared hope for of old, in the "living room and bedroom." They travel through the lands of liras, francs, even of shillings, (on what re-

sources?) and are everywhere entertained by the Ambassadors of the Republic with dainty dinners, served devotedly, amused with popular diversions,—and they glide easily on sledge-runners through the days of compulsory attendance. Is it likely, that these Parvenus call the thing by its right name, put the bell on the cat, unveil the ills of our condition?

Do you expect it of the journalists, who have come out of the shadow into the glorious sunshine? The two or three diplomats or Ministers who, in the Kaiser's time, ventured to call on them, (not, to *associate* with them,) they had always praised to the skies. And should they,—now that everybody is coming to them, asking their advice, opening up to them a prospect of high positions, patting their (alas! false-painted) cheeks, while they in ambassadors' and ministers' houses, or even in the highest office of all, are quite at home, and see representatives of Great Powers at their own table,—not splash serenely in the Gulf Stream of delights? Madame Emma, Mieze, Mamma, who is never seen now out of kid gloves, would be utterly disgusted, if her dear man should by "any lip" risk expulsion from this Eden.

The old bureaucracy, which at the very least had learned something, was punctilious, and generally clean: (almost always so, until the last

consolatory privilege of their poverty,—viz. noble rank and an Order—came to be auctioned off for "charity" to the highest bidder, of whatever class:) it despises the parvenus of yesterday, keeps the business and the honorary chief positions firmly in hand; and just as under the junkers it tended to Liberalism and the sandy social highway of Prussian Rodbertus, even so under its present superiors it leans from moon to moon to monarcho-nationalism. In privacy all are agreed in their judgment on the present status of our res publica. In that respect also it is to be distinguished from the (not alway glorious) bureaucracy of other lands. "Miserable bungling with scandalous lying" is their judgment in discreet company: and nowhere audible opposition or ringing warning to the country.

The lie, in its most insolent nakedness, is no longer remarkable. You can hear daily from any cobbler, that the conscienceless stupidity of the government is harming the Empire more than the bitterest enemy could, that before Autumn begins the catastrophe is to be expected: and that evening in an article by the same nobleman you can read, that only the crime of the enemy has thrust us into this suffering, that the good will, the best of good will, of our Cabinets has been clearly demonstrated a hundred times over, and that, for that very reason,

"the policy of passive resistance" must be continued, but can, also, be continued successfully for years to come."

And instead of spewing such a fellow out of our mouths, or at least not letting him get within breathing distance of us, everybody says: "You know, the man used to be a bit of an extremist, but now he's very sensible."

"When the Genoa conference twice over, from nine countries, officially and in writing, charged our government with indecent and dishonest conduct, destructive of its good faith and credibility, that is, with dishonor never before imputed to a great state, that government distorted it into a success that was almost a triumph: and remained in office.

"It takes away the fundamental right of equality of citizens before the law, withdraws its not always noble members and those affiliated with it from the judge of proper jurisdiction, protects them with penalties that are cruel to the point of terrorism, and not to be endured by a civilized people—and remains in office.

"If Wilhelm, who actually 'inherited' such threatening penalties, had dared to create a special criminal court dependent on his own will, even under the pretext that the monarchy was to be protected from peril of its life, it would have cost him, at the very least, the last remnants

of privilege surviving from the days of absolutism. Under the dishonest title "For the Protection of the Republic," the contents of the covert exceptional law are concealed from the nation.

"Hardly one in a hundred thousand knows, that it is in utter contempt of any effort, even the timidest, at democracy. No one, not one of the outlawed Christians, branded Socialists, mangy Pacifists, speaks aloud against it; and though this arbitrary law presents a grosser violation of justice than that for which the blind Guelph king (of Hanover) still remains unforgiven, yet not only do subservient court officers, lawyers of the states and of the Empire, lend themselves to its enforcement, but the summons into the state courts created by it is obeyed also, without fear of discredit, by men not bound to obey it, (whose names must be daily stamped upon the memory of every man in a mine-shaft or before a machine, of every woman-worker in a factory and every child in the schools.)

"The law was intended to turn against Bavaria the only edge that has for its motive any real defensive need: and the government has twice suffered Bavaria, with a low curtsey, to knock it rudely out of its hand. In the capital of that most thinly-veiled kingdom, our government lets itself be stigmatized, together with its President, by Cardinal von Faulhaber, as a

mixture 'of perjury and high treason,' and does not, on the basis of this authenticated form of utterance, order the Attorney-general of the Empire to enter a charge.

"But the German *Allgemeine Zeitung* is 'suspended for three weeks,' because its 'director' (whom Hugo to right, Fritz to left, work with a wire,) allowed the statement to be printed, that the Imperial government 'had long ago forfeited in the Outland all credit and all respect, and that it would be a really tragicomic misconception of the facts, if Mr. Wirth should by chance believe that his policy had thus far had any other effect save precisely this.' This on Sept. 1, 1922.

"On the 2nd appears, in the Solomonic judgment on the Parisian Reparations Commission, at the very beginning, in all the grimness of its ice-cold baldness, the sentence: 'Within and without the Empire has lost all credit.'

"This after fourteen months of the government of the Empire by Mr. Wirth, surrounded by all the jubilant tin-horn-blowers of a false and lying 'Democracy.' Of this terrible utterance there is notably little mention by his accomplices in the press; as little as there was, in springtime, about the twice repeated public castigation at Genoa."

CHAPTER X

Murderous assault on the author. An Englishman's opinion of the Germans. Career and character of Rathenau. Wirth his tool and victim.

THE paragraphs just quoted are cited from the "Zukunft" of Sept. 9, 1922, to prove that my judgment as, to the morass of German political life and as to the law devised for its protection and the supporters of it, was not colored by a criminal prosecution, in which I was called upon to act, as an assistant prosecutor, by the duty to pierce through sedge and weeds and see the bottom of the swamp. The tale of this procedure, as a little monument of the infamy of our time, deserves a separate pedestal. It will be told elsewhere. Here let the facts be briefly recalled.

For the capture of the chief of a gang of assassins hired to murder Harden, the praiseworthy state government set a reward of ten thousand paper marks, increased it, when there was reason to hope that the chief rascal was in safety, to a hundred thousand, a twentieth of that offered on the murderer of a Minister, the merest trifle against the danger of "popular" Mafia vengeance. It left the case,—which to some seemed

unimportant, and regrettable only on account of its incomplete success,—for long months in the silence of death, while in a dark thicket the method of procedure was planned.

As the man assailed stood alone, (wished and wishes so to stand,) has neither relatives nor rich "friends," no one lifts a finger in his behalf for months while he is prostrated, no one offers even a couple of Havenstein imprints to increase the reward. An ambitious son of a rabbi, helpless in the practice of criminal law, who tumbled into it quite unsuspecting, was taken from an office devoted to matters of trade to take charge of the case, the only possible danger in it being the active, popular, antisemitic agitation. The state prosecutor was instructed to "belittle the matter, so that no fresh disturbance may grow out of it." (For unrest must be caused, citizens, if a hired murderer should be severely punished, and not get off, say, with a black eye.)

Cast a glance at the course it took. Besides the Munich reward for the murder, the hired villains had been promised a secure refuge in the service of the state of Bavaria. From whom the cash in hand, advance for expenses, after-payment, came, whether there was a general permission by state officials duly empowered, and by what ones,—was never inquired into by any court authority, even in the most superficial manner.

Will the chief culprit be delivered up? The plotters and accomplices,—although the atrocity of the action, the plan and conscious intent to murder and quest of profit therefrom were established by written and oral confession,—were treated in court as gentlemen, acquitted on the charge of attempted murder, and, in consideration of mitigating circumstances, sentenced, for "injury to the person," to a trivial penalty (which we trust they will serve out either not at all or under comfortable conditions). And the worthy Imperial court, true to traditional formalism, found no reason to annul this decision. Would it not have found one if, as in a similar case, there had come to them a whisper from Berlin that the asinine scandal of such a legal decision must be wiped out with all haste? But it flourishes in full legal force.

Thus do those courts decide in which the government does not put trust, to whom it leaves, indeed, those accused by the "enemy" and who are therefore to be gently handled, but withdraws from them all that concerns the Presidents of the state and of the administration, ministers and state secretaries, envoys, and others equipped with titles and mandates: those who in the "Supreme State" (silly word: as if there could be any other state, or as if Harding's or Lenin's were not equally supreme) were called by Fritz and Stein "Servants of the people," but

in the parody of a German republic have been uplifted to the privileged class.

The state court thinks twenty years in prison the fitting penalty for a crime in which there was no greed for gain included, which had not rendered Mr. Scheidemann for a single day unfit for public oratory, nor ruffled a single hair on the skullroof of the small-town Figaro. Those villains—who, as was shown, were hired for murder in general, and only later sicked on Harden, thanks to whom, with eight head-wounds, he lay two weeks in danger of death, long months seriously ill, had to interrupt the issue of his periodical, seek recovery under a milder sky, and from all this undergo almost unendurable loss,—were by the ordinary courts deprived for a brief while of association with other Right Honorable men. So it was meant to be. Such was the intent, the aim of the law.

Protection for all despoilers and parasites of the Republic. Unprotected is he who dares drag to the light their behavior, and give warning of their rank growth; he is given over, unprotected, to the never seriously endangered hirelings of "Central-murderers," who are never seriously sought after. Are you astonished that hardly a single vigorous voice is raised for Halt, for Right about face? Mr. Breitscheid, also, wishes neither to be murdered nor to step back in silence into the dark,—whence he would not so

easily as now, as the supporter of patriotically "passive resistance," be uplifted to Bismarck's seat. Enormous is the growth (for that very reason daily denied) of the union of parasitism and terror.

"And from the German character the world will sometime regain its health."

With this parvenu's boast of the otherwise harmless rhymer Geibel the trouble began. From this little Immanuel, whose influence has, alas, far more deeply penetrated into German morality, public or private, than that of the great cosmopolite and delusion-crusher Kant, a swarm of professors took over this utterance of unendurable vanity, and let it drop glitteringly from their pinions.

"Even in Bonn, where I heard him, Treitschke's political lecture-course was really an eternal variation on Geibelism," said an English scholar to me: "and never has any people, no, not even the French in their most vainglorious epoch, made such misuse of its own name, not one has identified it in such defiant fashion with all the honorable traits of the great and noble among mankind.

"Our English 'common sense,' the French people's 'bon sens,' would have set its face against undertaking to cover the globe with placards, declaring: 'Our loyalty and science,

our honesty and our art, our women, wine, songs, army, navy, craftsmanship, industries, schools, dramas, courts of law, social usages, autos, lieutenants, aniline dyes, beers, cannon, headlights, are the best in the world!' You Germans have done it.

"You have declared the Rhine, whose sources and mouth are after all not in Germany, and which flows through Switzerland, France, Holland, quite considerable countries, a German river, the Germanest of rivers. You have not shrunk from setting your 'Champagne' and 'Cognac' above the genuine bearers of those names, and you have constantly found a couple of professors ready to justify all that, in an axiomatically scientific statement.

"In any case such an outcry would have been a mistake, it could not but disgust the old settlers,—to whom such behavior, down to 1872, had been so strange as to be beyond comprehension,—to their heart, stomach and bowels. Furthermore, it was easy to show that not all the claims were well-founded, that by no means all Heavenly blessings were to be obtained in unrivaled form (not to say, solely) from Germany.

"Your Robert Koch had a right to show himself; but he is a dwarf beside the investigator Pasteur, of whose discoveries he made use. So it is with others of your scientific stars, old and new. But for his Dutch forerunner Lorenz, the

great Leyden physicist, even your brightest light, Einstein, would be unimaginable (whom, indeed, your Nationalist mob recognize for a German no more than they do the chemist Haber, who enabled you to prolong the war).

"Creuzot has made much war material better than Essen. Italy, formerly a laughing-stock, has excelled you in naval guns, and has produced the next best aeros and autos to France's. And that, before the war, more appetizing Münchener beer was drunk on the Grand Boulevard than in the Munich Hofbräu, is just as indisputable as is the superiority of the Western lands in sport, style, art of decoration, in all the fields of clothing, care of the body, cosmetics and neighborliness.

"In order to like your horse-races, pugilism and boxing, tennis tournaments and cabarets, clothes, hats, boots, corsets, soaps, hair-oils, mouth- and hair-washes, combs, tooth-, hair- and flesh-brushes, perfumes, pralines, the make-up of your restaurants and of your illustrated papers, and especially to swallow with joy your substitute champagne, cognac, Chartreuse, Curaçao, porter, ale, and Pilsener, one must evidently be German-born and toughened to it by long habit. From comparing woman's worth, or metaphysical goods, even a half-wise man refrains.

"Your contribution to the total resources of

humanity is large; over wide stretches it is indispensable and inalienable: but other people's quotas are not all mere curds. From the delusion that the whole round world is peopled with fools and nobodies, Germany should wean herself as promptly as from the belief that she has a monopoly of the realm of loyalty and sincerity, girt about with robbers and cheats.

"Between ourselves, her moral credit is today much worse than her financial. Everywhere. And quite naturally. Think of Rubner's figures as to amounts of foodstuffs: those before, during, and since the war quite different. Just according to the needs of the times, there is a change in the quantity and quality of what is needed to keep children and adults alive. That a time of need is more healthful for them than years of abundance, is proven, in war-time, and the opposite, before and after: 'by scientific statistics.' Meanwhile it is at once conceded, that a patriotic—that is, a higher—interest had compelled a deviation from truthfulness. And now you are surprised, that of the daily chant of Miserere, of the statistics as to millions of starving Germans, no human being believes a word, a figure.

"So does Hygiene appear in the green wood. When nothing is to be had but kohlrabi and rind-conserves, but the war is to be continued until the permanent mastery over the Minette and the

Flanders coast, then your "first men" insist that the people are blooming with health. It withers and sinks into a general misery unseen before, if the creditor arrives with his bill.

"And other Faculties carry on yet more madly. Judgments and protests, even over the names of 'the first men, well known instructors in civil and international law, calmly alter the wording of the Peace Treaty. For the Fatherland. Just as of old the Crusaders strove to excuse every massacre with 'God wills it!' But if once Science comes to be hand in glove with Falsehood, then all that she produces is infected. The German, so I am always hoping, will soon bethink him of his old, his better self. But it is high time. For, at present, everything that your 'Authorities' give forth blows down the wind."

(Thus spoke the Englishman.)

In the Outland every one whose good will entitles him to frankness can hear such utterances from every mouth. Nowhere among us is preached the longing for a return to the true German nature. Have you ever ventured the attempt? Never. You souse yourselves in persistency, descry the scornful noses on every side as mere projections from yellow Envy's house, and whisper in each other's ear: "We must acknowledge nothing." Almost everything charged by the Englishman is proven true, or

provable: and a good bit, too, of the very worst, remained hidden from his eye.

Who uttered it aloud, that nothing save the nitrogen synthesis discovered by Professor Haber made it possible for the blockaded land to live and fight? Solely as inventor of the poison gas has he sometimes been regaled with scant praise. And yet no other man's share in what was accomplished in war-time, no field marshal's, and no military engineer's, is to be compared with the work of this chemist. Rathenau's ingeniously unfruitful head (he hated Haber, as he did every man who could do things) has come to outshine his.

Rathenau himself published (following the famous precedent of "A court counsellor and the twelve physicians") the testimonials to the forevermore shining track of his earthly days: published the attestation of a gentleman who was made Minister of War on account of his "sunny disposition," wherein stood recorded that but for Rathenau's "provision of raw material," (organized on Moellendorff's lines,) the war could not have been carried on. And he, not Ehrlich, Haber, Einstein, was honored as "the great Jew." And this despite the fact that he had been an Antisemite and worshiper of Germans, had only in the "Winter of our discontent" become a protector of Jews, and even when Minister still emphasized Israel's duty of "Atone-

ment for the crime of Golgotha" (and in the same breath whispered to the Zionists that their road would to-morrow be his also). In truth no man knows in what he did believe. In himself: everything else was, or came to be, merely means to his purpose of swift success, rise in rank, self-deification.

The life-work of a man who, even in a narrow circle, rises to preeminence can be, like the content of a good drama, summed up in a sentence. But this man's? From the time of his directorship of a bank, of his industrial leadership, or of his literary-artistic-sociological-political many-sided activity,—not one accomplishment, not one, can be named, as to which an unprejudiced honest man should and could point out: "This Rathenau created: and it will last and be fruitful." Physicist, engineer, bank director, painter, architect, author, musician, composer of hymns; he did everything, did nothing badly. He had received a sheaf of varied talents, but no spark from the flame of genius. But he desired to make a place for himself as a genius, against or within Israel; and he wooed (in the last decade with appalling rapidity), with growing insincerity, for a following, a claque. Upon a half-dozen good essays, a bundle of brilliant articles, on books which, because the author did not need to earn money on them, were cheaper than all others, and therefore bought by many, for a

while, but read by few, on an economic plan filched from the stronger, more serious, nowise brilliant Von Moellendorff, botched, and long ago antiquated, on grotesquely false prophecies and the empty crackling husk of the Rapallo treaty:—on these to build the scaffolding for his fame as a genius: easy, by Thor, it was not! He built it.

No one fitted so perfectly into the time of our disgrace, no one saw so clearly to the bottom of its piteousness, no one was so unscrupulously determined to exploit it.

Only a man without the slightest whiff of kindliness in his nature could have done what he accomplished. The very same people,—ministers, business men, artists, members of the Reichstag, newspaper men, *et hoc genus omne,*—whom he covered with scorn and insult as "self-seekers," were so familiarly caressed the next moment by his bland eye, so thickly smeared with flattery by his tongue, that each imagined him to be his own best, his only friend, and all crowded to get aboard the skiff of his fortunes.

Poor Yorick! All this effort for nothing. Two decades of degrading prostration, which he surely often felt to be self-defilement, to rear an artful trellis of fame, no more durable than the fuel that heats the glass conservatory. This unwearying one was the fruit, and the exploiter, of his time. It was not a necessity of his nature

to become what he became. But because the best that was in him,—a knowledge never fundamental, yet foaming up in a many-tinted sea-trail, a deft cleverness of brain, tongue and hand, a marrowless yet attractive dilettanteism (in the good old Italian-Goethean sense of the later misused word),—did not win the recognition without which his hunger for applause could not but languish, he one day decided "to become a villain."

This, with almost as wide-awake consciousness, and from much the same motives, as Richard Gloster. The latter's defiant courage and that audacity, never enfeebled by culture, which in popular belief adds to heroism,—our would-be-deserving one did not possess. No daemonic spirit dwelt within him and made even a pretense of magic. He too had a taste for those conversational powers with which Richard credits himself: after evil and highly profitable plotting, to clothe himself in the hair shirt of the simple pious Christian, and wheedle the victims of his ambition into the belief that only his love for them determined his action. Was he not successful, at least for a brief space?

Before his rule extended over dozens of corporations, his activities, especially the literary efforts of a man with inherited wealth, were almost everywhere judged so unkindly, so scoffingly, that I myself, though I had broken with

him and had rebuffed his renewed approaches, had often to defend him against unjustified scorn, and to emphasize the keenness and artistic sparkle of his mind.

But no sooner had he, after several failures, established himself in the political field, for which he had no natural gift, than the wind changed. "The point of lowest pressure is shifting. With rapid rise of temperature a succession of sunny days is to be expected." They came. He was hailed not only by the press, with the two Berlin Dromios, whom his wit had often made ridiculous, in the van; those who yesterday despised him were also at his service. "One must say, after all. . . ." "And yet he really seems . . ." "Men of large caliber are also in their own way worth while. A land plunged in misery needs them." It has even invented for itself a great national poet (who despite his fine talent and his din remains a stranger to the people, and only reaches the crowd with his Nationalistic prattle, not with his publishers' output and newspaper-Goethe stuff): why not a statesman of the new type?

That Rathenau was a monarchist, a Kaiser's favorite, and that, despite the Hebraism which he could never outlive, he wore the Red Eagle of the second class, and boasted that he had destroyed that "absurd" Marxism,—such odds and ends could be no obstacle to the profiteers' union,

which needed a Republican who was not odorous of petroleum. "Just look sharp, youngsters! Now, see here. We've got a Lloyd George of our own, too."

But the genuine one, the only one with a gift for demagoguery in the grand style, quickly had him, alas! stuck in his vest-pocket. So the great chance at Genoa, the prolonged time of opportunity, of bitterest Anglo-French bickering, was neglected through vanity. Wicked fools, who believed the fairy-tale of the Republican, Pacifist, Socialist, Internationalist arch-Jew Rathenau which had been set afloat, murdered the much-worried man who could have been the surest guardian of their (i. e. the Monarchists') hopes.

And the Chancellor and Foreign Minister, Wirth, still under the protection of eighteen criminal-officials detailed to guard him, was so frightened that he fell into the clown-tragedy of the wail, that he was "standing, utterly overwhelmed, at the deathbed of the German people."

An hour after this groan of one crucified against his will, he would gladly have taken his seat, well-pleased with his cross, at any "hospitable table." The genius of juxtaposition?

Wirth—born in the Baden wineland, and there grown up; with the beery good humor of a Greifswald student; a man of the Centre party and yet more liberal than Adalin-Gothëin and

Veronalicke. A gymnasium teacher of mathematics. And instead of logarithms, (which Friedrich August's majestic spirit so gladly alternated with hieroglyphics,) the old song-book, and loads of merry students' lilts, in his brain. One of the Propaganda troop of whom Erzberger could say: "These are the little ones of my flock." Then, his helper, his heir,—finally he overtrumps his fat chief. On his lip is ever the word "policy of fulfillment"; and he fulfills not even the moderate wish for telegraph-poles. By name, the "host"—but all his days the guest. Even amid the splendors of his office he still feels in full the bliss when at Krivanck's, through the clouds of Palatinate tobacco, come the roaring students'-songs, and feels himself in all his glory only when, at the tables of the well-to-do, Molossol caviare and mock-turtle soup are ladled out.

A valiant pedagogue, for always, even with sleep in his eyes, he can talk on all subjects and then a few. And from his speeches, clogged with sand and bubbles though they be, there will flash out, like glimmerings of bacteria from the foaming sea, the peasant's shrewd wit, and the will to purity of heart.

Not without sane instincts: but even as an ensign by the fragrance of the first barmaid's hair, even so was he bewitched by the charmers' fooleries of Rathenau, whose brain snickered at him

while his mouth hailed him as a "born leader,"—in the innermost circle, surely, as—the "Bismarck of the Demos." So Rathenau spoiled him, with whip and spur, so that he should founder, goaded beyond the limits of his capacity and strength of will.

CHAPTER XI

Career and character of Cuno. Ballin. Degradation of the press.

And then came . . . at last another Wilhelm. Behold, Cuno. Who is he? "A great merchant of wide experience." Hear ye, at this late day: "The man of great financial affairs, who makes the patriotic sacrifice of being Imperial Chancellor in this time of need." That is a chatter which flourishes only on our soil. The Chamberlains, Waldeck-Rousseaus, Samuels, Poincarés, Wallenbergs, Loucheurs, Pamses, would have been made ridiculous in their several homelands, would have become impossible, if they had even hinted that their entrance into the service of the state, because it permanently or for the time lessened their income, was to be counted a sacrifice offered to the Fatherland. He who can think it has never learned to have the remotest idea as to the nature of true home-love, nor of beneficent power, and, furthermore, is conceited enough as to think himself indispensable for two leading positions, of fundamentally diverse natures.

Mr. Wilhelm Cuno had never been a great merchant, had never acquired experience, never

accomplished anything in business, trade, or finance. When blindness on the throne called him to the second highest place in the empire, he for a second time within a half-decade drew the great prize. The first time was when he, a competent bureaucrat, trained in the treasury of the Empire in the Kaiser's time, had the opportunity to have a voice on the question of the proper indemnity to be paid to the Hamburg-American Line, by the Empire, for the losses suffered in the war. But for this chance he would probably still be a little pillar or sockel, a Real High Priest or Director in the financial department or the treasury.

For never would this pious Catholic, whose caution kept him aloof from the Centre party, by his merits or defects, have made any impression in that field of which Figaro's saying holds good: "Be mediocre and rampant, and you can get anywhere." The fact that friendly colleagues call him "the blonde Lewald" will make clear, to the competent reader, how he appeared at close range. One of those who under clever guidance can accomplish much, who do everything, who have not a trickle of creative force in them, and who were never distressed by Hamlet's "conscience."

Dark brunet and blond, both well-grown, in that one the somewhat keener comprehension of "the little Jewish head," and the Simili-

worldliness of a Councillor Brack transferrred from Ibsen's Apothecary's Court to Blumenthal's fancy goods shop: in the other, race unity, "manners" retained from childhood, slenderer knuckles, and the smooth correctness of the "higher official," proud of his affinity with bits of aristocracy. So Theo and Wilhelm have made, also, an assurance-pact, which in this sphere is called "friendship," and in which the bestower of favor to-day is the recipient to-morrow.

Privy Counselor Cuno adjusted himself to the opinion of Ballin,—whom the other Wilhelm at that time still most graciously addressed as "Thou,"—and of every competent man, that without a gigantic indemnity the German marine could not maintain itself in its relative position. He helped Ballin smooth the ground on which the necessary measure was to be driven securely through on the difficult stretches, viz. in the administrative bodies, the Bundesrath, and the Reichstag. For this he was rewarded by being taken into the directorate of the Hamburg-American Line. To the legend that Ballin discovered in him extraordinary talent, and did not rest until he had shipped him for Hamburg, and had even selected him as his own successor,—I, who was a contemporary of these events, refuse to give credence.

Ballin, the creator of Germany's ocean marine,

who was born in Denmark but had struck deep root about the Elbe and the Alster, did indeed often talk of retiring, but never thought of it seriously. He was too fully aware of the responsibility to retire, in the hour of utmost danger, from the field on which he could say, as Bismarck did of a far wider one, "The confidence which I have won in the Outland I can transmit to my successor." To choose therefore one who did not know the field at all, and whose fitness for the unique quadruple task of the international business-diplomatist, financier, warehouse chief, and director of a hundred floating hotels, no man could estimate, would have been sinful willfulness. And with this fitness there had to be conjoined the judicious initiative of an executive with social sensitiveness, and, as the chief essential, the keen scent for everything necessary or useful in new inventions.

Ballin regarded Mr. Cuno as a competent man, quick of comprehension, who rode fairly in any saddle, who would promptly work into the business of navigation. But so far was he from believing that he had found for the HAL a jewel, even the future head, that he tried first to secure for him a position as director of a bank, and only when that was not to be obtained in Berlin did he decide to retain him himself.

Another link, the chief one, completes the chain of proof. It is supposable, that there

was in the imperial treasury staff *one* who was especially suitable for introduction into the company for whose reimbursement by the government he had worked. But two? Incredible. Well: Privy Councillor Stimmig, who did the same for the North German Lloyd that Cuno did for the Ballin line, became director of the North German Lloyd. In the treasury two rescuers of German merchant marine and of Ritz-Carlton culture? Stuff and nonsense. The two governmental Privy Councillors had proved themselves seaworthy by piloting safely past the shoals and cliffs of the Imperial economic policy.

If Erzberger had secured for the firm of August Thyssen a million from the imperial funds, and thereafter had accepted an engagement as a director of it, at from six to ten times his previous income,—what a roar from all Ludendorffians! In a criminal suit against a paper-dealer in Moabit a few months ago, "the fact was proven," as a grievously suspicious circumstance, that a man was now a director in the wholesale merchant's business, who had previously as an official, secured to him a favorable decision which had a monetary value.

I must not doubt, that both the Privy Councillors were convinced that they were acting as befits officials and gentlemen. I am however also convinced, that they erred. What they un-

consciously did, may not be done consciously. Never may one accept advantage from benefit which he, as guardian of the public interests, has aided in securing for another. No pretext excuses that. To that whimsical hermit and allurer of the masses, Scherl, whose superstitious confidence often brought him to me, I was able to be repeatedly helpful: but I do not see the slightest cause for self-satisfaction in the fact that I, without hesitating a second, declined everything offered by him "to indemnify me for my many losses": considerable sums of money, and the cloud-throne of a Vice-Augustus.

Ballin, who suffered to the very soul if he could not see men and things in a rosy light, was well pleased with his coädjutor. The latter hung upon the lip of the General, (so Hamburg called her most famous citizen) and proved himself, in the other's judgment, altogether suited to the position. But, to strangers, that same judgment had also praised Director Huldermann, whose wretched "Reporter's Book" later showed that he was quite incapable of comprehending Ballin's life-work.

On the evening of the day in October '18 which unveiled to the Reichstag that a hasty capitulation was inevitable, when Erzberger had informed us as to the speech of the Major despatched from headquarters, and also as to the vacillation of the parties in coming to a decision,

Mr. Cuno seemed perfectly cool. He was, like all the rest, opposed to the calling of the Baden prince to the office of Chancellor, because "we shall not be credited with the democracy that is demanded outside, if we put an Archducal Highness at the top." My advice, which I defended with heat,—to welcome as a deliverer in our need every prince who helped Socialists, Democrats, Jews and all such suspicious folk bear the grievous approaching end, and to offer rewards for princely sharing of the responsibility,—was soon accepted by all. What Mr. Cuno said in the course of the long evening was not precisely stupid; it was just what is naturally said. Again he gave the same impression: clever, in its way, shrewd; but without individuality, and without passion. A good machine, that runs empty if no one has charge of it.

Only once out of his phlegm there flickered a little flame of spirit: when he implored Ebert to take over Foreign Affairs, "so that we can be easy as to that." The father of the Peace resolution, triumphing on that gloomy night, answered with a broad fat smile, "Don't give me that: and as for the Colonies that you offer me,—thanks, no." Ballin, whom I asked afterward, whether his young man seriously considered the good Matthias as a possible Foreign Minister for the morrow, or whether, as under-secretary of the A.A. he wished to get back into the serv-

ice of the Empire, shook his head: "He was crazy for a private position. Of international politics he has not a glimmer of an idea. But surely you know, these Privy Councillors are in such fear of Erzberger's enormous influence as an observer and denouncer, that even after their retirement they load him down with compliments."

After Ballin's death was no one more suitable at hand, or did some agreement hold which, as so early and sudden a departure of the chief was unexpected, had previously not seemed to be binding? From conversations with my Hamburg friend I conclude, that both worked together. At any rate, the Privy Councillor became Director General. The choice was not, in this case, important. From Berlin's wittiest lips fluttered the words: "If cold ships are what is wanted . . ." And presently the HAL had not even cold ones.

Was Mr. Cuno as much delighted, after the first test, with the diplomatic skill of Erzberger, who had given over the fuel of our commerce to feed the Peace-fire, as he was in the late eventide of the German illusion of victory? For weeks, nay only for days, he stood on the commander's bridge of the German marine: and then its structure was shattered by the very man to whom he had desired to give the power. A jest that almost rises to an epic level,—but yet

arouses doubts as to its victim's capacity for adjudging human and political values.

No matter: he will soon be the chief expert of the government that still wears its Socialistic decorations, and he remains, of course, the confidential man of the high bureaucracy of Berlin W. 8, of the whole ancient confraternity, toward which he is now able to wave all sorts of dainties. 'Tis reported already that he has declined ministerial posts offered him. To whom God gives an office . . .

Is not his capacity clearly revealed by the pact he made with Mr. Harriman? It may be, there was no other road to Küssnacht. But, after all, a treaty under compulsion. The seal under it assures, even on the Atlantic, and so far as the Maiden's Walk, America's indestructible supremacy; and it gives over the company, on whose sandstone structure shone the proud words

MY FIELD IS THE WORLD

into alien control. Its field belongs now to the New World, and—what can not always be free from peril,—will be fertilized with dollars, the controller of which was, and up to to-day has remained, the son of a genial business man.

Still, the bargain may have been a masterstroke, and perhaps Mr. Cuno, not Mr. Paul Warburg, brother of his Hamburg protector,

is to be thanked for the best part of it. But when and where has a man who, with the help of the sharpest business lawyers and the head of a world-renowned bankinghouse, made a treaty of vassalage, become a great merchant of wide experience, and a beacon-light on the sea of finance?

"To-day," rings out Wotan's mirthful baritone, "thou hast beheld it." Creditable work under Germany's foster-father Batocki and the Harriman-Warburg agreement.

These are the pillars, on which Mr. Cuno's glory rests. Nothing else that is even worth mentioning did he ever accomplish.

He has been in America twice, for a little while each time. Since then he is fond of mentioning it, talks loudly of his "international relations," which he "hopes to make serviceable to the German Empire as well"; and as loudly and eagerly as Raimund's Habakkuk, quite puffed up, would remark: "I was in Paris two years." Mr. Wilhelm Cuno's delusive sentence would surely have become at once a "wingéd word," too, if humor had not shrunk with the value of the mark: for even more merrily Apocalyptic than the second Imperial Wilhelm's self-satisfaction is that of Wilhelm the Third: "Do you think, if Bülow or Schön had been dealing with Isvolski or Sasonoff, anything would come of it? But if I talk with the Czar, then it hits!"

and "I have cause to hope that my international relations will be useful to the Fatherland also." Jacket just like the trousers.

NO. Even more incomprehensible than Cæsar's illusion is it, that an uncrowned man can deceive himself as to his own charms to such a degree of delusion as to believe that, to please him, who stole into El Dorado as a seeker for money, a beggar for his starving company, Washington and Wall Street will henceforth deal with Germany more cordially than heretofore.

Every man of wide acquaintance hears or reads, at least thrice a week, the petition of a stranger to recommend him for some big job: "With your wide relations . . ." ; and can only reply: "It's not to be had." Of course, a couple of bits of paper money, which the one appealed to, with a groan, with a curse, a civil word scrawled with set teeth, addresses to the boresome "Acquaintance": but surely no one is such a fool as to dispose, on such a "recommendation," even of the tiniest position, to let such a luck's favorite nose in, ahead of those who are expectantly waiting and who have honestly deserved it,—and so aggrieve every employee in the business.

That petitioner's mistake is more comprehensible than the self-delusion of a man called to the management of the Empire's business, who

fancies his (very slight and nowise numerous) "relations" could bring it to pass that Hughes, Morgan, Kahn, Schwab & Co. would say: "This Mr. Cuno is such a nice man; now we really must do something for Germany."

One who has lived in the days of Mr. Ebert's spotlessness in every domain of industry, culture, politics, and history may believe it, may gaze in all reverence at his polished counterfeit of the City Man's outer husk. That the Reichstag member Stresemann, who has really been in business since yesterday, quotes the favorite utterance of his superior without comment, as if there might be really something in it, is not a good omen for his own dawning administration. Of all the Americans who have sought me out in the last months not one has mentioned Mr. Cuno, much less indicated him as recipient of the Americans' confidence. When, where, how, is he supposed to have won it? His knowledge of the Star Spangled Banner world is so inadequate that he chose for Finance Minister Mr. Albert, who is impossible in the United States. If he had given Count Bernstorff the Foreign Affairs, even so, the echo would not have been quite so ungracious: "Over here Johnny was awful: but he's a capable fellow, and in five years even hedgehogging is outlawed." Cobbler Albertus had made himself known over there only by an accumulation of gross blunders.

And the Cuno-Stimmig case? Also outlawed? It had gone as with Rathenau. Naboth's vineyard was in that too. The same people who had been quite horrified, with most worried brows, who had raised their shoulders highest, said now: Oh yes, . . . entirely forgotten. . . . Good Lord! . . . Who knows? . . ."

In the business world, where opinions are formed, small is the number of those who never had an invitation from our great steamship companies, invited themselves, begged for free tickets, received them, or have hopes of them. In the saloon cabin, with six meals a day, (not counting the sandwiches and such,) all the alcoholics, Mocha, Havana, Abdullah that heart could wish free, (nothing for washing, and the same for the stewards,) to New York, into the Mediterranean, to have a peep at the midnight sun, to Gran Canaria and back,—not to be sneezed at, children! (The quondam last Imperator et Rex didn't stint himself, at the cost of the HAL, and always had a free ticket to spare for gentlemen that pleased him.) He who can dispense from such a trough, need dread no attack. Even the sharks are lured with such bacon-bait.

But when the incomprehensible thing was done, when a man unschooled in politics, who had done nothing worthy to be considered, was

made Chancellor, this question before all others presented itself to me:

Will he not be the prisoner of the People's Party, which, if he does not follow a straight nationalist policy, will roar, that "true Germanism is disgraced by a slacker with foreign sympathies, who even when an official of His Majesty sold himself to the notorious Water-Jew, and from whom for that very reason only the worst is to be expected"?

It was from that quarter that the storm threatened him, and from none other. And lo, the very man who had so heartily admired Ballin, the "price-cutter," whom the Capitulation had not surprised as one unprepared, now revealed himself as a man after his patron Helfferich's own heart, and quickly became the darling of the Hillings and the Knittlers, the Luderichs and the Eschendorffs, of the whole secret-kingdom of Bavaria.

So it had to be, it could not turn out otherwise. The only cause for amazement was Wilhelm the Lucky's penchant for moral sermons. The press favored him, and, by Jehovah, Wodan & Co., was not unthankful for all the zeal that he devoted to flattering it. On days when the world fancies him to be plunged deep in work, absorbed in illumination of the ways that lead from the misfortune of the Ruhr into the open, he finds leisure to journey to Münster, merely

to read, in an anæmic voice, to a press club, a long screed that he supposes is a speech. Nothing in it. Not a word that could be helpful, that could, even in the judgment of the least among his own people, be utilized in any fashion for international ends. Sand. The wheels creak, the nag groans. Sand. The pick of the editors, even of those not yet chosen members of the Reichstag or Professors, perceive it, uplift a faithful eye heavenward, groan a bit: but must "gratefully recognize, that this chancellor who so gladly, and with the best of right, is true to the principles of an honorable merchant, does justice to the great problems and to the significance of the Press in a higher sense than many a high-titled one who had to hold the office under less difficult circumstances."

"Had to." Why spare those now out of harness, and stabilize the reputation that toadyism made for them when they were in office? "For Has-beens the Jew gives nothing," says the proverb; and the old German congregation of Edda-gods and submarine-Jesuses do the same. Under "difficult circumstances" he rules, who seven months long has not been annoyed by the slightest opposition, though it were the gentlest, the most impersonal, who is permitted to carry on a struggle that was, alas, before it began, hopeless and condemned to defeat, and to throw ever fresh billions of paper marks into a swift-

rushing stream. But not, let us hope, merely for the purpose of showing the community what a fellow he is, how flatly he says No, and so,—what a strong man he is?

Fräulein von Barnhlem's maid says, that many people are especially fond of talking about qualities which they themselves do not possess. Herr Cuno calls himself an honorable merchant. As one of the Faculties which have jammed their Doctor-hats, by dozens, on the heads of Messieurs Ludendorff, Hindenberg and other Deliverers of the Fatherland, has dubbed the fifteenth Chancellor, for his high services to the moral health of the German people, an honorary Doctor of Medicine,—he, who is honored in Prussianized Bavaria and values that land as his "firmest support," can present himself presently, also, before the legislative body as an approved physician.

From the German he skips to the foreign press, displays before them, with the grace of a tearful Hecuba, his stamping and his capers, and surely is convinced of the irresistible force of his own charms. Now he holds them securely. All of them. Almost as Ago held long Rudi. But does he? He should overhear some time, like Haroun al Raschid in the land of the Infidels, the judgments passed on him in private conversation. After that, mine would taste as good to him as milk of almonds.

The journalists are not so stupid as they make themselves appear, morning, noon and night, in their malodorous black-letter. Only, despite all the boasting of their mighty power, their noble unselfishness, and their hearty comradeship with the publishers,—they are even to-day still so accustomed to humility and submission that the close approach to a head of the state, to one of such gracious wisdom as Mr. Ebert, tickles their noses as agreeably as the fragrance from the porcelain coffin of a young baked goose. "Personally I think nothing of it; but it helps the repute of our guild."—And also, helps the repute of the Empire, if we never utter publicly a syllable of what we really think. Deeper even than in other classes there has struck root in the press the delusion, already dishonoring the dream of human dignity, that the utilitarian creed of a band of profiteers, utterly devoid of conscientious scruples, is to be cherished and glorified as pious national feeling. "To the Outland, of course, everything must be denied." That is still and always the watchword. Behind that protecting gate, Mr. Cuno flourished and commanded all too long.

He has tried many things: never anything commended by common sense, nor that could prove useful. It was with curious means (of an honorable merchant?) that the "Support," the "Stabilizing" of the mark was attempted.

What was actually accomplished, by tossing gold and certificates out of the Empire's possession, was the headlong weeks-long fall in foreign exchange. Triumph. Tannenberg. At least, a winter battle on the Somme. At least. Out with the banners! We're doing it. Now we see what it means, when a great merchant, of wide experience, is at the top. Final balance: in the Imperial Bank, a sadly diminished reserve; a countless number, especially little people, who could not wait for the next mountain wave, have lost their money; and the value of certificates rose in that unlovely May to the eternal snow-line.

"In the war-fare against France," so speaks Mr. Helfferich, "money is our powder; and he who wages war must not save his powder." Exactly so, between '14 and '18, did the generals think. The remembrance of the money, the heaps, not paper marks then, vainly spent on powder, might have admonished the convert from Bamberger's Freethinkers' Union to Count Westarp's German National Party not to let his Fatherland shoot the remnant of the powder away in the new War for Position.

On ill-mended rails the train does not arrive that is to save the mark. "Defensive action" in the Ruhr basin rushed it to the brink of the abyss. Even before, nothing good was to be hoped for from the attempted support, through

intervention by sale of Imperial Bank certificates. Are the finance-strategists blinded, made stupefied between their paper walls? Half the globe is plagued with the foul odor of our rotten mark (and is, pray comprehend, for that very reason, in a rage against Germany). Many bought it when it was worth thirty centimes, twenty Dutch cents, and countless hosts after it sank to half that amount. "Now," the word was everywhere, "there's no longer any risk. Of course it can only get better, and, with all the industry and capacity of the German people, it certainly will soon." But not on that did the doom of the mark depend: it hung also upon the will and power of the rulers. So, farther downhill. Those who owned it, the bookkeeper in Barcelona, the cook in Vevey, the herring-fisherman in Noordwijk, small capitalists, officials, speculators, widows, vegetable-peddlers, on five continents, grow anxious; they take advantage of every little improvement in exchange, brought about by intervention, and make it worse again by wholesale offering of their mark-notes.

Then the Ruhr comes rolling on. Millions of workmen who do little or nothing, who doubtless even hinder the attempt to do something, if they do not go beyond such "passive resistance," must be paid at present-day schedule rates, the owners abundantly recompensed for their "pa-

triotic sacrifices," destroyed raw material and means of transportation replaced or repaired, the coal that is lacking for want of shipments bought from England (one pound Sterling = 15 million marks) and freighted to the industrial points in Germany. That cost dozens of billions every day. Ruhr and Rhine industries, and the banks associated with them, need enormous credits daily. With the hasty mass-production, are no counterfeit bills in circulation, and no genuine ones hidden away for a little while?

From time to time we hear that the French have grabbed ten, fifty, a hundred million. A bagatelle. Not worth mentioning. What the French and the Belgians have taken, from mines, forges, dye-factories, material, tools, means of transportation, of all sorts, though it is a matter of immense values, is not even mentioned. In the Outland the extent of the German losses is suspected, and effort made to unburden oneself of the dead mark at any price. In this country there is still a belief in the efficacy of a central certification, in threatened penalties for usury, and similar botcher's means. It is too long forgotten, furthermore, that such methods could not be applied at all in the occupied territory, which is industrially and financially the most important of all.

Consider, that those of yesterday's borrowers

on credit who, in the region where their industrial and bank business lies, have a moral right to the status of an industrial firm, and also those who owe on mortgages, must wish to repay the sums so borrowed in money of less value (by international standard); because otherwise, (if it ever comes to repayment at all,) they would be knocked out. Can those who represent such "interests" cooperate with fiery zeal for the improvement of the mark, and not take advantage of the exceptional conditions in the occupied borderland? Think it over, how much power the Bear speculators of two continents control, especially in the fallow field of the mark, how much it must be for their interest to exhaust the German gold-reserve completely: and then answer for yourselves the question, whether the crippling of these forces is to be hoped for from petty tricks, special prohibitions, and snuffling.

On the 30th of June, in New York's Wall Street, the mark was still five hundred-thousandths above the zero-point. But for months a committee of the Reichstag has been trying, in wearisome hearings and grotesquely solemn discussions, to find out why the stabilizing of the mark did not succeed. If the Congress in Washington should set similar machinery in action to discover why less beer, wine, and liqueurs are sold since the prohibition of alcohol, the Parliament of Fools would be laughed to scorn by the man

on the street, jeered at in the concert-halls, and a new election demanded in all the states. Just as silly child's play is it, that is going on in Berlin: and the nation lets it go on. An auto tearing down the steep side of an iceberg is easier to stabilize than currency that is thrown on the market daily in heaps as high as a house.

The notorious Assignats, which the National Assembly and Convention of France issued between 1790 and '96, 45 milliards altogether, so a mere patch on our bales of billions, had sunk to one three-hundredth, when the plates were destroyed. The mark has sunk below a millionth of its gold value, so is incomparably more depreciated than the Assignats in their worst days; and it is still, without protest from any Necker, jammed further down by an honorable merchant. There was no reason to wonder at the vanishing of its purchasing power. The marvel was, that the offer of such mere labels could bring in any return at all.

No less true, indeed, is this as to that strange growth known as the Certification Policy. The pompously effervescent veil of words may hide from careless eyes, but not from the nose, that which behind it blooms and sways. Only when it is quite odorless, like the witch's vial in Goethe, may one call it wicked. Six months ago the supporters of the mark pinched off from the dollar 35,000 marks, about half its exchange value; but

when in June it had risen close to the round number 170,000, that is, had climbed thrice as high as its previous highest stand, there remained no doubt, that the efforts at the opening of the year had been fruitless, that the gold and certificates of the Imperial Bank had been given away without lasting benefit. Instead of acknowledging this, and warning against continuing in so costly a wrong road, a hoarser chorus demanded renewed and strengthened "Support." Tremulous Obedience renews the attempt (though surely well aware how difficult it must be, still to support a thing that has slipped into the ooze at a hundred-thousandth), and brought it about that on single days the dollar cost 89,000 marks less in Berlin than in New York and Western Europe.

A new Tannenberg? Certainly one in the war against speculators in certificates, who could on such a day at eleven o'clock buy 100,000 dollars in Berlin, at two o'clock sell them in Amsterdam, and as profit from this perfectly safe bargain, which any apprentice at the telephone could close up promptly, cash in 8900 million marks. A transaction on the exchange so free from danger, so sure, and so extremely profitable never occurred before the age of Cuno. In order to prevent this, the sale of certificates was "rationed." The Outland was "cut out of the circuit" altogether; and by the German only a

trifling fraction, three to five per cent. of the amount (of certificates) called for was obtainable. That, too, even when the proper Board of Trade had certified to the need of it, and when the refusal cut off importation needed by the Empire and by the people.

Rationality will be hard to discover in such rationing. No one will of his own accord sacrifice for 186,000 marks the dollar which outside Germany buys 275,000. The inability to finance the necessary importation of food and industrial materials can only increase the rise, and so can not be the aim of a sensible policy. For the Outlander, concealment would not be difficult. In Danzig he can, and the German can, buy and sell at his own sweet will. Both could pocket up to 300,000 marks for every dollar. And since now in the occupied region the rate of exchange is not the same as in unoccupied Germany, much is yet to be hoped for from the era of the honorable merchant.

But is not the letting in of the light on the "Certificate policy" which makes such things possible, which produces such results with considerable portions of the Bank's reserve, not more important than the question whether the firm Hugo Stinnes, which in a single month could, and was obliged to, advance 300,000 pounds Sterling to the Imperial railroad administration, was "morally justified" in buying

45,000 in March for its own May requirements? The transactions of this firm, since they promise neither any valuable new creation nor profit that affects the general public, have ceased to be of interest to the outsider. Whether in reality, in accordance with the haughty challenge of the director of the firm, it would be better for Germany if its whole people "worked productively sixteen long hours a day," like him and his people, is not yet certain. But this is sure, that a merchant who, in the service of the Imperial government, imports English coal and must secure English pounds Sterling, is obliged (and so is "morally justified") to buy them as early and as cheaply as he can.

Not he, but the Certificate policy, which he has openly fought, is responsible for the fall of the mark.

CHAPTER XII

Extravagance and vice in Berlin. Transfer of wealth to other countries.

THE Outland, which considers the governments of the Republic to be cleverer, or at least craftier, than they are, just as it did Wilhelm's before them, and does not credit them with criminal negligence, sees all this, and from it draws the conclusion: "German camouflage. Deliberate spoliation of state interests for the benefit of private ones." It sees more, also.

"The Springtime Fairy." "The Faun." "The Bacchante." "The Battle of the Sexes." "The Foolish Virgin." "Waltzers." "Stupid Love." "The King's Neighbor." "The Beautiful Rival." "Little Maid." "The Trousers." "Sweet Susie." "The Virtuous Princess." "Madame Pompadour." "Katya the Dancer." "The Blonde Rat." "The Blonde Poison." "The Red Cat." "The Blue Pyjamas." "Fairest of Women." "Love Strike." "The Lady with the Monocle." "The Ladies of Olympus." "The Sins of Berlin."—These are the titles of operettas and farces, all given on one day, and, with the exception of two or three reserved for

holiday matinées, all given every day in June on Berlin stages. Apart from the Women-in-trousers play, which is coarse-woven erotic stuff shot through with strong satire, they are all, in dialogue and music, spiritless, witless, worthless. They are kept alive only by the elaborate costumes and decorations, by the accumulation of highly priced ribaldries, and by the display of half or wholly naked women and men. Admission to the poorest seat costs 5–6000, to the best 50–60,000 marks. Wherever, in the van of the "united front" of chorus girls, drawn up for inspection of thighs and armpits, there were two or three well-grown, well-padded female shapes to be gazed at without the slightest veiling, the ticket-sellers were paid eagerly 100,000 for every seat near the front.

The business flourishes. The producers keep saddle-horses and autos, build splendid villas, buy country estates, and in assemblies and in the press groan over the "Needs of Art": as if their speculation on the animal instincts of the *homo insipiens* bordered at any point on the realm of Art, or had any kinship with the nature and office of the stage, which a winged word of the aesthetic Schiller calls a "moral institution."

A year ago the little girls, playing on the street with dolls, hoop and ball, sang that masterpiece of its type, the universal favorite, "Limit":

"Thou mayst have all things else of mine,
Save that, which never may be thine,
That I reserve for one, till he
Unto the altar leadeth me."

Even more graciously resounded through our green varnished Winter, till late Summer, and no doubt into the Autumn, a vigorous couplet that bids to freest indulgence, and then prompt riddance, with royal guerdon at "parting":

"Give her a blank check, and say,
Go now, go now, go away."

Is there a man or woman who has not paused in disgust before one of our street-booth performances? He that is impelled by thirst for knowledge may investigate what is performed in a thousand cinemas, a hundred cabarets, in coffee- and tea-booths. And as it is in Berlin, so in every place where Germans abide in close-packed throngs.

For, as to the assertion, which rings from every musicbox, that the thronging of all the play-houses, dance-halls, race-courses, athletic meets of every sort, fashion-shows, saloons de luxe, carousing resorts, is due to the foreigners, —that is one of the seven hundred seventy and seven reckless lies which a mob-consciousness christened "Patriotism" consecrates as an end

and aim. Since the prices in Germany reached, over a wide extent, those of western Europe, and on some tongues of land have already overshot them, the tide of strangers has ebbed; and the foreigners who are compelled to stay on here, to endure the shameless "extra prices for non-Germans," and the ignoble extortion of every sort, soon turn away, disgusted, from "Amusement" which in other lands is more attractively served up, on a finer plate, and no longer tastes sweet to them.

Straight Germans fill the salons, dens, palaces, zoos, Lunas, cafés, parlors and bars, and eat Molossol caviare, English oysters, Périgord truffles, California fruit, drink Bordeaux, Burgundy, champagne, whiskey, Mocha, beer from Wenceslaus' Bohemian realm, which costs 90,000 marks.

At Whitsuntide Germans are out of town in such swarms that all traffic records are broken: in the mountains, or on the shore, the prices are anything, but never an attic chamber "left free"; and a man must be happy if a heap of paper-scraps furnishes his sleeping-place on the billiard-table or in the bath-tub. For the time of the long vacation almost everything is let long before, every seat in regular or special trains sold out early, and whether the full taxi to or from the station costs 60 or 90,000, room and board

double or thrice the price to be expected in Whitsuntide week,—that worries only dry pedants. Doesn't the price of shares go up with the dollar-certificates? "If my stocks, steamboat-shares and railroad ownings go a little higher, I can loosen up too."

Everybody speculates: counts and house-servants, Ministerial Director and apprentice, Your Excellency and the elevator boy, drawing-room and kitchen, Fräulein von Geyl-Nurdaseinenich ("Aughtelseyoupleas") and the street-walker. See how at night they rush for the financial journals, which are crammed with advertisements, and cost only 50,000 marks.

Count the number and the cost of the autos. Number and splendor tower-high above the days before the war; and while in Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, almost everybody, man and woman, drives for one's self, here it would never do without a chauffeur who would be dog-cheap at ten millions a year.

Glance in at the shop windows. Never was there such an abundance of the richest articles of luxury spread before the eye. The most precious stones, treasures of gold and silver, bronzes, Siberian sable, blue fox, the finest porcelain, genuine old Persian rugs, Gobelins, the finest of leather goods, gold brocade, Ward and Nettleton shoes, everything that "the well-dressed man" needs, or wishes to see, touch, or

smell on his lady, lay before her at dinner, or pour into her glass.

Who buys it?

Everybody must speculate. So far has the conscience and the wisdom of their rulers brought the German people, once renowned for its industry and economy—so far, that, after every note bungled in Wilhelmstrasse, hundreds of thousands, yes, millions, tremble over an acceptance, or even serious discussion of an offer, because it may shake the very foundation of the exchange skyscraper, turn profit into water, a mark-billionaire into a beggar. He who by official rascality has forced a whole people into the morass of speculation, has made justice a by-word; and it is pure hypocrisy when he complains, that this people has proved unfit to understand what is politically necessary.

For speculation there must be depressions and elevations. On a constant rise it could not but perish, as did the mythical king amid the gold, when the whim of Dionysus gratified his foolish wish, so that everything his finger touched was transmuted into it. If the elevator remained always at the top story, when would those who wait below ever get in? When could a man who, after all, does business with limited ready money, and without bank credit (which is no longer to be had), buy stocks and shares, if the market didn't once in a while take a (not too violent) tumble?

These changes are the essentials of speculation, which, therefore, welcomed the "Support" of the mark,—only that it lasted a bit too long.

Industrial stocks, and trade in goods, have other possibilities, almost unlimited. Their customers are requested to pay every considerable sum into a foreign bank. Patriotic interest, y'know. Whither and whence could we trade, pray, without high credits in the Outland? There the good money continues to lie, pays no tax, and can some day rebuild, out there, the business that has lost its value, and is falling to ruin, in Germany.

The matter is made still easier by the creation of foreign branches. In every chief street of Amsterdam you will find now German firm-names; all established since the downfall and repainting of the Empire's façade. "Crafty magic," says Tolstoy's little peasant. There, and in Rotterdam, Basle, Zürich, Copenhagen, Stockholm, every apprentice romances to you about billions of German gold marks in open deposits or safes. A merchant of Paris or Brussels hears that the German banker Schwetzinger, who immigrated day before yesterday, lives like a Maharajah, has hired French workmen to modernize the park of his château, has obtained every door-knocker from an old nobles' nest of the West,—and thinks the German God a right good fellow!

Meantime there is chattering here at home about Inflation: how to guard against it: whether it can be beneficial. Do you forget that this inflation, of the supply of paper money, began in wartime, under the auspices of Carolus Helferich (who now denies it)? That was the first stage toward the Assignats. The issue of 1790 was to be paid for by a "contribution patriotique," that of 1916 by "the beaten enemy," who of course "pays the cost of the war." With the flood of notes up went the prices, the wages. So the printing-presses must be increased, and worked harder. So the purchasing power of the new money, and of the old, dwindled. And so more was given out than before. Despite unwearied increase of production,—a dearth of currency. The unheard-of speed of circulation worked higher and deeper than all the multitude of machines that spat out scraps. On the days for saving, the brown thousand-mark notes were laid away in bureau-drawers, or brought to the bank-window. The ugly rags of to-day flutter about in the eddying breeze: they seem self-moved. Was the enormous increase in speed of circulation never reckoned in, as the denominator, in your calculation? No? Then it could not be correct. With the pile of notes, with the size of the Golden Calf of paper, the speed of the whirling dance also increases. You would "support" it? Support!

On the 19th of June, against the advice of Hermes-Mercurius, who still had in his nostrils the odor of the Protection-slump, a million dollars were withdrawn from the Haverstein cellar. "Only just keep at it! Ouf! We have him. The dollar has fallen two hundred-thousandths. That amounts to something, since we came to fractions in thousandths." It fell from 160,000 to 120,000. Who dares deny, now that it does good?

The speculator grins: "Sure, to me it does good. I'm coming in, as you're so stupid as to open the door." On the 21st he could sell at 140,000. So he would have "earned" on every 100 dollars two million marks in the course of thirty hours. Outlay in labor, one order to buy and one to sell. And how often can the "independent" Imperial Bank repeat such a venture?

The question, whether the mark can yet be saved, must receive its answer from men more thoroughly schooled in the science and practice of finance public and private. But with this present General Staff there seems to repeat itself just what the other, the Great one, taught us to feel painfully. In quiet times every wheel runs so briskly and smoothly that we feel the highest praise is inadequate. The preparations for the contest, too, and the first strokes in it, still show masterly control of tools and material. But, if the plan fails, if the helpful following of

tradition no longer suffices, then it becomes evident, that creative intellects are lacking. No idea that leads out of the woods into the open: not even a fruitful offhand suggestion. There, (in war-time) patch-work; subordinates working in bicyclist's fashion ("Bent back above, treadles below"); ignorance of all the possible forces that hold sway upon our planet. Here, excellent administrators, deft financiers, and crafty speculators. But a strategist is worthy of the name only if he, instead of raging blindly, and buying "victories" for the official report at the price of tremendous sacrifices, uses his weapons "to open the road,"—in accordance with Clausewitz' saying, a thousand times cited and seldom understood,—"by which sensible statesmen can move forward to a new and permanent position." And a financier deserves praise if his work helps the public interest: that is, aids a purpose working for the common good, transmuting barbarism into culture, and raising that culture to an ever higher level. (Rathenau,—who interpreted the German exchange-calamity as a temporary phenomenon, and, both as banker and industrialist, zealously aided in that "mechanical" tendency of the age which he theoretically condemned,—remained in this field also ingeniously unfruitful.)

What did we behold? Like the defeated generals, even so the financiers hid their own in-

capacity behind a wall whose stones were groundless accusation, its mortar mere abusiveness. "Only from the enemy comes the disaster. They alone are to blame. Without and within, the foe. National should be rational." That almost all the financiers themselves, foremost of all the Jewish, became snorting Nationalists, is easily comprehensible. Could they hesitate as to the choice, whether their dearth of brains, or a popinjay labeled Poincaré, was to be blamed?

From such ancient folly Mr. Keynes first uplifted himself, like a comet from a clouded nightly sky. He it was who told cleverly out of school tales of the Paris Congress, and saw many of the outlines clearly,—though even he is, by Jove, no Prince from the land of Genii.

In wartime our strategy was that of a charging buffalo. Now we have a recipe from the Imperial Palatinate of the Faust-kosmos:

"To whosoever wishes be it known,
This piece of paper's worth a thousand Crowns.
And so that all alike be profited,
Thus have we stamped at once the set entire.
Ten, thirty, fifty are already done.
You can not think how much it helps the folk.
Your city, see, once half in death eclipsed,
Is all alive with joyous happiness." . . .
"Again spake 'cautiously' a banneret,
'My castle and my fields I free from debt.'"

Clerks, officials, workingmen are no longer content to be paid with money, the stipulated value for which, as agreed on six or four weeks previous, has already largely melted away. There is neither wage nor salary, the amount of which, fixed with an egg at 600, meal at 1800, butter at 15,000 marks, could suffice at a time when these three prices have risen to 4500, 10,000, 44,000.

The righteousness of the demand for a "wage adjusted to the exchange value of the dollar" is beyond doubt. But the granting of it would send the economic system of the Empire, the states, the provinces, the cities, and the rural districts, all calculations in business and trade,— to smash; and from dumping, underbidding of foreign countries, which is the support of the German export trade, there would not be any longer much to hope. What, then? We are printing.

"The trades' unions demand it; and conflict with them, with the supporters of the resistance on the Ruhr, we must now avoid at any cost. Rather a few billions into the pan. He who in war is stingy with his powder, is lost." The unions, half-uprooted from the affections of the workers, must, as evidence of their right to exist, accomplish something. Legal regulation of pay, which would shut them out from their chief field of activity, they do not crave. (Warning

to the Communists!) If they no longer pass for the Palladium of the demand for pay, it is the end of their power and comfortable positions. But, because they are "the supporters of the resistance on the Ruhr," the great bourgeois nationalistic Cuno cabinet must yield to them more readily than did ever a wholly or half-Socialistic one. We are printing.

Making new powder for the war. Never was an active war so costly as this "passive" one. Since the 12th of January, work in Rhineland and the Ruhr has been crippled or suspended which, until that day, fed about ten million persons. Over extensive stretches railway traffic is idle: but the duty still rests on the Empire to preserve the personnel and the equipment. The extent of the deficit caused thereby, which in May was said to have exceeded the total income of the Empire, will only be revealed by the next Budget. "Passive resistance" has destroyed bridges, tunnels, ships, railroads, and canals, which the Empire, however the struggle ends, must restore. From Mannheim and Frankfort far to eastward, industry has been thrown into confusion, compelling the discharge of great troops of workers or shortening of the working time. Everywhere there is a lack of iron, steel, chemicals, and coal. What is indispensable has been purchased from England, at the present rate of sterling exchange. And what is being

done to make defense against this sea of troubles? We are printing.

The Empire pays and gives immense credits, which (be it once more remembered) can be "wiped out" either not at all or only with heavily depreciated money. For we are printing; and depreciated money is the unavoidable result of such beneficent and productive action. Because we are printing, prices, wages, the needs of the people, the deficits in the finances of Empire, states, and communities,—are increasing. The cure is more dangerous than the disease against which it is applied. A physician who by constantly renewed and increased use of narcotics had killed a patient suffering from rheumatism, would have forfeited his right to respect.

CHAPTER XIII

The occupation of the Ruhr, viewed from the French side.

In order to comprehend how Germany,—which at Genoa, save for the child's play of the Rapallo treaty, was able to reach a tolerable understanding, secured soon after a half-year's postponement of payments, and in late Summer began to breathe freely,—fell into the condition, the terrible deadlock of to-day, it is needful to keep in mind that, beginning in January, our press again brings "Army bulletins from the front," that a "War-press-headquarters" has come into existence, and that at least twice daily (to use the notorious Vienna expression,) there is an "official revelation": not merely of what has happened, or of what, in spite of all contradictions from the west, is to be passionately believed, but also of the judgment which the citizen of the German Republic is to pass on what has happened, or on what has been announced.

Model:—The Vienna ultimatum of July 1914 to Serbia, with the "refuting" or "crushing" additions by the gentlemen of the Ballhausplatz. The fashions of the summer of 1914 are worn again. In hotels and pensions, not yet behind

barbed wire, "French nests are cleaned out." But consolingly flash out the old words: "Shameless invasion of robbers; Time works for us; it's only a test of nerves; Hold out; then victory is sure," etc. "Smoke the pest of the French plays off our stages." What a piece of swinish stupidity the German disposition must be, is to be judged from the German soil. Even Carmen,—to the delight of Tosca, Butterfly, Mimi etc., and the mirth of Nietsche's genius even in his tomb,—may no longer come upon the boards.

No sale of material or goods, food or drink, to Frenchmen and Belgians; no shelter for them, until the Ruhr is cleared of their troops. A decaying dead dog was sent to the house of one of France's most eminent representatives; another Frenchman was forbidden to enter again the restaurant where he had lunched quietly and quickly for years. Whoever speaks in a foreign language, (so, not Russian, English, or Horthish,) is under suspicion. Whoever at the cinema, when patriotic songs are sung, sits silent, must look out for himself. Though billions have been devoted to the "Aid for the Ruhr," yet, whoever will not, or can not, make a subscription is asked so loudly in the café whether he "is no German, pray," that he makes haste to escape from the unfriendly notice of his neighbors. Medical societies demand of their members to refuse all

professional service to Frenchmen and Belgians. Whether those so put under the ban approve the action of their governments, or condemn it, is not asked: that they could not hinder it, even if it should seem to them scandalous, every child knows. On fences, walls, bridge-rails the wanderer's eye reads insults and oaths of vengeance against France.

Into the kindly command of the popular song, to drive the whole "Jew-pack home" to Jerusalem, and there, lest they ever be able to return, to hack their legs off, there creeps in everywhere the vow: "Victorious will we smite France," and the song of defiance: "No, they shall not have it: the free, the German Rhine."

Do they want it? Then there is no hope left for an approaching spring-time of peaceful understanding. Then the "zoological war" would have to end with the destruction or, at least, with the abject surrender of one of the two people who dwell between Calais and the Kurische Haff, between the river-beds of the Adour and the Memel. But I do not believe that any Frenchman, whose word has weight, is to-day obsessed with the mad desire to annex the Rhine and Ruhr provinces to his Fatherland, and so poison the body of France, whose national unity now assures its healthful vigor, by planting in it great splinters of thoroughly German—

that is, alien—nature, about which inflamed abscesses must develop.

Often enough have executives of the French people, M. Millerand, who marched to Frankfort, M. Briand, who marched to Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort, solemnly declared, that they plan neither the eastward advancement of their frontier nor the division of the German Empire; and M. Poincaré, who went yet a little stretch farther, has in a hundred speeches repelled the suspicion that he was driven by greed for conquest.

"France," he says, "has already expended ninety milliards of francs on the restoration of the region devastated by German troops. Her finances are completely shattered. Her accounts are 300 milliards behind, this very year's budget shows a deficit of four milliards. After all their losses and sacrifices in the war a new tax-increase (of 20%) is expected of the French. Germany does not pay what she has promised to pay, and though she was relieved of all cash payment for six months, and we were willing to accord her a longer moratorium, she has also been continuously in arrears with the deliveries of wood and coal.

"In the event of such inadequate fulfillment of obligations, the Peace treaty gives to the government thereby affected, the right to em-

ploy economic and financial blockade measures, retaliatory action, and in general such steps at each stage as the circumstances seem to it to require. The sending of our engineers into the Ruhr district was such a measure, and was also one approved by the statutes of the code of civil law. It was intended to compel the German coal and iron industries to share in the reparation for our injuries, and to demonstrate to the government of Germany that it could not evade its duty, which was, to cease the reckless and wild printing of paper money, put the finances of the empire in order, stir up the landowners, industrials, great merchants, bankers, the great banks in city or country, and the chief exchanges, and so to create the proper conditions precedent for a definite scheme of reparations and for the requisite international loans.

"Only when there was issued from Berlin the command for stubborn resistance to our measures of compulsion, were we obliged to send a larger force of troops on the heels of our engineers and revenue officers.

"We had to do this, because by German malice all the switches and signals on the lines were set wrong, every imaginable obstacle was put in our way, while every accident in operation was hailed exultantly as evidence of our incapacity to manage such a fine economic mechanism. The security of the reparations promised four

years ago, and of the French frontier, is our only aim; and as soon as that is accomplished, but not one day earlier, we shall retire from the Ruhr section."

This is the utterance of a zealous advocate, not of a judge who conscientiously endeavors to grasp the whole truth. It is the speech of a hardheaded son of Lorraine, whose boyish eyes saw the German host invade his homeland, and encamp there until the last centime of their account for the cost of the war was paid: the speech of a very diligent, very shrewd jurist who, lacking the psychological insight and breadth of view of a statesman competent to shape destiny, fancies he can settle strife between nations as he would a civil suit, by statutory action and by the seizure of securities, but who never cherished the ambitious desire to enter history along the paths of Louis XIV and Napoleon.

And in the French people itself there is nowhere the glimmer of a longing for extended empire and fresh glory. This race of hard-working peasants, small artisans, tradesmen, manual laborers and modest capitalists is not willing to believe that a debtor can not be compelled to pay, and it stoutly resists having loaded upon it the duty of paying by self-taxation that portion also of the war-costs which defeated Germany was condemned to pay.

The time for the Parliamentary elections draws nigh. If the voter is plunged into fear that the German debt must be written off in the chimney-flue, and that he must accustom himself to the belief that France practically has lost the war, that she is isolated, much poorer, and more dangerously threatened than she was in the spring of 1914,—who knows but a parliament may appear, which will lend a kindly ear only to the Royalist Daudet or the Communist Cachin, or at best to Caillaux, the enemy of England? Already the members of the house are daily consulting uneasily the oracle of the coat-buttons, to discover whether the wind which shall bring them a reelection will blow from the Right or from the Left.

The government considered that it owed it to the voter,—who in every land or clime has yet more courtiers than any one anywhere uplifted by God's grace or by the people's whim to the ruler's seat,—to demonstrate that it shrank from no attempt to compel Germany, by rude pressure, to pay: and that it had the courage to act, even against the advice and will of England, its friend grown cold.

Nevertheless, the time when the slothful debtor must render atonement in serfdom, and even with his dead body belong to his creditor, when whole peoples could be penned in for wearisome tributary labor, is no more. To go

with force of arms against a people that has been disarmed, to break into a zone to whose inhabitants the Peace Treaty sternly forbids all defensive action, even the slightest, to expel and arrest quiet citizens, whose only crime is that they obey the law of the land and the directions of the constituted authorities,—never did the poilus dream, in the defense-trenches or in the caves of Verdun, of such deeds.

From one of them came the savage cry: "Dear fellow, the Devil knows, I'd let even my bones be shot to bits." Tens of thousands would echo his words. And now they find it meager consolation, that their fellow-countrymen also, because, in Germany, they obey their rulers, or do not openly oppose them, are there treated personally as outlaws.

Not from the Ruhr basin, and not from the Baden or Bavarian Palatinate is the "interest-paying security" to be had, which can assure the future of France and help her to renewed prosperity, but only from Germany's willing consent to a working partnership. On the question whether that partnership will quickly become possible, hangs the fate of Europe.

That is understood by the shrewd leaders of French coal and iron industries who sit in the "Committee of the Forges" and the "Coal-mines of France." They know also that Ger-

many, in order to pay off punctually the enormous reparation debt, would have to increase her exports so much, to make her balance of trade (which has thus far been heavily against her) so decidedly a favorable one, that the great exporting States of the west would never endure it. France herself, they know, could not, without vitally endangering her own industries, accept more than about 300 million francs per year in German raw materials and goods.

While the financial men in Paris were indulging in the hope of profitable foreign loans, the iron and coal industry's aim was control of the Ruhr basin. That industry rules the domain of the Minette in Lorraine, draws from the orebeds of Morocco, but can not fully utilize its possessions without the coke of the Ruhr; and so it is striving, as the only sure means to put its own finances and those of the State on a sound basis, for a Franco-German Ore and Coal Trust. It believes such a Trust could be secured, under more favorable conditions than have heretofore been offered, if Messieurs Krupp, Stinnes, Thyssen and Company could feel the grip of a determined creditor collecting his debt. President Millerand, who was once their confidential lawyer, agrees in this opinion. So, after long hesitation, does M. Poincaré, because the Cuno cabinet has neither presented a definite plan for reparations, nor offered tangible security.

Opposed to the undertaking were the Ministers Colrat and Sarraut, and almost all the statesmen from the South, for military reasons Marshal Foch, and, at least in the beginning, M. Barthou, who presides over the Reparation Committee. When the stubborn resistance of the Westphalian iron-chiefs dissipated the hopes of quick success, when the miners and railroad employees did not, as was expected, revolt against the orders of the industrial monarchs, and condemn their "taxshyness" as the provoking cause for this seizure of securities,—the Minister of War Maginot acquired a longing for a hero's rôle. "Now," says he, "the prestige of France is concerned, and must at any price be preserved."

Seventy thousand more men were sent to join the seven thousand who had been mobilized to protect the engineers, and still further reinforcements were assured. Only the inland garrisons were drawn upon, as the calling of a year's class of reserves to the colors would not as yet be quietly accepted by the people. England sounds a warning, but promises benevolent neutrality. Mussolini Triumphator, who must secure work for the starving, allows himself to be persuaded into cooperation by his desire to see a part of the home-returned Italians employed at good wages in the reconstruction of Northern France, but sends only engineers, not troops. The coke-

war roars on, and no outcry against French imperialism and miltarism, nor yet against German baseness and treacherous tricks, will end it.

France—who at first demanded for herself 60% in the ownership of the future Ore and Coke Trust, but now would be satisfied with a ratio of 51–49, with a total indemnity of 26 milliards of gold marks,—needs money, needs assurance of a supply of coke, and needs security against a German attack, which Harding's America has denied her. In this stress she forgot that sixty million valiant, industrious, stubborn, freedom-seeking people can not be permanently held down, with force of arms or occupation of territory, by forty millions, whose numbers grow far more slowly.

Nevertheless, for the first time in fifty years, the two peoples stand breast to breast, alone, without strong comrades or those who seem impartial. They must at last pluck up the courage to realize what is, and what must come to be. Between Ostend and Hamm, Calais and Dortmund, there lie, in the river-valleys of the Scheldt, Meuse, Rhine and Ruhr, the richest treasure of coal and ore, the most productive mines, the most modern forges, steel-mines, machine-works, railway systems and water-ways of all Europe. If this district, without regard to frontiers capriciously drawn by jealousy of dynasties or by diplomatic correspondence, be

rationally combined in one economic unit, for which it is destined, then it has the power to enable France and Germany to escape quickly from the after-effects of wartime, and to become the source out of which, for our whole quarter of the earth, strength and reviving health shall flow. How else could it maintain itself in rivalry with the continents more abundantly favored by Heaven and earth, with the gigantic Trusts (America, the British Empire, the Northern Slavs, the yellow races of Asia)? Europe will either be the field of economically united states, or it will sink from its leading position and with dignity petrify.

"Let the dead bury their dead."

CHAPTER XIV

Letters of Wilhelm to Czar Alexander. Defense of Poincaré. The "Guilt-lie." Who began the war. German government's share in "Passive resistance." A Russian's view.

NOWHERE in the Peace treaty is there a word which is to be interpreted as an "acknowledgment of guilt extorted from the German people"; nor is there even any suggestion or assertion of "sole guilt." Why, if it were otherwise, should the acknowledgment never be cited verbally?

"Germany concedes that she, as the Allied and Associated Governments assert, is responsible, as their author, in common with her Allies, for all losses and injuries which the war, imposed upon the Allied and Associated Governments by the attack of Germany and her allies, has occasioned for the citizens of their states." (Part VIII, Art. 1231.)

That is the "Acknowledgment of guilt." In the thick volume it is the only sentence which touches on the question of origin and responsibility. Its purpose is to justify the following hard demands, and at the same time to clothe them in a shining garment of magnanimous reasonableness, which wishes to demand no more than Germany can do, and therefore will be satis-

fied with indemnification of civilians. (This limitation, added in Article 1232, is contradicted by Requirement I, 5, which demands soldiers' pensions and widows' allowances. Poincaré is said to have intimated to the German envoy at Genoa that this latter demand would be canceled.)

Of the German people and its "sole guilt" there is no mention anywhere. The Germany whose attack forced ("imposed") the war, bringing about ("causing") the losses and injuries, was the Kaiser's. Germany, breaking into Belgium, and declaring war on Russia and France, was the aggressor,—and would be, after her defeat, liable for the losses and injuries, even if the world had never heard of a "Question of guilt."

To that question History will seek the answer: find it, perhaps, also, on that side or this. Who knows, whether it will be difficult for her?

Again letters of Wilhelm have been published. Letters written by him, when a prince, to the third Alexander, the Moujik-Czar. Here are a few specimens.

"I am just asking a favor of you: beware of my English relatives, don't allow yourself to be scared by what my father tells. You know him, surely; he likes to be in 'Opposition,' and is under the influence of my mother, who again is influenced by the English queen;—which causes him to see everything through English spectacles.

But I assure you that the Kaiser, Prince Bismarck, and I are in full harmony, and that I shall never cease to regard it as my highest duty to uphold the alliance of the three empires, and to develop it more and more; for that bulwark at the three corners of Europe, on which the waves of anarchy must break, is just what England fears most of anything in the world. If by chance there should be anything more serious here, which might give rise to unfavorable reports, I will, if you permit me, take the liberty to warn you."

(May 25, 1884)

"What I am about to write is intended for you alone, for I consider it my duty before all else to deal frankly with you, as must be between friends.

"My parents received me very coolly, above all my mother, who had done everything in her power to prevent my journey (to St. Petersburg). But yet more than that. I heard very disturbing things to-day from my father. . . . He fell into a fit of rage, talked abusively in really incredible fashion about the Russian government and the infamous way in which, he said, it treated the distinguished princes of Bulgaria. My father covered this government with accusations of lying, high treason,—in short, I am vainly seeking for words to express the hatred

with which he tried to paint it as black as possible. I exerted myself in vain to meet these attacks, and to show that the judgment which I had formed on the matter was a quite different one, and that I could not permit him to represent you and your government as liars. As answer, he accused me myself of being a Russophile, and declared my head had been turned up there, and God knows what more. Then he sketched, in brief outlines, the policy that we must follow. It was an indescribable hodge-podge, which culminated in the assertion, that the Prince of Bulgaria 'was set up by Beaconsfield and the great Powers to threaten you and to get in ahead of you in Turkey.'

"Take it all together, my dear cousin, the Prince of Bulgaria, by honest and dishonest means, has my mother, and of course my father, too, completely in his pocket. The sending of the Prince of Wales was successful, and led to further extraordinary successes, which will bind still closer the ties between my mother and the Queen of England. But these English people happen to have forgotten me: and I swear to you, my dear cousin, that I will do everything I can for you, and that I will keep my vows. But it will cost much time, and it will be long before it is finished. I beg you, not to make any mention of this information to any person. It is for you

alone, so that you can judge accordingly, for it is impossible at this moment to do anything. He is full of hatred.

Your most warmly devoted
Cousin Wilhelm"

(June 19, 1884)

"In a few days the Prince of Wales will be here. I am not at all enthusiastic over this visit, because (pardon me, as he is your brother-in-law!) this dishonorable and intriguing man will undoubtedly try to hurry up the Bulgarian affair, (for which the Turk will pray Allah to send him to hell,) or get in behind the scenes for political matters with the ladies of the court.

"I'll try to watch him as much as possible, but a man can't be everywhere! I have made some interesting communications to Dolgorouki about the number and names of the Indian regiments which have been assembling in Rawul-Puidi for a review of troops in the Ameer's presence. This information is intended for you, and everything that I learn about this affair I will communicate to the Prince (Dolgorouki). Text and caricature of Russia in the last number of 'Punch' were insolent to the utmost degree. One must view those things all together! He who has ears, can hear! May the Mahdi throw them all together into the Nile!"

(March 13, 1885)

"The entire suite of the Prince of Wales say that it is absolutely necessary that sooner or later the two Empires (Russia and England) should fight each other: that there is no way to avoid it. From that moment I began to make notes for myself, and to get any information that I can about everything concerning the mobilization in England, so as to know all that is needful. I will also each time inform Dolgorouki at once. For myself, I am very good friends with the English military attaché, who tells me things that are unknown to others.

"More than all else it surprised me that my mother, who never spoke with me about political matters, (not for anything in the world,) and who above all has a wild fright of anything called 'war' or 'strife,' said to me yesterday, when the talk was about the prospect of peace, 'Of all things in the world we can't have peace now: we must have war, it is our duty.'

"So, war at any cost. That is very remarkable. I surmise, that this is the view of the English queen and her family, which is opposed to that of the government, but in sympathy with the people's."

(May 4, 1885)

So did this distorted soul write of his parents, who on the morrow, as far as human eyes could

see, must ascend the imperial throne. So did he lay bare the shame of his house. Vanity drove Cabotin to vulgar high treason. Alexander's wife (and only confidant) was the sister of Queen Alexandra of England. Does any one fancy that, in London's palaces and government offices, the content of these letters was not quickly known? And so it has gone on for thirty-four years, amid the constant bleating of worshipers and parsons at the court. (The shameful letters to "Niki" testify to that.) Is there not still active, unpunished, a mischievous creeping cause of war under the beech-trees of Doorn? That the world endured him so long, is a marvel. It was the industry and quiet energy of the German populace that made it possible.

It is a childish dream, all too childish, that by means of "documentary proof" picked up anywhere, by diplomatists' reports whose objective accuracy and personal bias can hardly be ascertained, and like stuff, the greatest nations of the earth are to be convinced to-day, or to-morrow, that the sacrifice of millions of young men, the throwing into utter confusion of their people, their industries, their finances, has all been wholly needless, because "Germany certainly threatened no Power." The result of such an acknowledgment would be the most terrible of all earthly upheavals: for not one stone or beam could be suf-

fered to remain from a system which had made possible so horrible a "mistake."

Furthermore, the "evidences of guilt" which have thus far been raked up to the light in Germany are not worth mentioning. The publication of a document found in Belgium distorted an Anglo-Belgian "conversation" into a "treaty"; falsified the discussion (made necessary by Wilhelm's unbridled talk) of the possibility of offsetting a German irruption into the land which had been neutralized on Prussia's proposal—into a malicious preparation to violate that neutrality.

The reports and letters of Isvolsky have no value as proofs. In that unusually gifted diplomatist, who posed to himself as a statesman, there was not the least spark of a wish to be truthful. He desired to prescribe from Paris the direction that should be given to the international policy of Russia, which for personal reasons had been taken out of his hands. He wished to flash upon the weak Nicholas, and the sickly Sasenoff who then ruled feebly in the Foreign Ministry, ever-fresh "successes" of his own diplomatic skill. Since he had been outtricked in Buchlau by the Austrian Minister Aehrenthal, and just afterward taken by surprise at the annexation of Bosnia, he was working only to get "Revenge for Buchlau":—and he reported whatever fitted into his schemes.

The attempt to set such a man up as a credible witness against M. Poincaré, whom his bitterest opponents credit with straight-lined, square-cornered honesty, accomplished just one thing: it gave to the man attacked security in his office. That M. Poincaré, even if he were the evil father of all evil, had not "made the war," he could easily prove, even without the testimony from honorable men of diverse parties and lands.

He did not wish that his Lorraine home should again become a battlefield. He did wish to be "The President of the Reconciliation," which he hoped to bring about through the transformation of the Reichsland (Alsace-Lorraine) into an independent state of the empire, with a body of officials of its own, and through a trifling shift of the frontier which would nevertheless poultice the forty-year-old wound in France's East flank. Therefore he called the electoral defeat of the Nationalists at that time a desirable clearing of the field. The Cabinet which he called (Viviani, Briand, Bienvenu-Martin) was the most pacific, in fact the nearest to pacifistic in feeling, since France's defeat. If Berlin had considered him war-like, the decision would not have been put into the days which he was spending with M. Viviani on the East Sea, between Russia and Scandinavia, without constant communication with Paris.

To this negative proof there is linked, as a positive one, the letter written by him, in the last hour of peace, to the British king; in which gloomy foreboding hung about the dim flicker of hope that England's open interference might yet prevent the war.

Furthermore we have long known, that even a France determined on neutrality would have been forced into the war by the requirement from Berlin that the fortresses Toul and Verdun should be given over to the German empire as pledges.

Often, again, the testimony of the English member of Parliament Morell has been cited. According to that the foremost chief culprit is Edward Grey, who in the critical weeks labored with more persistent zeal than any one else for the preservation of peace. Mr. Morell is a fine man of strong intelligence, but knows nothing about events and personalities in Berlin, and passes judgment on the usages of international politics as a Mujik of Tolstoy's might on the nature of the banking business.

Mr. Morell belongs with the band who still believe the myth of the "falsified Ems dispatch." But Bismarck neither falsified nor concealed any fact, but, absolutely within the bounds of his official duties and rights, recast the telegraphed statements into the state document which seemed needed at the moment. His form of statement

could be disapproved by the King, his policy by Parliament: the possibility of falsification was not presented by the matter.

Why Russia, France, and England, if in July 1914 they desired war, pressed so strenuously in Belgrade for the acceptance of the Vienna ultimatum, the rejection of which could not but assure the outbreak of war, is a question which, so often as I have put it, has never been answered. I am convinced that they did not then desire war, because they were not adequately equipped and therefore not sure of victory. It is no question here of tracing warlike impulse, which since the Trojan, Thirty Years, or Seven Years War has been discoverable here or there, but of deciding in which chancellor's office such action was taken that on August 4, 1914, war could not but break out.

The talk of "It would have come later anyway" is irrelevant nonsense. To avoid it, or at least to wage it under circumstances more favorable for the German empire, was the precise political problem, and it would have been soluble by any ordinary government, if sufficient time remained. But they fancied that the hour for the inevitable decision had struck: and they created the intoxication that raised the joyful cry: "Declarations of war received here day or night."

Too late. The more hotly the Germany of today defends the Kaiser's innocence, so much the stronger grows the suspicion that it has only painted over the characteristics of his rule, but is really still carrying on his business under the sign of the republic. But the evil which that government wrought for the German people at the end of its life is so inexpressibly great, that this people should make no effort to relieve it of that load, but rather listen in silence even to excessive condemnation of it, rather than harm itself still more by seeming to identify itself with the guilty one.

The balancing of the account after this war is so difficult, because the chief victor waged it only in his own land, while the leader of the vanquished fought almost wholly on alien soil, and because her three allies can do nothing toward reparation, so she alone must be responsible "for all losses and injuries." That stands in the treaty. An "acknowledgment of guilt" was not extorted, and has never been expressed.

Was the advance into the Ruhr region a violation of the treaty? Part VIII, annex II 18 says: "The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war,

may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals, and, in general, such other measures as the respective governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances." By this,—we have often heard said,—only economic measures can be meant. What measures, since prohibitions and reprisals surely cover everything imaginable in this field? If we for the moment ignore the fact that political advocates declare: that nothing more than prohibitions and reprisals were undertaken, that only the little protecting force necessary for their safety was sent, and that whatever happened later was merely the consequence of the stubborn resistance:—the very words of the last clause, which surely have some reference to a purpose intentionally left vague, are by choice so unclear, that the road seems open for any possibility. The phrasing authorizes almost any action.

The demand here in Germany not to sign the treaty was certainly based on the belief, that it gave no protection against a fresh advance, but permitted it under any sort of pretext. And it was represented to us in detail, with citation of § 18, that any failure to provide reparation, even the slightest, might cause an extension of the occupation. "Other than economic and financial measures," it was agreed, can not be carried out in the domain of industry and finance; the opening words, too "and in general," reveal the wish

to secure effective measures beyond that domain. What else could "in general" mean here?

The German text has "überhaupt." Nearer to our idiom would be the comparative "allgemeiner," (more generally). But now hear what the highest judge in Germany says on this subject.

"The Peace of Versailles limits the consequences of the non-fulfillment of German pledges to a temporary increase of the forces in German territory, in accordance with Art. 428 ff., and certain economic measures in accordance with § 18 of the Appendix 2 to Art. 235."

That is said, in the Vossische Zeitung, by Dr. Simons, who at Versailles was the first adviser to the leader of the delegation, later Foreign Minister, and now is President of the Imperial Court, and calls himself a "fanatic for law." The whole article would be hardly pardonable, —and not merely for its style,—from a young barrister. But that a man who has just declared himself "under double obligation, from his position, to base his judgments on full revelation of the facts" simply omits the weighty words, "and in general such other measures as the respective governments may determine to be necessary under the circumstances," and thinks he thereby "reveals the facts," is surely deserving of mention. Here in Germany the president of the Imperial Court did so. What an outcry, if the

head of the French Bench had so represented the contents of the treaty. "Only in the bandits' land of a Poincaré can one of that sort be supreme judge."

The passage is not clear. Only the stupidity of infallibility can imagine it to be evident where the wording of this passage drops a portcullis between Forbidden and Permissible. Just that, viz. a clear distinction, the treaty at this point wished to avoid. Messieurs Lloyd George and Nitti, as premiers of Great Britain and of Italy, even at Spa, in the time of the Millerand Cabinet, reckoned the occupation of the Ruhr basin among the measures permitted by §18. When the unfortunate event had occurred, there was no great Power,—not even that one to which it was most distasteful,—which officially charged the French with a violation of the treaty. That charge is not made in a single syllable of the much-praised but much-misused June letter of the Pope (which, furthermore, according to the Vatican commentary, speaks exactly like Article 231 of Germany's duty to wipe out the injury done by it to peoples and lands, and so, by the rage-snorters, "on account of unpermissible use of the extorted guilt-lie," would have to be thrown out).

And it is not, alas! the German interpretation, but that of the Western Powers, which will be final. The sole legal means which might, per-

haps, have been effective has not been tried: the Reparation Committee has not been requested by the Berlin government to give their interpretation of §18, in accordance with the provisions of §§1 and 13: which, with the requisite unanimity, would be final. This unanimity is necessary only for six classes of decisions; in all others a majority decides. Refusal to vote is counted as opposition to the motion offered. For the Ruhr decision only a majority was necessary, and the action was not made vulnerable by the fact that the English representative withheld his vote.

"The official German translation" of the text of the treaty has been misled by a mistake. The "respective governments" are not, as it stands in the German text, "the above-named governments" (or Powers); that would be America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium and Jugoslavia. Not they, but those governments which, in the particular case, are affected by Germany's refusal to perform her duty, are to determine the kind of measures which the circumstances seem to them to demand. America did not ratify the treaty, and only sends an observer, when she pleases, to the meetings of the Commission. Great Britain alone did not vote for the advance.

The obscure wording of §18 prevents a clearing-up of the legal question that would dis-

pel all the fog of doubt. The more extreme interpretation forces itself with painful clearness upon the unprejudiced eye. Only the Powers represented in the Reparations Commission are entitled to share in the binding interpretation of the treaty-text. As the Ruhr action has already been reckoned by England and Italy among those that are permissible, and as an English Cabinet has claimed the right to independent action in the sense of §18, the fear of an accusation of violation of the treaty could not arise. No one of the authorized powers has asked the Commission for an explicit interpretation of the paragraph, on which the decision is based. Not one has exercised the right, (§13) in case neither the Commission itself nor the Governments have found an adequate answer, to lay the question, whether the unanimity was required, before an impartial referee, whose decision must be final.

So what benefit has the German people to hope for from the fact that its rulers cry out to the world that the treaty has, in the judgment of all honorable men, been violated, and yet,—instead of boldly drawing therefrom the conclusion that the treaty no longer stands,—beseech in the same breath discussion on the manner of its execution?

The note of the Baldwin-Curzon cabinet, published on the third week of August, (in which the amount paid by Germany for occupation

and reparation was reckoned as about eleven billion gold francs, "more than double the indemnity in 1871,") announces that, according to the judgment of the highest English court of justice, the German protest against the action in the Ruhr is in harmony with treaty rights. Not until the eighth month of the occupation which has sowed the seeds of so much fury and hate, has harvested so much misery and mourning, does this encouraging judgment reach the ear of the world.

Two business partners five times threaten a burglarious action, and once carry it out together. In the first and third entry the senior partner did not share, but previous to the third one expressed the hope that his companion's decision would prove a happy one. The comradeship continues; the senior quietly advises the victim of the intrusion to cease his resistance: and not until after a quarrel, over the division of booty earlier secured, does he threaten the junior to bring a charge against him before the court of jurisdiction. The beautiful becomes ugly, ugliness beautiful.

Now, why does England thus parade the guard of justice? Because, if her expression of opinion now brought to light is not reversed by a different one, she must charge not only France but herself with violation of the treaty. In harmony with England Frenchmen and Belgians

went into the harbors of the Ruhr, and to Essen with Italy's engineers and England's (bitter-sweet) blessing. The advance was approved by Prime Minister Lloyd George, as a sanction permitted by the treaty, and accompanied by "good wishes for success" from his successor, Bonar Law.

And why has the Berlin government never asked for the interpretation of the disputed Section, §18? Because it, before the receipt of the London ultimatum, May 9, 1921, had this statement printed: "The threat to occupy the Ruhr can be applied in case Germany, after promptly making the declaration demanded from her, fails from any reason to make good her promises." So at that time she was in agreement with the threatener as to the inner significance of the threat. He therefore called her frenzied outbreak over the event of January 11 a "juggler's trick," and never would believe, that the "Passive Resistance" was not her work. Was he hypocritical in this unbelief?

Resistance *en masse,* however valiant, even the most self-sacrificing, could persist only so long as the masters of the bank-note printing-presses wished it. And all sorts of signs detected, documents scattered abroad, strengthened suspicion in the West. Sufficient to that result was the letter published in the first days of April by the Communists, in which the honorable National-

ists revealed their state of feeling, but also their blindness. Out of their list of suggestions space for a few only can be found here.

For the Imperial Chancellor.
To be delivered to State Secretary Hamm,
Office of the Chancellor,

Berlin W. 8,
Wilhelmstrasse 77.

With all appreciation of the political and economic measures of the Imperial Government since the beginning of the struggle in the Ruhr, with all appreciation of the attitude in wide circles of the German people, and with all the unlimited confidence in our brethren and sisters on the Rhine and in the Ruhr, we are nevertheless filled with serious anxiety for the maintenance of the spirit of unoccupied Germany, and for the psychical leadership which we painfully missed in the World War, and for the lack of which we paid so dearly.

We therefore beg the Imperial Government to do everything thinkable and possible in order not to permit the instinctive feelings of our people, aroused by the action and attitude of the French, to diminish. In its final stage the war will not be determined economically, but psychically.

Of general points of view for the public treatment of the Ruhr question, the following seem to us to be particularly essential:

Uninterrupted continuance and strengthening of the distinctly aggressive behavior in all fields of official and private activity and attitude. No half-way measures,

which in public always give the impression of weakness and insecurity, and have a paralyzing effect; no pauses!

Sensational staging of all acts, so that the news reports, in Germany and abroad, can not ignore them. Variety in the choice of means for influencing the public state of mind, with due regard for the general psychical exhaustion. Enrichment of the propaganda with impressive material. Employment of eminent specialists in propaganda work in all fields. Parliamentary announcements and celebrations.

Sensational and practical form of press reports, including those on acts and attitude of officials.

Propaganda on railway trains by traveling speakers.

More pictures of the Ruhr in newspapers and periodicals, in public places, on bill-boards, in show-windows. Pictures of martyrs of the German cause.

Honors paid to the martyrs by funeral ceremonies in the land, in churches, schools and public places, flags at half-mast, signs of mourning on monuments, solemn processions, simultaneous cessation of activities throughout the land for five minutes, creation of artistic memorial illustrated sheets, etc.

Ruhr films (here also pictures of the martyrs).

Foreign countries.

Severe selection and individual handling of the propaganda material in word, script, and picture, according to the character and taste of various lands. (Preparation only by the most eminent specialists and best connoisseurs, and, on occasion, advice from citizens of foreign lands.)

Winning over of foreign journalists by all means.

Making all imaginable facilities for sending of favorable news, obstacles to the sending of hostile news. Energetic action against foreign journalists in cases of malicious slander, in extreme cases, expulsion.

As many interviews as possible by eminent official personages with foreign representatives of the press, fight against the guilt-lie and the Versailles treaty at every opportunity, invitation of neutral and friendly foreign journalists to all public ceremonies, with distinguished personal attentions.

Use of the radio, in German and foreign languages, without charge for neutral and friendly reports by foreigners.

And so forth. The use of such means could not but appeal to those who hoped for benefit from them, and who had the childish faith to believe, that a struggle for which Germany must pay with a constant snowstorm of billions could "be decided psychically." But when the scheme (of resistance) was dragged into the light, the enemy, (and many a spectator) was free to conclude, that the joint action of the government with the Nationalists had unchained savagery and taught it method. Before that, even those favorably disposed had found themselves on the verge of such an impression. One of the shrewdest brains in Moscow, who visited me in January, could not be argued out of his belief, that Berlin desired the invasion:

"No man believes the people in Wilhelm-

strasse are as stupid as they make themselves appear. Since London, certainly since Spa, they surely knew what was impending. Do you mean to say that they ran the risk of it, by higgling over coal and telegraph-poles, in childish innocence? He who believes that is a simpleton. They have 'faced about' (that's the magic word of Nostradamus with you Germans). They wanted to entice the French into a blind alley, show that Poincaré's best trump couldn't take the trick. You watch out. To-morrow the dun comes for his installment, presently they'll both rub their hands with oil, and then comes the big tussle. Later will come the grim misery."

The misery we have now. Yet it came by another road. It was all a delusion: "The world will never permit. . . ." But the world had seen in Germany only the overloaded reveling-places, the general dumping-place, hardly anything of the real Germany but its boils and warts,—and so it said:

"Violence exerted against the helpless arouses disgust. But appearances have united a great multitude in the belief, that Germany was able after all to do a good bit more toward paying its debt. And (don't be offended, but) why aren't your agents, if they have to demand delay on the payments, civil enough so that the creditor is not rasped into brutality?" The world did not see a struggle for honor and freedom, but a

rough seizure of securities from the property of a delinquent debtor. The delusion (of world-wide sympathy) has uprooted a persistently credulous people, and plunged it in a sea of troubles. Help it to solid earth, and do not, while you indulge, too late and too early, in wordy discussions of the law and its interpretation, give the whirlpools a longer time for their treacherous work of silent suffocation. Even so Oedipus fancied he had Right on his side; and so had never understood why the pestilence came to Thebes: until by blinding himself he atoned for his mental blindness, and, sightless, learned to see.

All nations, Germany, England, and France at their head, must learn to regard as disgraceful the attempt to scold one's neighbor from the dirt-heap before one's own door, to cast the whole burden of guilt on whoever seems available to bear it, and to gaze at one's own reflection, untroubled by conscience, in the flickering light of hereditary virtue.

Seek, O ye Europeans, the road to Europe!

CHAPTER XV

French note of May 1923 (translated.)

THE note of France dated May 6th '23 will remain an important document, so it may stand here. (The text I endeavor to put into intelligible German.)[1]

TEXT OF FRENCH NOTE

The German government's statement of May 2nd contains many sentences which we, the governments of Belgium and France, can not let pass without contradiction. Quite as erroneous as the assertion that the action of Belgium and France is at any point based on a misunderstanding of the Versailles treaty is the assumption that the present German proposals can be reconciled with the treaty requirements. It contradicts them on essential points. For the calculation and the paying of the German debt the treaty provides the conditions. The debt was calculated in April 1921, the conditions of payment determined on May 5, 1921; and both, the

[1] It seems best to translate this note from the German, which may bear marks of Herr Harden's personal understanding of it. W.C.L.

total amount and manner of payment, were accepted by Germany, in full, at that time.

Since then she has not fulfilled the duty she took upon herself. A partial moratorium, the postponement of certain payments, was granted. But even this more narrowly limited duty she has not performed. The Reparations Commission has recorded a whole series of German delays, of successive failures to act. Not until after, and because of, this positive evidence have Belgium and France put into execution that part of the Versailles Treaty which authorizes them to seize securities.

This seizure (as must be emphasized in contradiction to the statement of the German government) was accomplished without the slightest use of force; and, if the wishes of Belgium and France had been followed, a working agreemen of the operators, engineers, and industrial workers of the Ruhr district with ourselves would have been reached immediately. Only by the orders sent from Berlin has this partnership been prevented.

The German government asserts, that the passive resistance is the answer of the Ruhr people to the occupation. That is entirely incorrect. Not the people, but the government wished and organized the opposition. The German government itself practically acknowledges this, for it says to-day that the opposition will end only

after an understanding on its new proposals is reached. Where would it obtain the power to prolong or cut short that opposition, if it had arisen spontaneously, out of the people's free will? The German government has brought about—not only strikes of the officials and employees but—a general condition of permanent strife systematically carried on, assaults, sabotage, violations of the criminal law. So long as this opposition continues, the governments of Belgium and France can not admit any German proposals to consideration. They can not permit that their officers, soldiers, engineers, toll- and rail-road employees, shall be exposed to attacks in which life and limb are imperiled while the questions to be answered are being considered. Quite as little can they suffer the daily duties of the detachments of military guards to be hampered, the disarming of Germany checked, because (this is the only reason) France and Belgium, to assure execution of demands thus far unfulfilled, have made use of their right to securities: have taken pledges in the stead of the payments omitted.

We must add that the new German proposals, regarded from various standpoints, are altogether unacceptable.

First, the amounts. The total now offered is not one-quarter of the amount fixed by the Reparations Commission, and assented to by Ger-

many: not a quarter of what Germany, as she herself conceded, owes to the Allies. France and Belgium have more than once declared, and must here once more declare, that they can not accept reductions from their own demands, and, while prepared for partial compromise on the debt to the Allies, are compelled by the force of circumstances to insist upon the remainder, in order to recover from the terribly disastrous results of the German invasion.

France has thus far advanced a hundred billion francs, and Belgium fifteen billion, on Germany's account, and both, while carrying the burdens of peace, have yet to restore more than half of what has been destroyed. The economic interests of France and Belgium, and of the whole world, and indeed justice itself, require, that the devastated lands shall no longer be condemned to further, by their ruined condition, the enrichment of the debtor. Neither France nor Belgium, the victim of a most conscienceless violation of treaties, can to-day, for the sum offered, build up what has been laid waste.

So the regions which for four long years were trampled under the feet of the German hosts would remain for a period of time beyond our vision a heap of ruins, while Germany might at her ease, in the Ruhr and elsewhere, build just as many forges, factories, smelting furnaces, highways, railroads, as she might please. Bel-

gium and France are determined, not to permit such injustice.

Furthermore, the proposed amount of thirty billions includes an "elastic" portion (to use the expression employed in your own letter), the dangerous uncertainty of which hardly requires to be pointed out. According to the view of the German government, the sum mentioned in your letter is moreover a maximum amount; and Germany, before anything definite had been accomplished, might easily again put it in question.

The German government asserts, further, that Germany's capacity for payment can not, at present, be calculated in definite and permanent figures. But precisely what is correct in this reservation had been taken into consideration by the Allied Governments when they formulated the London scheme of payments, and for that reason the payment of almost two-thirds of the German debt was postponed to a time yet to be determined, to be decided upon after Germany's recovery. And still since then the German government has never ceased to protest against this very uncertainty as to a portion of the debt. Again and again she has said, that by this ignorance as to the eventual total of her debt she was hindered from fulfilling her duty. To-day she strikes out more than three-fifths from the fixed sum of her indebtedness, and from the part not

yet fixed seven-eighths: but she lets the uncertainty remain. Whence should the Allies acquire any confidence that she will not for some reason or other revert to the old way of thinking, and declare that, as the total amount of the debt is still indefinite, she can take upon herself only the burden of payment of the fixed portion?

In the last analysis the thirty milliards of gold marks, of which the German proposal speaks, is only a nominal, an apparent amount. Only twenty billions are really payable, and that only from July 1927 on.

As the execution of the London scheme for payments was to begin, according to the decision of the Reparations Commission, on the first of January 1923, Germany demands a complete moratorium of 4½ years. And even the twenty milliards are still further seriously diminished; for down to July '27 the interest is to be remitted on the total amount of the claim. So, on a discount rate of 6%, the present value of the twenty milliards would sink to 15.820 milliards.

These indefinite offers are further hampered by reservations, which make it possible, after a few months, to put everything in question again. The German government does not even guarantee the prompt payment of the twenty milliards (or of the still smaller sum); on the contrary, it looks forward to having the amount not cov-

ered by loan put at interest at 5% (the mockery is audible) to form an annuity which can be wiped out.

Even less tangible security does it offer for the two supplementary amounts of five billions each, which, if the conditions remain in force, must be paid on the first days of July of the years '29 and '31. An international committee, it says, is to decide whether these two portions are to be issued, whether from July 1, 1923 interest is to be paid or not. Such playing with chances of luck hinders any serious estimate of the present value of the offer.

Furthermore, the governments of France and Belgium, at Paris, agreed in rejecting the idea of depriving the Reparations Commission of power, in order to bestow it on international commissions, bunches of business men, or referees. In the Versailles Treaty, Germany solemnly undertook to recognize the Reparations Commission as arbiter on reduction of the debt and postponement of payments, and it is distinctly said in the treaty that only the unanimous decision of the creditor Powers can reduce the total of the debt. The assurance which the treaty gives us we must not let drop.

For the payments in money and material now offered, which are really less than all previous offers, the German government is willing to pledge herself to give security. But what it says,

itself, about this security is limited to the darkest region of vague ideas. With wearisome effort the Reparations Commission and the Allied Governments have tested all the possibilities which could aid the German empire to stabilize its means of payment, to put its finances in order, so as to obtain a foreign loan, and often enough have we tried to arouse Germany to sincere and earnest effort to these ends. Despite all that, the German government does not, even to-day, tell from what sources she will draw the means to assure the successive portions of the loan.

And no clearer, no further from the realm of illusions, is what she lets us hear concerning the assurance she is to furnish France as to the frontier. That in this connection she does not mention Belgium at all, betrays at the very least what must be called remarkable weakness of memory; for the world has not forgotten how Germany, in 1914, as protector of Belgian neutrality, acted toward that nation, whose independence her word was pledged to defend.

Furthermore, the governments of Belgium and France have always been inclined to "peaceful international cooperation" and to "agreements based on mutual helpfulness that assure peace." But although the Versailles Treaty is an agreement of this kind, its chief conditions are no more valued to-day by the German government than a pepper-corn. Where there is a question of terri-

torial security or of reparation, France and Belgium can not be expected to content themselves with new German declarations: they must have certainty.

As an offset for proposals which are partly unacceptable, partly inadequate, the German government declares that "the starting point of the discussion must be, that within the briefest space of time the status quo ante is to be restored." It demands, as pertinent to this general proviso, that the territory seized, recently indeed, but in closest conformity with the Versailles Treaty, be evacuated, and that, to the end that the carrying out of the treaty may be assured, the measures determined on by the Supreme Allied Commission in the Rhineland be rescinded, the Germans arrested or expelled for offenses against legally established regulations be restored to freedom, or returned to their homes and official positions.

It is expected, according to this letter, that the governments of France and Belgium should wait patiently 4½ years, just at the time when payments in money and materials are indispensable for the upbuilding of the devastated regions, without security or assurance, until it pleases the German government, on its own capricious decision, to offer them an indefinite or trifling amount; and that then they shall actually be obliged to leave the Ruhr region, which they

only entered in order to lay hand on securities and assurance which had been refused them in spite of their just claims.

But they have decided to evacuate this domain only in such measure and proportion as payment is effected; and in this decision they have nothing to alter.

Furthermore, they can not refrain from remarking, that the German note from beginning to end is nothing but a hardly veiled expression of systematic antagonism to the Versailles Treaty. If the road which that note points out were passable at all, it could only lead to the final and complete destruction of that treaty; and the result would be the necessity to elaborate another, and to prepare to face the moral, economic, political and military revenge of Germany.

The Conference of Ministers has just decided unanimously once again, that Germany has not carried out her obligation to disarm. On the morrow of that day it is suggested that France and Belgium must renounce their right to the peaceful retribution to which Germany has forced them; that Germany must be relieved from the payments by which she claims to be overburdened, and which she calls "unproductive."

The conclusion from all this would seem to be, that Germany is thinking of the troops in the oc-

cupied territory, and wishes to rob us of one of our best securities for our own safety and for the observance of the treaty: that the Supreme Interallied Commission must be ignored, dissolved, or enfeebled to the point of helplessness: that everything must fall off from Germany which she calls the political and economic fetters of the treaty: that the Allies must at once bestow on her the benefit of admittance among the nations most favored in trade, and thereby enable her to draw profit from the heaps of ruins in France and Belgium, and to surpass swiftly these lands which she has devastated. Then too, the question of reparations would no longer be determined, as the Treaty prescribes, by the Commission to whose decisions Germany has bound herself to submit, but by international commissions; Belgium and France would have to surrender their pledges, and would remain exposed to the lawless agents of the German government; and as offset for all these sacrifices they would receive once more—a piece of paper with a few words written thereon.

If the German government does not shrink from the task of self-scrutiny, she will receive without amazement our rejection of such a bargain.

The statement that this note is a "flood of gross abuse" can not be seriously considered; the un-

prejudiced reader must recognize it as untrue. From England and Italy came much gruffer rejection. The curt icy-cold letter of Earl Curzon of Kedleston had the tone in which a stern teacher warns, for the last time, an untruthful, lazy pupil, to offer prompt evidence of industry and sense of duty. It was no use: only the Lotharingian was burned.

When I had read the Franco-Belgian note, I wrote the reply which at this present hour still seems to me of use for Germany. Here it is.

CHAPTER XVI

Harden's reply to French note, as if in the German government's name.

THE government of the German Republic has come to the conclusion that the attempt to continue the duel of notes, and especially to assail with old and even with new arguments the several statements of the note addressed to it by the governments of France and Belgium on the 6th of May, even if it were carried out with the same mastery of dialectic, could not lead, or even bring nearer, to the longed-for goal the peoples and states whose doom is to be partially decided by the issue of the present strife. What goal? The goal of all strife: durable peace.

From experience since the wars in which even the genius, the mighty Daemon, of Bonaparte was able to win a harvest of everlasting fame, indeed, but not to alter permanently the face of our world of men, the French nation, especially, knows, too well to need a reminder, that every Peace compelled by inconsiderate use of force is no more than an Armistice. Since the days of Sully and St. Pierre, many a noble soul of France has felt it, clearly or dimly; in the

dawn of the nineteenth century Germany's greatest philosopher, Immanuel Kant, uttered it; and to less lofty spirits, also, the retrospect on the peace treaties of Basle, Campo Formio, Lunéville, Tilsit, Paris, Villa Franca, Frankfort, San Stefano, Bucharest, the consideration of their results and the profits from them (for victors and vanquished), revealed the truth of this statement. Its mention finds positive expression in this principle: on firm foundation rests only that treaty which even the vanquished one, however loudly he may at first have groaned in resentment and agony, accepts as a new and righteous order of things, and, without renouncing the hope of the gradual softening effect from an atmosphere purified of poison, is honestly determined to observe. In that direction, then, gleams the goal.

The signatory powers to the note of May 6th demand twofold assurance: that they be indemnified for their losses to the amount designated in the Versailles Treaty, and that, within the frontiers drawn by that treaty, they shall not be threatened, nor forced into perpetual preparedness to ward off future attack. All that ever was demanded after a victory heretofore, in money, other tribute, and laborious assurance of secure life, is surpassed by this double demand, quite as much as, in sacrifice of men, horror, destruction of goods, every former war is exceeded

by this. How and along what lines those demands can be reconciled with the vital interests, and so, with the sovereignty and economic freedom, of the German Republic, is a question which has waited four years, and still waits, for its answer.

It must, we fear, wait yet longer, the quest for its answer becomes yet more difficult, if the period, already quite too long, of mutual recrimination is not to be ended, and the rummaging in what has been replaced by the effort after new creation, with its promise of healing power. Neither in France and Belgium nor in Germany can it be denied, that serious and lastingly harmful errors have been committed. Neither here nor there can the present administrators of state affairs accept more than a nominal responsibility for what was done, and left undone, by their predecessors: for if those now in power had always approved that action and inaction, then the masters of that time would doubtless even now sit in the seats of office. What was, was permitted, and had to be, will be declared by History (which need not always continue to be "a fable agreed upon"). To make the best possible out of what has come to be is the aim of state policy and the duty of the statesman. Aim and duty appear to us this time attainable only under two conditions.

Firstly, the burrowing into what has come to pass, with the accusations and demonstrations of

guilt founded thereupon, must end. What architect squanders his time in pointing out the incompetence, or the conscienceless frivolity, that condemned to swift downfall in splintered fragments the structure that now lies before him in ruins?

Secondly, the parties to the treaty, at least in their public and audible expressions of opinion, must struggle back to the forms and usages of international communication, which can only be abandoned when War—never when Peace—is the object to be attained. Of course, the roots of distrust and hatred are not to be pulled up like weeds, overnight, at the word of command: but these feelings may not be expressed in a tone which hardly permits the other party, in self-respect, to make reply.

For the reasons indicated, the Government of the German Republic believes that it ought not, here and now, to spend time either in defense of the German note of the 2nd instant, or in refutation of the French note assailing the previous one, dated May 6th, but to press forward out of the twilight of negations into the sunshine of readiness for positive action. This government owes, both to the German people and to their creditors, the honest effort, first of all, to strip from the kernel of the problem which must be quickly solved the husks that have grown about it and hide it from sight.

This attempt is hampered by a barrier made up of misunderstanding and threats. The misunderstanding is rooted in the fact that the cachexy, the apparently unceasing loss of vitality which ever since the war consumes the finances of our Empire, its states, provinces and communes, and misleads to the heaping higher, month after month, of banknotes and money-certificates of other sorts, of seeming money and substitute means of purchase,—has not as yet become visible in German industry, rural or civic. Is it, also, not to be felt? How much is only semblance, deceiving the eye, and how much is the expression of healthy vigor, would only become evident, if the stethoscope were applied to the heart of this industry, its pulse, blood pressure and temperature taken, and a judgment could from these data be formed, whether it is the heat of fever that reddens its cheeks.

No examination is necessary to remind unprejudiced and tolerably intelligent men that the all too swollen dividends, which are forevermore presented as evidence of robust health, when refigured in gold instead of paper value, shrink terribly: and that the stockholder who originally paid 1600 marks (full value) per share has reason for complaint when the annual return brings him in 400 marks, which covers only one-two hundred and fiftieth of the cost of one ride on the

street railway. The dishonest practice of turning the light on "40% dividends" in such a case as evidence of German solvency, lies below the level of what is debatable by us.

This however is true, and should therefore neither be denied nor beclouded, that after the war agriculture and industry were able to strengthen themselves beyond the highest hopes, and even to improve essentially both their equipment and the standard of living. To what extent the nigh five years' long blockade, which gave a monopoly to domestic manufactures, the enormous demand of the war-time met almost wholly from within, and later the closing of the paths of commerce, worked together to this result,—is not to be here discussed.

Agriculture, which during and after the war secured larger profits than ever before, has been further enabled, by the depreciation of the value of money, to reconstruct or improve its buildings, and release itself from debt. Easily: for the nominal amount of a mortgage or a debt in the ledger, say, half a million marks, no longer has a value to-day, in the markets of world-trade, of a sixth of a dollar, so has sunk to less than a six-hundred thousandth part of its nominal value. By meeting this rural demand and the indispensable needs of the cities, for some years, also, from the exchange-dumping which encouraged the ex-

port trade, the industries have made a living, and paid for the renewal and improvement of their equipment.

That this economic development in the land of the vanquished has been watched with grim eyes by the victors, especially those whose own fields and meadows, mines, foundries and factories had been devastated, is comprehensible. Not entirely comprehensible, however, is their conviction that the money spent for this internal strengthening belongs to them, and has been kept from them in violation of their rights under the treaty. For this conviction springs from a mistaken judgment.

In the first place, industry itself created what it spent, and with gasping breath and insufficient equipment could not have created it, and therefore could not have paid the price. And secondly, the international value, the amount in gold of the sums spent on new construction and improvement for business, would be uplifted, like a young bird scared out of its nest, on the balance in whose other scale rests the weight of the reparations. Thirdly, industry, if left in its enfeebled state, having the duty to feed the host of unemployed which would then have increased incalculably, would have thrown a hardly endurable burden upon all the public organizations, and at the same time reducing to a mere trickling rill the great stream of the revenues. And when

would a debtor-land whose industries were ruined ever have become able to reimburse its creditors at all adequately?

Whether, in detail, every avoidable mistake was avoided, can not be here stated. But by no criticism can the four following basic principles be overthrown. (1) The strengthening of German industry was objectively necessary, and in the general interest of Europe indispensable. (2) It did not deprive the creditors of any considerable international payment. (3) The equipment of the one who is bound to make good the damage, and the repairing of his necessary tools, must precede reparation for the injury inflicted. (4) The belief, which has often given shrill utterance to its suspicions, viz., that the government of the German Republic has, with the deliberate intention of crippling the resources for reparation, ruined the public industry to favor the private ones, is at no point supported by even the meagerest evidence of truth.

However, the fancy that "camouflage" was being practiced in Germany, that capital was being hidden or removed, that the resources of the Empire and the states were half or wholly given away to private enterprises, that the lion's share of wealth was put out of the justified creditor's reach, that within dark thickets arms and materials were being prepared for an imperialistic attack, the impression of absolutism, the obses-

sion that "nothing goes right in Germany," has done more than all else to create an atmosphere of distrust in which even those who were sincerely striving for a mutual understanding could never come together.

Only from that fancy, also, can be explained the supposition that "Germany is systematically preparing an attack on the Versailles Treaty": the indications of which the last section of the note of May 6 endeavors to portray, with effective brevity. Instead of limiting ourselves to rude or courteous denials, or humiliating ourselves in assurances of our innocence, the credibility of which could again be loudly or softly questioned, we wish on this subject also to speak out, without reserve, that which is. For just here Duty and Conscience so require.

The German Republic holds the same opinion on the fundamental justice of the Versailles Treaty that the French Republic, according to oft-repeated acknowledgments, has for forty years held as to the fundamental justice of the Frankfort Treaty. It seems to her more deeply influenced in the nature of its construction by persistent wrath, by evident pressure for increased power and supremacy, than by the spirit of far-sighted justice and economic sanity.

But the Government of the German Republic deceives neither itself nor its people, in whose behalf it acts, as to the fact, that any attempt to

disturb the peace by violence, whether alone, in the defiance of despair, or with allies (at present not to be descried with the strongest telescope), would revive the coalition of 1914, in which other Slavic states would fill Russia's place, and, in the improbable event of initial German successes, would even revive that of 1917, and blow away in sudden whirlwind any lack of harmony that may perchance be budding. We are planning no such attempt, are seeking no alliances that might give us courage therefor.

We endure the boastful and threatening speeches uttered by former officers of the Empire only in order not to prepare for these inciters to revolt against the Republic (on whose pensions they live more comfortably, in many cases, than others do by strenuous labor, an easy bed of martyrdom. We confide, also, in the sound common sense which will warn the majority of our people against their senile or foolish chatter about heroism, the mouth-storms of these people. For it was they who, as leaders of an immense army unsurpassed in discipline, valor and endurance, not only lost the war, but in their blind vanity dragged it on until the hour of Germany's helplessness, so making possible the downfall of the state organization and the dynasties.

It was their repeated orders, continued even on the retreat, for destruction and devastation where there was no urgent need, that caused the tortur-

ing severity of the Peace terms. Now their re-echoing trumpet-blasts in every alley would fain blow up the hope that, under the surveillance of distrust, in the narrowed circle of our well-armed foes, they will easily succeed, without that weighty yet pliant weapon of 1914 in hand, where then they failed. The French Republic also, even within our century, sometimes from the very ranks of her active army, has heard similar speeches. She knows that through them a peace carefully watched over by a strong government was imperiled, and she might well believe us, that it is wisdom, not weakness, that forbids us to wreak our wrath on German Boulangers. Despite such speeches, which even under the Clémenceau cabinet led to delicate negotiations, the Paris government always denied any intention looking to a change of that peace treaty by force, and actually never made any attempt aiming in that direction.

From your position at that time we, it is true, are parted by the wall of our conviction that the Versailles Treaty is impossible of execution. But, for that very reason, only madness could advise an appeal to force. The conviction that the treaty can not be carried out is chiefly based on three grounds:

(1) Almost three-fourths of all the minted gold (which is in the strict sense of the word the only international means of payment, and which

can only for a limited time be replaced by any other) is in America. Even if the United States, whose home market demand has increased to an extent unheard-of, has absorbed the host of unemployed, and created a scarcity of labor, so that the question has arisen, whether the artificial limitation of the current of immigration is not now doing more harm than good,—even if those states, we say, to whom opportunities for safe investment at high interest beckon from the frigid and the torrid zone, should be disposed to ship large amounts of their gold to Europe, to be utilized there—not to construct for the French Republic the system of canals that has become indispensable, not to bring Russia's treasures to the light, not to electrify the railroads of the coalless lands, not to equip the whole south-east, from the Adriatic to the Sea of Marmora, from the Lech to the Black Sea, with modern economic apparatus, but—to pay Germany's debts to the continental victors, even so the creditors of to-day would not be happy over the solution.

The amount of gold in circulation would not be increased, the relative ownership in it of Europe and America would be unaltered, the dependence of the Old World on the New would be even more firmly secured than before. That quarter of the earth which owes the United States ten billions of dollars (over thirty thousand billions of paper marks) and can not do

business without American food-stuffs and raw materials, hangs upon their nod; it can do, with the Americans, only such business as does not, by the lower prices, affect the home sales in the American markets. It would quickly be revealed, that the question, which land is liable as the nominal debtor, would be crowded out of the prominence which the majority claim for it today by a realization of the inseparable solidarity of the interests of all European states. In order to pay her indebtedness out of the only imaginable resource, viz., the proceeds of a favorable balance of trade, (though that balance is at present heavily against her,) Germany would have to limit all imports not absolutely necessary so strictly, and so greatly to increase the export of cheap goods, that such increase, if attained, in the face of the American and perhaps before long a Pan-British protective tariff, would be unendurable for all other exporting countries, among them the strongest in the world.

On this France may make answer: but not to us. Here let the question not be raised, how long France could bear unmoved the loss of sales on fruits, vegetables, cosmetics, articles de luxe of all sorts, in the German markets. It is true, that with her small and stationary population, almost without competition on semi-artistic goods (tailors' products, cloths, lace, soaps, perfumes, wash goods, dainties, and decorative objects up

to art-products and high art,) without constant need of exporting heavy goods, (iron and coal), France can almost live independently, and, being a fertile land of small farms, can almost feed herself, and so is in a quite different situation from the other states that have been drawn into the whirlpool of competitive trade: quite different from all her friends and associates, great and small.

How close, in so "other" a situation, there comes the peril of isolation, has often been noticeable: and public opinion, which thought it discovered the cause of the danger in personalities, in errors of policy or diplomacy, has always been mistaken, in its complaints and its uncharitableness. Even the most trustworthy and adroitest diplomatist isolates his country, if he must stand for demands which run counter to all the wishes of her associates.

All this will become for the first time quite clear, if the problem of reparations seems solved in any of the ways thus far indicated. The public will imagine, just as it does in the theater after the iron curtain drops, that now the play will begin promptly and run off smoothly. But it will soon notice, that a curtain still hides the stage, which is not revealed until everything is ready for the eagerly expected performance.

At least two-thirds of all Europeans have through four years devoted all their energies to

the destruction of goods, to the annihilation of values. A least two-thirds (not precisely identical with the former) have now no currency of full exchange value, do not buy, and fence off the selling opportunities of the other third, (who are not deprived of their means of exchange,) into a space so narrow as to be soon unendurable. And in such a time of narrowing markets and loss of customers, since war and blockade compelled, completely new provinces of industry were once and again built up. Shrinkage in the number of buyers and increase of production, demands of creditors, payment of whom weakens the debtor still more as a customer, for a considerable time, and so takes away no less than it gives: that is the problem.

In Holland, even the children of the coast villages talk of the "discomfort" (malaise) from which their home is suffering: speak of it because they feel it in their own bodies. Their fathers and brothers, strong men, for months stand idle all day on the shore, or walk the six paces up, six paces down, to which their service, as watch on shipboard, has accustomed them. Who is to buy Holland's soles, flounders, plaice, herring, crabs, who is to pay the freight and passenger prices of her ships, since all prices of materials, and workers' wages, must approach the mountainous height of the gulden? A gulden which until the war-summer was to be had for one mark

60 pfennigs, or for two French francs, cost last June fifty thousand marks or at least six francs: on the 20th of August it purchased over two million marks. Tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, cotton, copra, rice, sugar, milk, butter, cheese, all things produced in the Netherlands and in their Indies, have still but a narrow market. Hundreds of old and new houses are everywhere offered for sale, and the owners are well satisfied with two-thirds, or with a sigh accept half, of their buying price. The bathing resorts are given over to Dutch guests. The crowded swarm of Germans that nested here from July to the October limit remains away. Perhaps not much longer, since in German North Sea bathing resorts far less charming, and offering less possibilities in food, for three small rooms, "without everything," a rent of a hundred thousand a day is demanded, the cleft between the costs is no longer as wide as that between the charms of the landscapes and the resources of the food supply.

But at present the language of Kant and Goethe is to be heard almost only from the mouths of servants and those taken in for sympathetic care. Whole regiments, ever renewed, of German children march up, gain brown cheeks from the lovely shore, and from three meals a day a marmot's supply of muscular strength; but also a hundred thousand German girls, for kitchen, rooms, office or shop, battalions of Ger-

man clerks, waiters, house-servants, take the jobs away from the Hollanders or drag the prices down.

Still worse is it in Switzerland. Empty hotels, everything, as far as the eye can reach, "for sale," the largest chocolate-factories without dividends, clock, lace, cigar business in hopeless decline. (Hopeless, because a land without coal and sugar, with a high standard of living and high level of wages, is no longer in touch with the world's needs in the field of hand-work; and cheap watches, laces, cigars, dainties, attract the stream of buyers elsewhere.) The same underbidding on wages, and falling off in the sale of home products. For the franc of the Swiss Confederation, too, costs seven hundred thousand marks, instead of the eighty pfennigs of 1914. So, too, instructive examples could be accumulated from lands beneath all skies. And out of the clutch of Circumstance, whereof these are the painful symptoms, can a continent be helped by a loan? Even a continent which has divided into two camps, one of staple but unsalable goods, the other of penned-up masses in need, but without means to pay? The milliards loaned from overseas would leach away like the scant moisture of a rain-shower into thirsty sand, and all things would be as before. In order to be able to pay back the loan, or even the interest on it, the debtor would have to swamp the world with a

flood of the results of his cheap labor, which it would find unendurable. If he pays in cash, then the receiver loses as exporter what he takes in as creditor. If he pays in "worth of goods," then he cripples, with the immense quantities that would be required, the business of the creditor.

If a wine merchant, who has lent me a thousand gold marks, insists on prompt repayment, I, as a poor devil, can for a time illimitable refuse to buy a single bottle of wine from him. If France demands and receives from us building materials, house furniture, machines, as offset for houses, factories, mine-shafts and forges destroyed, then in just the desirable years for reconstruction her industries will suffer from exhaustion, her best city workers will be without bread, and those who now are still the most solvent customers for her agricultural products weakened to the point of compulsory niggardliness.

The reasons here indicated give a warning, even more urgent than others, against the belief that the Versailles Treaty can be carried out. But the government of the German Republic sees in it an earthly statute legally binding (not merely enforced by superior power); it thinks neither of a violation by force nor of crafty evasion, but will labor with the exertion of all the nation's strength to fulfill it, and to conform con-

scientiously to its requirements, until, in ways revealed by the treaty itself, the other parties shall be convinced of the necessity for timely changes in its provisions.

Under no circumstances will the German government be so dishonorable as to utilize the fact, painful to others as well as to itself, that it shared in no oral or thorough discussion over the treaty, as a pretext for denying Germany's signature or refusing to fulfill her obligations; nor ever be so reckless as to stoop to the demagogic lie, that the treaty contains a forced confession of the guilt of the German people: for it merely affirms the indisputable declarations of war by the Imperial government, and the equally indisputable orders for destruction by the Imperial commanders; that is, it lays the blame upon the system that has been overthrown by the will of the German people: nor ever so foolish as to imagine that any victor-state would, in a time of need, relinquish any assurance of safety without receiving an adequate equivalent in return.

This government attempts no protest against the validity of the discretionary powers entrusted to the Reparations Commission, and has no wish to replace it by another international organization, which would include more friends of France and of those who have common interests with her, so that this government would have

less to hope from it than from the Council of the four Western Powers.

This government is so firmly convinced that no settlement of the problem can be a salutary one which consults merely the interests of one Power, or the one group of Powers, that she never would attempt, by active or passive resistance, to convert a region subject to a treaty into waste land.

In order to preserve the dignity of the German people, which outlasts even their downfall, the German government emphasizes once again its honest will to fufill every duty imposed by the treaty; and it requests, in the same consciousness, that all impulse to doubt be henceforth suppressed.

Taking for granted the understanding herein requested, the German government will not, in its sphere of influence, open the sluice-gates to any utterance of suspicion against the other parties to the Treaty, and in particular will show no favor to the notion,—nor let it go forth into the land, from any source worth noticing, without contradiction,—that the demand for German reparation, indemnity for injury, the work of upbuilding, is a mere pretext, behind which lurks the intention to cut Germany in pieces, forcing her to become what she for centuries was, a rump-organism, incapable of effective political action, embracing not, indeed, quite all the mem-

bers of the family of languages, its parts distrustful of, looking suspiciously askance at, and at times even fighting—each other.

We regard this whole notion as erroneous. France has too often and too profoundly felt the advantage, the happiness, of national unity—she remembers too well how unwisely England, by annexation of French territory, weakened herself, and how about this alien thorn in Britannia's flesh abscesses developed,—to be capable even of desiring to bring a foreign stock (least of all the obstinate Rhinelanders, with their stubborn affection for Germanism) under her rule.

To claim the Rhine, which takes its rise on Swiss soil, flows through other Teutonic territory now a part of France, and empties into Holland's sea, as a German stream may be indefensible in the presence of calm judgment: but against the commandment that it is to be accepted as our Western boundary, German manhood would uprise in a wild fury that would be dangerous even now, to the mightiest of neighbors.

What France wishes, and, as no one who is unprejudiced will deny, she must wish, is security. That, through absorption of German territory by a forceful change in the political relations of Rhineland, it would not be attained, is certain. But security is certainly what Germany, also,

needs and seeks. She would and will guarantee it to him who assures it to her.

Only, all efforts, for the present at least, to reach the calm zone of free utterance will remain fruitless, unless on both sides the disposition to be suspicious is put under control, and unless all stalking after dishonorable and therefore hidden motives is stopped. For that very reason we find the weightiest and, as the only one not purely negative, the most cheering statement in the Franco-Belgian note to be the declaration that, in the Ruhr region, Belgium and France have striven for nothing save a prompt working partnership with German industrial operators, engineers and workers.

The government of the German Republic has heretofore always maintained the opinion, that the Peace Treaty conferred no right of military advance: that among the penalties threatened none authorized the further extension of the occupied zone. But now that it must reckon with the fact that not only Belgium and France but —as the notes of May 13 reveal—England and Italy (though, it seems to us, reluctantly) find this right in the treaty, the complaint of treaty-violation must die away unheard. To fresh knowledge, action, where good sense so ordains, must adjust itself. We are ready for the sincere attempt at tripartite working partnership

on the Ruhr, on the basis created by the declaration of May 6th; ready, the moment that France and Belgium return to the position at the time of their first entry: that is, recall the main body of their troops, content themselves with carefully posted detachments of guards, and accord an amnesty for all that has occurred since the 12th of January (ordinary murder and other crimes clearly disconnected with political motives alone excepted);—ready to do everything effective within the realm of our powers to put an end to opposition.

Here we can not assure success: but we hope that this decision,—which could not, for a German government, be easy,—will reveal itself as a necessity, and therefore as a duty, to those not subject to our will: and that even the Coal Syndicate, the most powerful organization of private German operators, will not refuse to share in the work, and will at the least send a representative with full powers to a conference at Essen. This offer goes to the very limit of our powers, and if it were possible (as it is not by any means certain) that the Powers now ruling by force of arms in the Ruhr land could obtain an unconditional capitulation, they need no admonition from us to perceive that they would not be a single stride nearer to their goal, viz. a partnership in work that assures results.

The two parties have measured their strength;

both, out of painful experience, have gathered useful instruction. Now, the first requisite for fruitful peace is—compromise: which is not so difficult for the strong as for him who, at the moment, is weak. And into that weaker one's saddened spirit,—tortured by many a misconception in the art (so highly and rightfully honored ever since the days of Montaigne and La Bruyère) of psychological insight,—there would fall a ray of consolatory light, beneficial to the victor of to-day as well, if the Ruhr harbors Düsseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort, occupied by command of the Briand cabinet, could be restored to freedom of action before the working partnership enters on its task.

If the way into daylight is revealed, if the industrial heads of three nations succeed in tracing the lines, along which reparation and security can be assured to both groups and in endurable form, then Germany, to whom no such success has come up to to-day, can breathe free after her nightmare.

But why should partnership in labor, which to all parties to the Treaty seems possible, be confined within the limits of the Ruhr region? If it can work fruitfully, then in our dark day the right to extend it creates the duty. But what, again, would it accomplish, if open contention between governments, if commands and re-

proof, Commissions, contention with men who, naturally, yield reluctant obedience to these same Commissions,—were to continue? Dissension between political, though harmony between economic Powers.

That is (to use the "timely" and so, now antiquated expression of our last great field marshal, Hellmuth Moltke) "a dream, and not even a lovely one." Such neighborliness could not be permanently profitable. But our belief is firm as a rock that only the "collaboration immédiate" recommended in the note of May 6th should assure peace and the resultant new order of things in Europe, and secure to this continent, —now threateningly begirt with mighty political powers which have sprung, and are springing, out of soil richly blessed, and by gigantic Trusts white and yellow,—its old rank.

Therefore we believe that we are justified in making this suggestion: that, on the basis of the most intimate experience gained since 1919, the Allied and Associated Governments should now test once more the lasting quality and supporting power of the several pillars on which the Versailles Treaty was to rest (and does rest, if "rest" that condition can be called which cripples in immobility, and so hinders the transformation of paper dungeons into homes for mankind).

This renewed testing is not demanded as a

condition, nor is it intended to be a concession, in return for which Germany is going to render larger service. She is already pledged, by treaty and by her conscience, to the utmost in her power. She knows, too, that she must not make this performance of duty dependent on new stipulations, nor demand any rebate because of it, and that the capitalistic order of things forbids any relation of equality in rights as between creditor and debtor (and indeed must so forbid it, as a dangerous weakening of its very basis). Our suggestion is to be followed only in case benefit could arise from it for the creditor.

Had not the necessity of "collaboration" been emphasized from the other side, we could hardly utter our own wish first: for it could not but bring upon us the suspicion that by covert and circuitous paths we wished to steal into the creditor's confidence, that we wished, instead of deing merely the object of his deliberations, to become a subject, sharing in his decisions. Any such sly attempts to acquire dignity would ill become the debtor, who, because he, willingly or unwillingly, was in arrears, has had to hear many hard words,—and swallow them.

We do desire a place on the "Commission des Réparations." We do not seek to push ourselves in to the Mysteries, nor to acquire the right to vote. As to whether that right would be granted

or denied to the German plenipotentiary,—that would have only a barometric significance: would only give a hint how the atmospheric pressure, force of the wind, tint of the sky over Europe, was to be to-morrow. If there were need, the May notes of England and Italy would have shown how far-reaching would be the vision of a majority vote determined by Germany, against France and Belgium. We could content ourselves completely with the duty of giving information, and the right to offer suggestions.

Never can it be denied, that the Commission's reports have often been vague, often inadequate. Further inquiries have been necessary, published letters of reproof have seemed to be so. Both had to be "disposed of" in tedious fashion by various methods. To loss of time was added other harm, only to be softly hinted at here. If question and answer are adapted to the inflections and tones of public international discussions, then the plain tale of facts suffers loss, being easily confused or darkened by the interruption or the louder tones of inner politics. From a representative of the German government, admitted into the Commission, all information as to facts and figures, with explanations, could be quickly obtained:—and from a clasp-book whose arms are the Western Powers no attempt at evasion could release him.

What we expect, of positive or negative result,

from such an adjustment in our intercommunication, let a backward glance, at the origin of the evils that have lasted seven months already, more clearly reveal.

Had we had a seat in the Commission, the strife over the Ruhr would never have become the gaping wound, close to Europe's heart, which it now is. Even if our readiness to present unveiled balance-sheets and accounts, our setting forth of complete statements, and personal association generally with the rest, had not, against all expectation, averted the occupation, yet, even so, it would not have become what it is. For we should have made the proposal, authorized by the Peace Treaty, that Article II 18 be so clearly interpreted, through a majority resolution with binding force, that it became certain whether the march into the Ruhr was included among the reserved methods of exerting pressure, or if Germany might, and therefore must, regard it as a hostile act: and even to the decision most painful to us we should have submitted with an inaudible sigh.

In our passing and repassing, on open roads and in narrow woodpaths, the belief had sprung up that the plan of France and Belgium appeared, even to their associates in the Commission, to be inspired by an intention to violate the treaty, and to create a dictatorship. To submit, even so, was to be demanded only of a nation of

lambkins. What is here deserving of blame is the inclination to be credulously and lastingly convinced on false information colored by vanity or greed.

By our being admitted into the Commission the source of such error would have been sealed up. And who dares venture the assertion that we, alone, were bespattered from that source? In the daily talk of the Commission, which would never be pushed nor glide into social intimacy, but would remain in the sphere of business, every wish, on either side, would have been uttered, every complaint examined into, every misleading announcement in the press refuted. And only the lack of insight which mistakes (sporadic) brutality (which is merely the evidence of irritable weakness) for a sign of vigor and strength, and, from lack of imagination, thinks that the disposition to the "policy of direct action" is thereby revealed, can belittle the deep impression to be made on the souls of the common people by such influences. Only a partnership in labor in which the governments take the lead can seem to the masses the work of free will.

Similar feelings and thoughts urge Germany to seek admission into the League of Nations. That League has not yet attained to what it should become. What child, born of grievous and all but deadly agony, ever did, at the age of five? The shrewd man who spoke of the

"scrapping" of the League of Nations was that time, unexpectedly, shrewd enough not to be shrewd. On the ways, in still water, on the trial voyage, defects became evident, weaknesses in the machinery, the ballasting, the ventilation: defects doubly noticeable with that special crew of strangers, unused to this craft,—but easy to eradicate. The hull is sound, and fit to carry mankind through the fog and storm to new shores.

More than the division of Upper Silesia, which every unprejudiced observer feared after such an accumulation of errors, could disappoint Germans, has the League gladdened the very heart of their consciousness by the aid it extended to our Austrian brethren, whose very life it saved. What good or what happiness does it afford to carp at the League of Nations, to ridicule its prattle, its struggles to express itself, its childishly unsteady gait? It is the only fruit, fragrant for all, which can nourish all, that blossomed out of the Great War; and in the time before true Peace comes, through which we are still sorrowfully shivering, it has flourished and ripened. The League should be helped to grow strong: not paralyzed by raillery; nor should bitter words make harder the attempt at something new, made by mankind, whose very hairs bristle all too timidly at any novelty.

The Covenant of the League of Nations is an

integral part of the Peace Treaty, forms its foundation-wall, and arches over it as a protecting dome. Whoever, with contempt and ridicule, "lets the League slide," imperils the Treaty in the hour of every slight earthquake or of rough sweeping storm.

Whether we as yet have "the right" to demand admission lies in that wide realm of the doubts which the treaty has left, whether with or without the intention of its shapers. Not to assert a right, but from the lofty pinnacle of the belief that, in this greatest and most fruitful of fields also, hardly furrowed yet by plow and harrow, the cooperation of Germany can help to hasten and increase the harvest, and so aid the common cause, we openly, without noisy emphasis or undue humility, it is to be hoped, put the question: Are the Allied and Associated Powers ready to vote for Germany's admission? Without that readiness the proposal would be an empty demonstration, for which we would not wish to make ourselves responsible, as it could only work harm.

Such a proposal would come from that spirit (making its abode not in one land only) that hopes for blessing from the sowing of fresh seeds of poison, seeks swift recovery by deliberately intensifying the crisis, and strives to increase infection as prerequisite to disinfection. Not unto that spirit are we servants. We obey not the

impulse, out of the dying sparks to rake up a fresh glow, nor with the proboscis of clever dialectic to suck, out of every chance word, evidence to show how shamelessly "the enemy" breaks the treaty, dishonors his own name subscribed to it, lets whole avalanches of injustice thunder down into the Vale of Sorrow.

Not between foes is the strife to be fought out or adjusted: between creditor and debtor a matter of business is to be arranged, so that both can breathe afresh, return to a calm state of mind, and create for themselves and for mankind new values, earthly and metaphysical, tangible and incorporeal.

In order to clear from veils of fog an atmosphere which enables all this, a cogent answer must be found for two questions.

The first one runs: Shall Germany be compelled, against the intention, meaning, and letter of the Treaty (which was to recompense civilians only for losses), to pay for the homes for invalid soldiers, and pensions for the widows and orphans of soldiers? That this demand (directly contradicting Art. 232) was patched on to the treaty text late, in a circle of weary heads, the Western Powers know: and also, that the duty of meeting it exceeds the economic capacity of a people compelled to make reparation for enormous damage. The knife that should cut off this parasitic growth would be a benefactor; for it

would prove that the strong show due reverence to justice and good sense, even where insistence on injustice and folly offer advantage for the moment.

The second question, at once the most difficult and the weightiest, is: Shall, must, should and can the Occupation continue? Needless, here before the judgment-seat of men fully informed, once more to let the plummet drop into the depths the mischief which the foreign garrison works: as to materials, through the consumption of values which would otherwise be available for reparation: in the higher sphere of ethical values, through the daily repeated sowing of resentment and hatred. Does the security of France and Belgium require that their armies shall stand on German soil? We say, no: and we do not turn aside from the effort to justify this answer with vigorous plainness.

Were Germany so beside herself, within any time that can be foreseen, as to begin an offensive war, with artillery and small arms now concealed (to bring that notion as it were from the back steps to the front, and to treat it as credible), though impossible to put in repair, secretly or openly, quickly enough;—so, with an equipment doomed to be permanently inadequate,—there are in Alsace, Lorraine and Belgium, at Longwy, Lüttich, Malmédy and elsewhere, strong bodies of troops so near the German bor-

der, and squadrons of French airplanes can so quickly reach a position over the chief German cities and industrial centers, that even initial successes of the Germans would be extremely improbable, and after a few hours Freiburg, Baden-Baden, Mannheim, Frankfort, Mayence, Düsseldorf, Essen, Bochum and Dortmund would be heaps of ruins. If a madman were mad enough for such a venture, the Allies would promptly dispose of him, even if at the same instant a Polish army were not on the march to Königsberg, Breslau and Berlin, and a host of Czechs to Bodenbach, Hof and Glatz.

And no one aware of actual conditions, least of all any one of the generals who could lead armies to victory, permits himself to be beguiled into the delusion that an offensive force even tolerably adequate for modern requirements, and supplies to assure a maintenance of its strength, could be created at all, behind the illuminated stage that is watched by a thousand eyes. But because the garrison is regarded as humiliating evidence of distrust, as a disgrace, and as an absolutely profitless burden, it tempts the reckless into venturesome deeds, and so lessens, instead of increasing, the security of the Powers, against whom freshly aroused hatred clenches a fist in the dark, and plots harm.

This very safety is assured, for an unlimited time, by the partnership in work. From capi-

talistic competition (murmurs the chorus out of the deeps of all peoples) war has already often arisen. Out of capitalistic community of interests would come the surest pledge of peace. Whoever had profit to hope for from the prosperity of the Three-Powers-Pool, or loss to fear from its decay, would become, each in his own sphere, a trusty watchman, who would not leave the tiniest spark aglimmer.

The old diplomacy recalls more than one case where strife between individual Powers accredited to the Sublime Porte was appeased, just before the breaking of relations, through the business intercourse of the members of the "Dette Publique Ottomane." A hundred—yes, a thousandfold greater interests would be represented in the European Partnership in Labor. And no one who, with his property, was associated with it would make up his mind to give free rein to a blind chauvinism which might bring about the destruction of the entire hoard.

However, the arrangement tested out at the Golden Horn might merely teach us a lesson, and not become our model. Against the plan of a Dette Publique Allemande, or any attempt at Ottomanizing, the German people could not but rise up in wild fury in their consciousness of two thousand years of brilliant achievement. A financial oversight which, without unworthy suspicion, obligated us to clear and exact accounts,

and the opening of all ledgers, could be considered: for flattering self-deception does not alter the fact that the treaty of peace limits more narrowly the legal status of the conquered land, and its freedom of action, than did any other of recent times (far more narrowly than did the Frankfort treaty of 1871, which did so only in the field of foreign trade). And a complaint directed at a requirement in a treaty already signed injures the reputation only of him who complains.

The demilitarizing of the land which has been an object of strife between Germans and French ever since the Thirteenth Louis of France claimed the succession to the throne in the domain of the children of Charlemagne, and even a shift of the inner German frontier, could be considered:—but only considered. No means recommended by common sense, and promising to be effective in securing permanent and profitable peace, ought to be left untried; but, among such means, force, new dictatorial commands, are never to be counted. From the hour when the call to partnership in labor went forth, and met a response, they have become needless, and could work only harm. What is hereafter to be helpful must come (within the limits drawn by the treaty) out of free agreement.

The time of the Lily Kings returns no more. If there were to arise even to-day descendants of the saints and knights, the priestly and secular

nobles, who, for money in hand, benefices and Orders, wove the close-drawn meshes of the net of the Rheinbund, and thus sold German land to France,—they would be blown away by the general wrath. That wrath was not yet articulate when the army of the Fourteenth Louis, the Sun of Kings, protected by that net, broke into the Palatinate. Nor was it to be heard, at least in Germany, despite the Great Revolution, when General Hoche, the youthful head of the pampered Sombre and Meuse army, organized a commission for the administration of the Rheinbund, or when, in the same year 1797, the Paris Directoire added the left bank of the Rhine to the French Republic. In the Peace of Campo Formio the German Emperor renounced his claim to it.

At the Peace of Lunéville Napoleon effaced the last evening glow of sovereignty that hung over that shore. Emperor of the French, Lord of the Rheinbund, (whose shrewd chiefs, great and little, were abundantly reimbursed, on the right bank, for all their loss), master, also of the Rhine:—here the Imperium of Bonaparte seemed protected by an impregnable rampart.

For it was in Bonaparte's brain, not Bismarck's, to whom France ascribes it, that the much-abused glacis-theory arose, at latest fourteen years before the birth of the boy who became Germany's statesman (if indeed it had not been

hatched in the brain of Turenne or Hoche). But so early as 1815 that Imperium sank with all its splendor into ashes. Facing the coalition of England, Russia, Prussia and Austria, this Rhenish glacis was no more dependable a protection for that Empire than was the Alsatian for ours, against the world-coalition.

Longer than can here be indicated, from the ninth century until the twentieth, the strife swayed this way and that, from the day when Charlemagne's sons, after their great father's death, created a Lotharingia, down to the after-pains of war that still shake our continent. If that strife is not to go on eternally, then this very day must clearness of vision come. Artificial mist-creation, which, with the effectiveness of everything astonishingly novel, helped our brave seamen to advantage in the Skagerrack, is, like all other means of deception, unsuited for use in time of peace.

About the middle of the 19th century, the last Czar who was active in Europe, Nicholas Paulovich, said to the representative of France, that not until the man arose who could clear the thicket of races between the Meuse and the Vistula, unite into a mighty stream the rills that then trickled uselessly there, could a danger arise against which East and West must unite. ("That will be an affair for us: you and me.") The man arose, in ten years transmuted the age-

old dream into tangible reality, connected again and again, with his gigantic yet sensitive fingers, the wire between St. Petersburg and Berlin, hindered the warming of Franco-Russian relations into (politically adverse) tenderness, was himself hindered from completing his entire task:—and with the loss of the irreplaceable personality of its creator the grand German Empire fell out of its true step.

In the intoxication of its happiness, so swiftly won by unwearying industry, (for wealth, increased beyond the limits of optimistic hope, is accounted happiness,) it slipped into the attempt to tear to bits the body of its mighty Eastward neighbor, on whose health, as was of old ordained, its own was dependent.

The results are too close to all of us to have the light yet again turned upon them. Let one strange thing, most strange of all, be illumined. Even to-day, as on the day when Imperial Lotharingia was created, the German and Slavo-German peoples are watched round about by affrighting distrust, which in their actions always scents the purpose of war. Because war is, (as Mirabeau put it), the "Prussian industry," it is proposed that Rhineland be detached from the political body of Prussia and be made a separate state within the complex of the German republic. On the condition that this transformation shall be the outcome of a two-sided discus-

sion, and that, at the moment of the decision, all occupation of German soil by aliens shall end, this change in the status of the Empire might be approved by a majority of the Parliaments which are empowered to make the decision. Might be; certain it is not.

Yet less certain is it, that after the change there will arise, from frustrated hope, no troubling of the atmosphere. The strife is too old; too loud, since the Armistice, has been the cry for the "liberation" of the Rhineland, for a mere change of colors or cut in the garment, or in the trimming of it, to calm the troubled spirits. Rigid Old-Prussianism, the angular lordliness of the folk of the Eastern Elbe, may not have been welcome on the Rhine and Moselle: and yet the comparison with the foreign masters by force, who, themselves courteously modest in demeanor, have now for fifty-eight months lived in the best rooms, had control of the finest dishes, porcelain and silver, who use school-houses for military purposes, in small things and great subject the whole land to their will and their agents', and whose intention it is to maintain this state of things for at least eleven years more,—such a comparison sets their masters of yesterday upon a shining hill in their memory.

The member-state of Rhineland, with like rights of Bavaria's and an official organization of its own flesh and blood besides, would only then

be popular within its own borders, and only then raised above the suspicion that dates from the time of the old Rhein-bund, if the hour of its birth brought the retirement of the foreign troops and watchers, the return of German administrative freedom.

Demolition is a condition precedent to new construction. Between Zeebrügge and the Westphalian city of Hamm, between the Pas de Calais and the Teutoburger forest, in the valleys of the principal streams Scheldt, Meuse, Moselle, Rhine and Ruhr, lies the richest industrial region of our continent, richest by the grace of nature and of cultivation. Here is coal, ore, iron, here coke and steel are produced, here are mines and forges, smelting works and rolling mills, machine-shops, dye-works and other chemical manufactories, industrial foundations of every sort, at the service of which stands the finest system of tracks and network of canals. For centuries there has been a struggle for the mastery of this land. Can the attempt succeed, regardless of outworn dynastic or nationalistic forces,—which have finally divided this economic unit by three frontiers, those of Belgium, France and Germany— to assure it an harmonious administration, controlled only by economic good sense? On the answer to this question hangs the immediate fate of Europe.

The strife is to-day no longer over "politics," in the formal sense of old Court and Cabinet artificialities, not over advance of sovereignty nor new opportunities for the recruiting of conscripts.

The most profitable earth-hoard of our continent, (though not rich by comparison with the treasures of other portions of the world,) can never be utilized by three competitors, distrustful or hostile to each other, in the way it must be if Europe's rank is to be maintained. The Peace of Frankfort, which in 1871 gave to the German Empire a part of Lorraine's ore, changed the status of power more by that than by any purely political innovation. At the time this was hardly noticed; and yet, without that access of raw materials German industry could not have become what it was in 1914.

But the increase in power could not assure lasting improvement; and much less can the Versailles Treaty, which gave the ore back to the French (and did not include in the account how enormously, in nearly fifty years of German rule, the value of Alsace and Lorraine had risen). Did politics, this time too, only become and remain the dupe of economics?

Before us uplifts itself the same problem that once misled Spain, the Netherlands, France and the Germany of the elective Emperors into strife with a non-continental Great Power. With all

the states of Western Europe which she once fought that Power is now officially on terms of friendship, and but yesterday was still, firmly or loosely, allied.—But the importance of our subject is too great to carry on a jest with "anonymousness," or to endure a game of "Blind man's buff." To break with the forms of the traditional note-language becomes this time a duty. Cowardly would he be who at this hour, because rusty convention so commanded, turned aside from a chief topic.

Does Great Britain still abide by her old program? Does she still believe that she must maintain the "balance of power" in Europe in her own fashion, that she must linger in the dust of the doctrine against which President Wilson, highly honored through two years by the British themselves,—a man pure Will, in all too human shape, —so often swung the sword of his eloquence?

If so it is, then with all the lion's might, with the strength also of Erin's green isle, the remoter Dominions, with Nearer and Farther India, now freed, England will strive to prevent this economic unity from which, and from no other source, the salvation of this Continent can be hoped for. For this unity would make it no longer possible, by putting little weights into the scales or taking them out, to fix the balance at the precise proportion suited to British wishes. Such a union would in-

clude a region which England, because she felt herself vulnerable from that side, has never released from a (painless) dependence on herself. In order to keep the Flanders coast, Europe's sally-port against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, under her own lock and key, and prevent the easily possible closing of the Channel, England has in three centuries waged wars against the fourteenth Louis and Bonaparte, (both heads of the Rheinbund,) compelled Belgium's union with Holland, later her separation and neutralization, never permitted, even in the windless time of the Citizen King Louis Philippe, any intimate economic relation between Belgium and France, directed the batteries of public opinion, at least, in 1870, against the third Napoleon, whose constant push for the guardianship of Belgium had been unmasked at the last moment by Bismarck's sagacity, and in August 1914 declared war upon the German Empire as it advanced against France and Russia.

If this conviction still upholds, as a pillar, the whole arch of English policy, created as it were out of the epic simplicity of the nations, and if on that pillar hangs as by a hook the fate of wide-extended European coasts and lands,—then the road to the goal, the nearest goal, is indeed barred against us.

But in that case might not the very first article

in the fundamental law of the League of Nations, of which the States of Europe are members, demand the unresisted sway of Justice? We put our trust in what an invalid but not ignoble Prussian king called the "hereditary wisdom of the English nation," the majestic comprehension of human nature, with which not only her immeasurably great poet, but you of France, also, often with reason, the last time at the crisis of fate at Washington, credited her,—a good sense which will not long fail to realize that, in a changed time, Right and Duty must also have taken on new shape.

The note of May 6th closed with an admonition to self-knowledge. Such a gift the government of the German republic can not offer in return. In her the tone of magisterial self-satisfaction would doubtless not be forgiven. In the consciousness of having honestly striven after justice, of not having concealed its own errors and mistakes, it speaks what conscience laid upon its lips.

CHAPTER XVII

President Wilson at Paris. Lloyd George. Clémenceau. England's trade. Her scheming against the Little Entente. Stambuliski. Turk's return to Europe.

If such words had been uttered in December, then only what was presented in the "Memorandum" of June 7th, five months later, would have been offered at that time. French and Belgians would not have occupied the Ruhr region: would not have been capable of deciding on forcible seizure of securities, an act difficult for them also, against a debtor who himself offered them notable pledges. If the reply to the Franco-Belgian note of May 6th had been in contents and tone like what is here proposed, we would have endurable conditions to-day. It was early enough to dispel the gathering clouds, to avert the approaching storm. I surely was not the only one who, in the Autumn, Winter and Spring, warned all those in power who were acquaintances:

"If something is not quickly done, if neither the agreement with the Comité des Forges, whose legal agent the delegate Millerand once was, nor the early payment of two milliards is assured, then trouble is not to be delayed; and a struggle

the scene of which is the Ruhr basin, must, however it may result, inflict terrible wounds on German industry."

All in vain. "It can't turn out so serious. England is certainly for us." Again and ever again special messengers hurried to London. (To what end has the Republic ambassadors and ambassadors' advisers, if at every crossing a swarm of amateurs must go aboard at the Empire's cost?) Every time they brought home the "certainty of a prompt and favorable issue of the conflict." The final result of all these "messages of love" was revealed by the haughtily rude note of Lord Curzon in May. Even then the position of Germany, the position of Europe, England's juggle, were not recognized in Berlin. When will the rosy dawn of that recognition come?

The worst mistake that Mr. Lloyd George made at the Peace Conference, from the English point of view, was that, instead of supporting President Wilson with all the weight of the British Empire, while only very softly, quite unnoticeably, piloting past the cliffs of the idealism born of the American brain, he combated him before all men's eyes, warmed by his own exultant consciousness, and the recognition by others, of his better dialectic and practical business sense. What he did, too late, on June 19, to lighten the

conditions to be imposed on Germany, was done without his striking brilliancy, which is the Celt's best quality, and could only be shattered against the ice-corslet of his blood-kinsman Clémenceau, who, with the solemn dignity of a judge of the dead, grown gray beside the Styx, presided over the High Council.

Only the plébiscite in Upper Silesia did he carry through at that time: because his all-enchanting ignorance had been convinced, that only the mining industry had allured Polish people into this "aboriginally German" land, because his proposal was supported by unofficial folk, privately, with stronger arguments than his, and lastly because the Poles were confident that even from the voting they would secure the most desirable strips of land.

He deprived the Germans of arms, but permitted the French, with those affiliated to them, and the Turks to retain theirs, instead of making his signature conditional, as the Americans did, on a general disarmament. From that came the defeat of Greece (prepared by the blindness of a royal côterie of women), the revival of a Turkish power in Europe that sprang from Angora,—and France became the sole great military power.

Why did President Wilson let all this happen? He, who wished to disarm the nations, was now himself disarmed. By Germany. She (said the Allies) must have at least caught her breath,

must seem dangerous, else the American could not have expressed that desire. As Germany had not cried out for peace until the hour of her utter helplessness, and then, in the Armistice time, and by the bungling in changing the form of government, had rashly thrown away her effective means for driving a bargain, with what bugbear could the president control the rage of the Allies? They might have answered his admonition (as, in a whisper, they actually did):

"Everlasting shall be our gratitude for your help: but we can take care of what is left of the hostile Four by ourselves, and must not keep you away from home any longer. Our debts? We shall pay them, of course, every cent. That we can't to-day, nor to-morrow, is evident. Three cheers for Franklin, Lafayette, Wilson, Pershing. Good Day!"

Only in a "peace without victory," or at least not reached through a triumph, was the original form of Wilsonism attainable. The November events in Berlin and Compiègne had robbed the President of his power as referee. He did not make up his mind to the final venture, viz., to bring the tidings to his countrymen: "With those people for whom I bade you fight I can make no peace."

It may be that, besides a glance at the League of Nations, from which he hoped for a quiet but

thorough revision of the Peace Treaty, he may have been consoled by the thought that the balance of power, which he profoundly detested, was destroyed. But just that came as a Dysangel [1] (sad tidings of great annoy) to Britons' ears.

No balance of power any more? No more the scale-pans poised at equal height on the brass beam, either of which England can depress on the instant, if she shakes into it the contents of a paper bag? So this traditional state of things, comfortable even if only for its age, is to be replaced by a new one.

There was only a choice between two possible developments.

In the one event, Germany fell away, disintegrated, broken into fragments. In that case the crafty competitor of British trade vanished (and also, which could be endured, his best customer in Europe): and the Continent came to be, as before Russia's mighty intrusion into its history, as in the time of Louis XIV and later in Bonaparte's midsummer days, bridled by France's will.

Or again, the Franco-German understanding becomes Event. Then the sun of Trafalgar sets, England could no longer sway the destiny of the Continent, to-morrow she is threatened

[1] The word is made on the model of Evangel ("Glad tidings").

from the Channel coast, and she sees a Steel Trust rise up that underbids all Anglo-Saxon offers for delivery. "Most horrible!" Was it for this that David of Wales had laid the German Goliath low?

The first attempt to shake France's position of power was undertaken in the South East. The peoples of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, embraced in the Little Entente, are not, indeed, as is chanted to us, "sworn to France" (the two leaders President Masaryk, the pupil of Spencer, and Minister Benesch bear the exact stamp of English culture), but in their whole life and immediate future growth are dependent on France, as the only land which could help them to meet a German, Magyar, Italian or Russian attack. The power of this Entente is even to-day not so small as its shrewdly chosen name might indicate: much larger than Berlin's short-sightedness accounts it. To a large extent the currents of interest of the three States created, or enlarged, by the Peace Treaty run in one channel. If Poland, Bulgaria, Greece, unite with them, we have, bounded by the Adriatic, the Black Sea, Lake Peipus and the East Baltic, a new block of federated states.

The Bulgarian Minister-President, Stambuliski, had already knocked loudly at the door of the Little Entente. Whether he was a despot, unclean, lustful alike for womanhood and gold,

we need not concern ourselves. He was somebody—a shrewd peasant, a churl, whom his courage, force of will and breadth of vision uplifted high above the line of Balkan statesmen. To Czar Ferdinand, who threatened him with death, he said, to his gloomy tragedian's face: "Better concern yourself rather for your own head. If this war too goes wrong, Bulgaria will not forgive you again." That man the issue of the war could not surprise. He took it as calmly as the peasant does a hailstorm.

He strode out of his prison to become Prime Minister. He laughed at the Macedonians, who tried to stir him up against Serbia: "To what end? We must go beside them; together we can live, but we must not fight each other." To make the Bulgarian language easier for Serbs to understand, he without serious reluctance changed its spelling. The goal of his efforts (and those nearest him confirm this surmise) seemed to be to associate his homeland, as an autonomous peasant republic, with the Jugoslavic state, which would then, and only then, acquire, by a healthy tri-unity of Serbs, Croats and Bulgars, a strong and permanent form. Stambuliski, consciously or unconsciously, was on the right road to the unity of Europe.

But through the withered côterie of crowned ladies runs a murmurous sound of fright:

"Another Venizelos? If we do not keep watch,

the monarchs' heads that yet survive will be 'with silent sickle mown.' The Jugoslav king, Alexander, has a Rumanian wife. Her sister Ileana, who will presently be sixteen years old, could become the Czarina of the Orthodox young Mr. Boris, and console the Bulgars for the loss of Dobrudja. Out of that would come an entente; which however, as the marital policy of the Sigmaringen-Zollerns, the Bourbon-Coburg, and the Hellenized Dane Constantine proves, does not necessarily lead effectively to the high tableland of politics. The rough peasant Stambuliski has pushed his king so deep into shadow that the fall of the Bulgarian monarchy would hardly be noted. In a South Slavic league of states which included a peasant republic, the crown of the Karageorgewiches, who to the Croats are alien people, would necessarily soon grow dim. Where then, Aunt Mary, shall we find suitable matches for our darlings?"

The fairest flower of the côterie, even though on the verge of fifty, is a princess of Great Britain, in whose royal park a dignified trefoil is more firmly rooted than Mary, who was born far from Magdala. To be sure, the dynastic policy would be less endurable to an English Parliament now than ever before. Who would think of it? The Right Honorable David Lloyd George, to prove himself once more presentable to royalty, granted Constantine's return: and thereby hastened the

fall of the Coalition cabinet. But . . . to be sure. . . . All too powerful that Balkan bunch of peoples in the South East, France's motley swarm of satellites, must not become. Thrift, Horatio! From the Erzgebirge to Cythera, from Zagreb to Kisheneff one compact close-girt economic unit: that's no cheery outlook. Our Empire is trade. Every door must be open to it. That's the whole question. Royal family policy is not to be mentioned.

Stambuliski is overthrown by conspirators, and, after the German pattern, "shot while fleeing." Out! Albanians, Serbs, Slovenians, Dalmatians, Croats, Macedonians, Epirotes, Bulgars, that whole tangle of races of doubtful parentage, would set themselves quietly at work if, in political union, each clan no longer kicked till it was tired out for its own dubious nationality. Once more the road in that direction is barred.

With Stambuliski in Bulgaria the firebrands were quenched. Throughout the Balkan peninsula, even to the Slavic coast of the Adriatic, at last, peace could come. England's distrust denied to this inconvenient man the outlet to the Aegean Sea which he humbly begged for. Nevertheless he controlled himself. He sat tight, in his faith in the peasantry. "Now let's let the old gang stretch its legs on the roof-top, then the old Chaos will be back again presently."

The man who is chosen to "lay out" (that's the word with the folk of the bare-neck, tight jacket, stiff leggings, the parading Brotherhood of the Homonational Swastika) Stambuliski, and who lent his name for the sign of the successor-gang, is called Zankoff. That is also the name of Bulgaria's historic trouble-maker, who worked for and against Turkey, against and for Russia, and to whom Gladstone, as prime minister, promised England's aid. The gentleman of to-day may be a son or a remote kinsman of that astute Dragan Zankoff. That he can, for a little while at least, warm himself in the chimney corner of power, he should thank England's jealous side-glance at the growing power of the Little Entente.

France saw, heard, smelt, nothing. Parisian thought was again single-tracked: it was hypnotized by the Ruhr, as once by the Vosges. At Sinaja Minister Benesch probably called the attention of his colleagues from Belgrade and Bucharest to the darkening sky. Hungary, the common foe, who would gladly force Slovaks, Slovenes, the Croats, the folk of Bukovina and Transylvania again under her yoke, hopes for a Magyar-Bulgarian Tartar confederation, and so holds her head higher than she has ventured to do in all the years of Horthysmus. But if from that direction, and also at the same time from

Italians and Italianized Albanians, there is peril for the Little Entente, its striking force is split up.

Good luck for Germany? At a superficial glance it looks so, but never can that which harms the Continent bring to any one of its chief lands a permanent benefit. The second blow fell at Lausanne. This time England could have driven the Turks out of Europe, and set up a Caliphate for herself, in Mecca or Bagdad, on which she could count under all circumstances, whose utterance could bind fast her Indian Mohammedans, the support of her rule over the Hindus.

What actually happened? The Turks remain in Constantinople and on Gallipoli, are returning to Adrianople and into wide stretches of Thrace, they keep the Caliphate, which they stole of old from the Arabs, and cement it to the random shape of a republic, in which they claim to reveal the entire transformation of their nature. Blesséd be he who believes it! The bones of the hundred thousand Greeks massacred on the ashes of Smyrna testify to the changelessness of the Turk. Under his foot the fairest lands are made desolate. And out of the horde, whose heads have mastered only the devices and tricks of the trader's art, the diplomacy of the bazaar, administrators, rulers, are suddenly to bloom, who, af-

ter half a thousand years of easy life as robbers and parasites, are to fit themselves into some conception, even the vaguest, of a European state?

Compared with such a marvel, what Benito (Mussolini) accomplished, when he accustomed the Italians to order and nimble punctuality, must fade in clear daylight to a mere drillmaster's miracle. Pasha Mustapha Kemal would not have scared the British lion. A field-marshal's fame shrinks quickly in Anatolia also, when the Triumphator of yesterday sits enthroned on empty cash-boxes.

It was worse that America pushed into the petroleum business, that just before final success the concession to Admiral Chester blocked eager expectancy. Worst of all was the break in the united action of Europeans, all too quickly shattered by the uncertain haste of Mr. Lloyd George.

Since Sonnino, who would gladly have outshone the glory of his predecessor San Giuliano, resigned the ruler's office, the effort at extension had flickered out in the new enlarged Italy, which was already heavy-laden with the Libyan burden. In the Tyrol and in Istria, in Tripolitana and Cyrenaica, there was much to be done, work to be found for the home-returning soldiers, and those masses that since the war-troubles no longer emigrate. These duties threw such a shadow over all, that the longing for Asia Minor

vanished from the circle of vision. And already a whole army of young lictors came bearing before the new Roman consul their fasces, the rods tied in bundles with red bands, while above them rose threateningly once more the ax, the shining emblem of the dictatorship, which Valerius Publicola, in the first year of the Republic, had removed.

Moscow favored the Turkey of Mustapha, as it had yesterday Talaat's and Envers', but with Tschitscherin's deodorized tricks could no longer accomplish much, though in detail he could still hinder some helpful measures. France's prestige had suffered through the fiasco in Cilicia, and her refusal of heavy loans (for financial reasons). Her hope to regain that prestige promptly, by a confidential explanation by the parliament member Franklin-Bouillon to Kemal Pasha, was frustrated by England's watchful shrewdness. The decision to send the best man, General Weygand, to Syria, as supreme commander in the Near East, came too late. No Russia or strong Balkan power opposing Turkey, Italy not interested, Greece seriously wounded, America, England and France with their divining-rods extended in various directions for oil,—never had Turkish cunning a more favorable combination for driving a bargain. The Peace Treaty of Sèvres, though it seemed as hard as stone, as the first of the instru-

ments of compulsion fashioned in the region of the Seine, was smashed to shards like an apple-green or Du Barry rose vase from the world-famous porcelain works.

Again the moon-sickle of the Osmanli shone out: but no longer the Crescent, only a waning moon. The business ended without open scandal. Armenia, whose liberation President Wilson had promised with all the youthful fire of a Reverend Fortinbras, was sacrificed: at Lausanne hardly mentioned. M. Poincaré was shrewd enough to accept silently the slaps at France (which may yet be avenged), and not, by the Lake of Geneva, to stiffen with the rigidity of a Savoyard, nor to challenge England's wrath, without imperative necessity, before the full understanding on the Ruhr and Reparation. England drew back to make sure of an easier leap. The goals of her longing, the mastery over the straits and the oil-wells, the submissive Caliphate and the land road to India, are not yet attained. Not one of them will the stubborn Briton renounce, nor ever forget, that this time of Russia's helplessness must be utilized to straighten out the most difficult problems of the Orient.

To-morrow is also a day. The immediate burning question of Mossul's petroleum was not settled by the Peace of Duchy-Lausanne. Well, it can be shoved into the jurisdiction of the

League of Nations, where America does not speak aloud. The supreme consolation in England's cup is the certainty that France was left still farther from the Orient goal of her desires. Sèvres, Mudania, Lausanne: the net result of all is Turkish triumph. And again Europe pays the costs.

CHAPTER XVIII

England's exploitation of Europe. "Balance of power." Historical review. France at Tangier.

For centuries the governmental and economic resources of the European continent have been called upon to pay, and have paid, in order to assure a peaceful market and adequate demand for the manufactures, industries and commerce of England, and to maintain the condition described almost ninety years ago, by Richard Cobden, in these words:

"Without England's intervention no land can carry out any large financial business. Whenever and wherever a country, the United States, Russia, Holland, China, Brazil, (France evidently is not among the commercial nations) carries on foreign commerce of any considerable extent, there England,—of this one may be sure,—has a larger profit and more advantage than any other state."

Forever and ever! Amen?

After the Peace of Utrecht, which early in the 18th century closed the War of the Spanish Succession, England's first George let himself be beguiled by James Stanhope into breaking his royal

word, which pledged to the German Empire a secure frontier between it and France. Abbé Dubois (who later became a Cardinal) showed Lord Stanhope that it was possible, by the acquisition of Newfoundland and St. Christopher, with political and commercial advantages, to strengthen his own prestige. In return, Stanhope promised to disabuse his fellow-countrymen of the idea that France is "by nature" England's enemy. So Germany had to relinquish Alsace, and even Strasburg.

Three and a half decades later, in the Congress of Aix, George the Second caused the scale-pan in which the lot of Prussia lay to fly skyward, and was delighted with the "balance." In the Seven Years War, England was allied with the Prussians, provided them with money and auxiliary troops, so that (as King Fritz writes) they might "blow France up and be satisfied with the glory of having saved Hanover for the English."

For the latter the aid of the Prussian army against their deadly enemy Bonaparte was indispensable. After the victory Blücher was given an ovation in London, and Lord Castlereagh wrote that "Prussia must swallow Saxony, be strengthened in every way, and, in close alliance with Austria, become a solid barrier against French ambition for power.

But what happens? In the instructions which

Talleyrand wrote for himself, had Louis XVIII sign, and took with him to the Congress of Vienna, stand these instructive words:

"Every influence from other sides must be utilized, to prevent Prussia's leadership in Germany. This monarchy is by the peculiarity of its construction already forced into ambition, that must be bridled. If Prussia attains the population of even ten millions, which she had before the collapse, then she will soon have twenty, and get all Germany under her control. All the lesser and little states must be preserved undiminished, or increased, and Saxony must not become a Prussian province, nor Mayence a Prussian fortress."

And England? She combs out of the tangled snarl all sorts of benefit for her trade and aid for her eastern plans, and gives in return—everything she had promised to the victor over the Belle Alliance.

"Great Britain," writes Castlereagh (to Hardenberg,) "can not, before the eyes of Europe, vote for an arrangement that makes Saxony a part of Prussia's domain, and brings that monarchy, without defensible frontiers, into dependence on Russia."

Is that fear the only reason for the broken word? No. Castlereagh has heard that Leipsic is an important center of trade, which in Prus-

sia's hands might some day become an annoyance to the commercial nation beyond the Channel. That may not be. England makes a secret treaty with France, the "hereditary enemy," and with Austria, against Prussia, to whom Mayence is denied and only a bit of Saxony granted.

When Napoleon returns from Elba, and on the 2nd of May is overthrown, Wellington has the Lily King dispatched in secret haste to Paris under the protection of English troops, and so forces the other Powers into negotiation with King Pear-head, who is only allowed to stay in the Tuileries on condition that he gives up all thought of a cession of Alsace. So the matter is settled in 1815.

Frederick William IV, in 1853, writes that London ignored his requests "as if they were the barking of a little dog." (He, like the less gifted Mr. Cuno, always hopes once again for English aid, and is every time undeceived.)

In the next year begins the English opposition to the separation of the Duchies on the Elbe, Schleswig and Holstein, from Denmark, and at the same time British wrath flames up because Prussia was shrewd enough not to join in the Crimean war against Russia.

In order that the harbor of Kiel might not become Prussian, and so interfere with England's commerce and protection of her coast, she pro-

posed an alliance in 1864 with the French and Russians (the Triple Entente which forty-three years afterward, by Wilhelm's fault, became Event); and the Three, in unison with Sweden, were to assure Denmark's possession of the territory against Prussian aggression. As Paris had no taste for such an adventure, John Russell closed his ears to the Danish cry for help.

Prussia's war against Austria is called by Lord Clarendon (who, since Russell, after Lord Palmerston's death, had become Prime Minister, was now in charge of the Foreign Office) "causeless and unjust."

In 1870 Prussia was at first spurred on against France (though the latter obtained provision and arms from England, and was allowed to capture a German merchantman in English waters), and then, as we have seen, France was caressed as the victim of the Prussian victor's insolence.

From such incidents German historians and statesmen, even some to be regarded seriously, have often drawn the conclusion that the English national policy is a thing of quite extraordinary trickery and meanness. An ill-considered conclusion. To it Bismarck's native simplicity misled him. He used to say that the individual Englishman was "always a decent fellow of honor and courage, in business and personal intercourse freer than most of earth's children of different stock from the hateful hominine odor": but

"English politics with its mixture of hypocrisy and brutality" was "a public menace."

This judgment was inspired out of the wrath of a man who had been taught, by experience and by history, what a host of ills had been brought upon our Continent, since the Thirty Years War, by the policy through which England has become Great Britain and the heart of the British Empire. Elsewhere too, hypocrisy and brutality have been stirred into a lasting combination: and yet in this case there was, and is, something unique. The aims of English policy have been attained at the cost of Europe, and could only so be attained. England has always acted as she believed she was compelled to act: and that belief was not delusive, for the conscious impelling purpose always was, to use the interests of Europe as winning or exchangeable cards in a game played to secure the most important objects on our planet and, incidentally, to prevent the rise of another world-trade power of like form with the British.

That was the final goal. Rarely does it rise, out of the foam and mist, even above the horizon of the Islanders themselves. And yet, at every hour, with the sureness of the magnetic needle, the remarkably strong instinct of self-preservation, nowhere else so powerful and efficient, leads the way to just that goal. The kingdom of the Fortunate Isles now possesses, on the main-

land off which they lie, only one fortress, Gibraltar, of which they robbed the Spaniards. Nevertheless, for centuries, down to 1914, without painful expenditure of the nation's means, the destinies of Europe have been controlled from these islands.

On no other continent has England such tiny possessions. Australia is her Dominion. Of Africa by far the largest share is hers. In Asia an Empire inhabited by four hundred million men, in America, one of ten million square kilometers (four million square miles). On four continents a half a billion human beings: on the European mainland a little swarm of two thousand subject to her rule. Yet in no other quarter of the earth, since America released herself from her rule, has she made such bold claims, interfered so audaciously. No other quarter of the world would have suffered it: in Europe it has again and yet again been successful.

The military and diplomatic campaigns against Spain, Holland, France, Prussia, Russia, Germany, yet again against France, the struggle for the mastery of all the seas that bathe the Asiatic peninsula, the guarding of the way to India, the "Balance of forces" that assures the control of commerce, and the neutralizing of the Flanders coast:—all these have served the same purpose.

All was imperiled, if France attained what she

craved: by a Franco-German understanding: far more seriously imperiled than through fresh defeat and diminution of Germany. General Weygand does not wish his name attached to the rôle of a commander, glistening in gold lace, of Oriental supernumeraries. The sea-gate of Tangier, which to-day or to-morrow is to be wide open to French influence, will hinder the commandant of Gibraltar from hereafter exercising alone, at his uncontrolled discretion, the function of gate-keeper to the Mediterranean. He who holds Tangier, and has at his disposal the modern war-material of a great maritime power, can cut off England's importation of wheat, or, at least, make the route unbearably long and costly, thus hastening the precise danger (clearly recognized long ago by Malthus) that threatens the island-kingdom because of the disproportion between its population and its arable land.

In the south-eastern straits the power of England's rule is not so deeply anchored as it is (through France's fault) in the Suez Canal. Whether that security is to prove adequate became again a problem at Lausanne. That the heyday of armored armadas and "superdreadnaughts" has come to its evening twilight, Admiral Galster declared before the war, unregarded by the Tirpitzides, "bomb-proof sure" of their case. Every penny spent on Germany's deep-sea fleet has been one flung into the sea, and

on the morrow England's surface fleet will not be much more useful.

Submarine boats, flying craft, poison-material of every sort, will determine future strife. Those means are at France's disposal, as are also important inventive and productive forces in the field of chemistry. Attempts to lure Belgium away from her have not been successful, despite secret encouragement of the Flemish agitation, and an open campaign against the Belgian franc.

"So," says the Briton, "here's the deadly danger back again, is it, that it has cost our fathers' blood and brains for centuries to ward off? The Flanders coast, that we can't let any military power hold, is France's parade-ground, her war-base for submarines and aëros: it belongs to France and to Germany who is in working partnership with her: to the masters of Europe's coal and ore. Their Trusts can and will deliver fuel, metals, fabrics and chemicals cheaper than ours. Their economic control will stretch over the Black and to the White Sea, they will absorb the good will of the lesser and the little peoples; and when we claim the right to a voice in deciding about Europe, they will ask mockingly if England doesn't know how vulnerable she is at the Pas de Calais, or indeed all along the Channel. Can any sensible man blame us, if, to escape such a permanent threat, we summon all the powers of bedeviling craft?"

No sensible man should. But again, no one desires or devises a "permanent threat." No sensible man can desire that the world should ever lose Britain. She should prosper gloriously: should bear the richest harvest that can ripen in the sunshine of her mighty will. She should have every assurance that she craves: assurance of her own safety, of unassailable possession of her territory, of her Indian and African Empire. Let more than the rights of the most favored nation be bestowed on her: viz. a guaranty, that a stated amount of her goods is to be purchased for the States of our Continent.

To the Islanders, also, war has grown costly. North France's fields and meadows drank deep streams of young English blood. Old families died out, or could not, under the burden of taxation, keep up their estates. Yet the returns to the British Empire from the war surpassed the boldest hopes. The Russia of the Czars threatens it no more in Asia. No German push for recognition on the sea, for colonial power, for control over the markets of commerce and Mohammedan lands, disturbs her rest as she reckons it all up. The World is hers.

—Only, Europe's mainland is to be for the peoples that dwell thereon. Through their memory runs, from Cadiz to Archangel, a murmuring of old woes. Ask Portuguese, Spaniards, French, Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Scan-

dinavians, Russians, the mixed bloods of the Baltic, this side of and within the Balkan Peninsula. Every one, to whom the history of his land is not a Book with seven seals, must confirm it, that so it was. It is not to be endured longer. It was not endurable, that the responsible leader of English statesmanship, as he did in all innocence this last August, should set his country's trade as the measure of all things. By what divine, what human power was our Continent hemmed in to the duty of arranging to assure the prosperity of English trade? Must not the trade of every other country help itself? In order that England's trade might prosper, since Elizabeth's days strong active races of Continental people have been undone: for that, four years ago, lion's paw grasped all private personal property of Germans, stocks, notes, credit, the bank's winnings as they lay before the croupier: and now France is offered the choice, to extort from Germany the payment of England's debt of billions to America, or else to be charged before the court of proper jurisdiction with violation of the Treaty (by the occupation of the Ruhr).

These two resolutions, both of them unprecedented and irreconcilable with the Briton's usual conception of the sacredness of good faith, deprive King George's Ministers of the right to

preach moral sermons, so complacently, to the French,—who are not so easily satisfied.

That has been done, can not be undone. But what would the Americans say if it were requested of them, ever so politely, to arrange their tariffs, their fight against alcohol and for petroleum, their relations with their Mexican neighbor, with the Latin republics, with Eastern Asia, so that England's trade does not thereby suffer?

This, Europe is expected so to do; to make her arrangements so that she can accept materials and goods of a much richer Empire, which pays much better for all labor. This almost grotesque requirement is moreover inspired by an antiquated notion. Far away, deep in the mist, lies the time when the Europe of to-day, administered without overlords, could buy any considerable quantities of England's high-priced materials and "quality" goods. This loss of markets, which no solution of the Reparation problem would lessen, England can endure, because the domestic demand in the United States, which has increased beyond all expectation, limits their need for export, and so over wide areas the English traders are freed from their most dangerous competition. What they still need, only Europe,—united beyond all traditional nationalism, with her industries organized on a rational basis without prejudice,—can supply. But it can only at-

tain to this unity if there is an end of the British effort to use European lands, like a child's building blocks, for puzzlement, for a bewildering game, and if England's threat, to hold herself aloof hereafter from all European strife, becomes reality.

CHAPTER XIX

England's fair share of Reparation already received. United States of (continental) Europe. England's future.

"But then we should be left alone with France!"—Yes, at last, and from France's eyes the last veil would drop. For decades yet to stand under arms. Five-and-sixty million Germans to hold in bonds. Poland's hunger for power and thirst for splendor to sate. Growing Russia an inscrutable mystery. The Latin fraternity a spook as yet; Spain alienated over the disagreement about Morocco, while Italy's jealousy looks upon the Frenchman as Cæsar's Rome did on the Gaul. Belgium a transit land, easily hurt by the masters of trade. Those who were neutral in the war, disinclined to the duty of being the bare rungs of the ladder to France's power. The business of all non-self-sustaining lands aiming at goals which the isolated action of France bars from them. Behind Dover, in an ice-belt of confirmed resentment, Britannia. And the Reparations? A dream.

"The sums due us are not to be paid in gold. Only in the products of labor, goods produced and exported. Germany stands on the brink of the abyss. You wish to stabilize the mark, to

have Germany export heavily: and thereby you must drag her away from the abyss, uplift her from the earth, restore her from helplessness to vigor. Do not forget, that either choice conjures up a like danger. If Germany, by your stimulus, becomes a great exporting power, how is it with your safety? Over the choice between payment and safety I do not hesitate: I wish to live in security."

That was said by M. Loucheur on Nov. 7, 1922. This shrewd industrial capitalist can not believe that safety, through the host of the Fochs and Pétains, will last forever; he can not but realize how terribly gloomy, despite the victory,—despite a later seeming victory in all the struggles over reparation and protection of the frontier,—the future of France would be, even if Germany did not after a half-dozen or a dozen years find powerful helpers. Only from partnership in work comes safety. Only out of the cruelly clear comprehension that one is actually alone with the former enemy springs the will to undertake a partnership in work.

England, against President Wilson's will and his fourteen basic principles, has pressed her demand, that Germany must reimburse the victors for soldiers' pensions and everything therewith connected: a demand which M. Poincaré considers unreasonable, and has therefore let drop, so far as France is concerned. The amount accru-

ing to England she does not herself demand, but says to her war associates:

"You must pay me what I owe the United States, partly on your account, or else get that fourteen billion gold marks out of Germany for me."

Only so does the total of our Reparation debt mount up from 36 to 50 billions: but Germany does not perceive it, because the demand is not put forward directly; it is never mentioned aloud to her who it is that has loaded the pension-burden upon her.

If England had taken part in the new quest for securities on the Ruhr, and so shared in determining its character, or, again, if she had opposed the plan vigorously when it first came up, then long ago order (provisional order at least) would have been secured. But that is not her desire: she believes it ought not to be her desire. Hence, from Spa down to the August note, from the threat of action on the Ruhr to the questioning of its basis in justice, a "changeful web," Hence she favors, sometimes with anxious secrecy, sometimes again openly, the "Passive Resistance."

(This phrase conceals a contradiction of terms. He who remains passive offers no resistance, He who is ready to stand up against men or things and ward them off, can not remain passive. Would it be resistance, if he who is

threatened with crucifixion did not extend his own arms to the nailer? The maid who raises neither voice nor hand to save herself from violence can hardly claim superior virtue over her who cheerfully meets it halfway.)

Even Mr. Lloyd George, who, since M. Poincaré overcame him, is furious against France, has said in Parliament that "this opposition can only end with Germany's capitulation, or her collapse." Why, then, did he not advise, to give up the useless resistance before the collapse? That his prognosis was accurate, was feared by Professor Keynes, who nevertheless wrote, on July 18:

"The worst news that Lord Curzon could receive would be that of the fall of Cuno's government and the ending of the resistance on the Ruhr. We must worry the French and calm Germany. But that must be limited to a gentle hint; and hope must be inspired rather by what Mr. Baldwin does not say than by any words which he utters."

Two enfants terribles who tell aloud that which shrewd Mother Britannia would gladly hide in her own bosom: that she does not desire the strengthening of France or of Germany, nor yet an understanding between the two. The latter she might easily have promoted. After the speeches at Stenay and Charleville and the long August note, in all of which the unprejudiced

could hear the wish for reconciliation throb, England only needed to say in Berlin: "Put an end to the resistance, an obstacle which can bring no results, and I guarantee you an honorable adjustment of work in the Ruhr": and in Paris: "Draw your troops back from the Ruhr; and the assurance of rapid German Reparation shall henceforth be my first aim as it is yours." England does not wish it: she believes she ought not to wish it.

When Berlin expressed audible doubt whether she could be responsible any longer for the financing of the Ruhr resistance, from London came the threat to accuse France of violation of the treaty. And once again the Berliners took the maneuver for the beginning of a serious conflict, and whispered wide-eyed: "To yield now, why, that would be just plain madness." As England has in three months not answered the supplementary note of June 7th, which she had asked for,—this to be able to weave farther her "changeful web,"—as she requires from Germany fourteen billions of gold marks,—only twelve less than France, that for four years was the chief scene of war, and that has not swallowed a fleet, overseas trade, credit, valuable securities, nor a S. W. and E. Africa, nor made great expanses of earth just such forms of security as she willed,—the English requirement is no evidence, certainly, of unselfish modesty.

And now that certain American economists have set the total values delivered up by Germany to the victors since the Armistice at a higher figure than did the Reparation Commission (though to be sure much below the Berlin estimate), the noteworthy fact comes to light that England has entered the entire German commercial fleet in her reparation account at a trifling valuation.

In her argument with France she said, that her trade was her devastated area. Again the magic word, at sound of which the hearer should tremble in awe "as if a divinity drew nigh." Is Trade, then, something in and for itself, a world aim, the primal thing, a creator, not merely an auxiliary? "Our world-empire," Joseph Chamberlain had already said, "is trade."

Devastated? A big word-crumb. Because in Eurasia (so new geographers who see no definite West boundary name a continent) a quarter-billion of starving people lack suitable means for wholesale purchasing, and also lands with money of high exchange value, whose foreign trade is languishing, are thrown out of the class of good customers,—an evil crisis has come upon England. She had almost outlived it. The statistics did not point to "Devastation." That the throng of unemployed is increasing (hardly so much as the illumination shows, to avoid comparison with French figures) is explained by the effort of great industrial corporations to post-

pone necessary work until wages go down and the "hands" are to be had cheaper. Out of the worst trade-troubles England has been released by the immense increase of America's home-consumption.

But on Europe's purchasing power the outcome of the Reparation dispute will have little effect. Whether Germany for the next thirty years pays fifteen million pounds sterling annually more or less is, for Britain's export balance-sheet, no fateful question. No Spring brings back the unsystematized trading of an economically masterless Europe, out of which England drew her constant income. Our Continent can not indulge in separate enterprises hedged in by national boundaries, any more than in other luxuries. What arose in the New World when it was exhausted by the War for Independence must come to pass in the Old: economic unity, which leaves to each people its individuality, to each state its own peculiar character, but assures the systematic use, over and beyond state lines, of the materials and wares that promise greatest outcome.

It is no Utopian dream that calls for the United States of Europe, the necessity of which I have for many years striven to demonstrate, and for which now one who comes from another shore, Mr. Trotzky, uplifts the voice of his unusual knowledge and power. The economic

fields of the earth are like a system of connecting pipes, bound together, under the surface, by one channel. Because the states with money depreciated in international exchange can (or should) buy only what is indispensable, a hundred thousand wheels stand still in the Western Empires, the storehouses are overfilled, wheat is burned or cast into the sea, fisheries are idle, the foundation-walls of old industries are shaken: and on the same earth, close at hand, three hundred million human beings are crying out for bread, shelter, clothing, and the scantiest household furnishings. Have we been banished to a mad-house? Its doors are to be unbolted only by the recognition that over the connected peoples the doom of a common destiny holds sway, and summons all, even those yesterday in furious strife, to the imperative duty of industry planned in common.

In this association England, an insular empire encircling the earth, is not inextricably entangled. But her trade lost in Europe she can only find again in the U. S. E.—the United States of Europe. In Washington she renounced exclusive rule, monarchy on the sea, and contented herself with the certainty that her fleets and those of America, even as "fleets in being," without actual warlike attack, could prevent any attempt to bar the waterways. If trade is her empire, must she not, in order to aid a recovery of Europe that will be helpful to

trade, renounce all sovereignty over the Continent, however clever and secret? For the first time the ideal goal of the Continent can also be England's.

EPILOGUE

(September 1923)

Panic in Berlin. Fall of Cuno's Cabinet. Desperate financial conditions. Stresemann. Nietzsche in need of spiritual revival. Germany could have avoided Ruhr occupation. Need of common sense. Hölderlin's condemnation of German character. She must save herself, by truthfulness, courage, and facing her destiny.

WHILE this book took shape, much has changed. I could drop nothing out: I could only alter figures. Economy, which now makes any issue of a book venturesome, also forbids a spacious addition to its structure.[1]

Reconstruction from the ground up was not necessary. From the delineation of the past, warning trickles like resin from aging trees. When that which has been is pointed out, the eye should, and, I hope, can, understand what is coming into being, and teach how to ascertain

[1] Forbids, furthermore, the resumption of the Weekly, for a single number of which, merely to cover the cost, a buyer would have to pay about 600,000 marks. A ride on the street-car costs "until further notice" 100,000, and the price-multiplier of the book trade is 1,200,000. To conduct a periodical to-day requires business talents, which I lack: and as I am not sure that, with such a price scale, a circle of readers that would protect me from unendurable loss will again be formed, I must wait. This in reply to many questions.

what,—out of the sum total of the possible in the near future,—is necessary.

The Cuno cabinet fell in ruins. It was not overthrown because it was the most pitiful of all the governments that have been bestowed upon this poor land. Up to the very last hour of its life it controlled the votes of the Center, of the People's Party, of the Democratic groups, was supported by the good will of the Nationalists—and Socialists: and thereby the only good it could do was made of no avail. Because no one seemed to notice that it was the first (though carefully veiled) attempt at Nationalistic government in this Germany that calls itself a republic, the unveiled attempt will be received as a novelty.

"Unexampled maladministration!" you cry now through the streets and alleys. Did you not help do it all? In your own privacy, to be sure, shoulders were shrugged, heads shaken, a look cast Heavenward; before the people, pæans of viscous praise outpoured.

Only on the darkest day did taloned terror take hold on you. No potatoes, no street railway, no electricity or gas, no paper money; fat, eggs, meat, meal, sugar, vegetables, hardly to be had even at the maddest prices. For hours the poor women strayed from shop to shop, stood in crowds, ran, turned back, and, in their utter exhaustion, breathed joyfully if anything eatable was snatched for husband and children.

Much worse than in wartime, when everything, news of victory, report of horrors, loan-film, even the Epiphany of the Pope, was bungled through. To right a wild strike, to left a high price riot.

The street gets noisy. Already there's a snapping in the beams. Deadly fear whips through the Reichstag taxation laws expected to bring in 150 billions in a fortnight. No correction of the (unprinted) text, no consideration of results. But the street doesn't get quiet. Now there must be another picture on the screen: quickly, so that the red eye of the people's rage may see no point of attack.

Mr. Cuno falls. The Imperial President who, on Rathenau's recommendation, had wooed him, summoned him, hailed him as "Deliverer," abides in his splendor, and sows "necessary regulations," ukases, which the Western world, has for long refused to take from hereditary masters, over the "freest republic in the world."

The crisis passed, as all crises do, since the Future of the German Republic lay in the Fürstenkeller in Weimar. Coachmen and watchmen let everything run merrily, as God or Satan pleases. If the fire singed one's finger nails, not till then was something cobbled together in gasping haste, —a note to the Outland, a prison for the Inland, a Cabinet. Thereafter followed generally self-fumigation and exchange of tender kisses.

At Genoa, where everything in the way of prime necessities was to be had without serious exertion, just by quiet "gentlemanship," after the conclusion of the needless (and to this day useless) Rapallo Treaty, nine governments charged the German delegation, led by Ministers Wirth and Rathenau, in writing, with indecent and dishonorable behavior, and penalized them by exclusion from every consultation on important matters. M. Loucheur publicly accused the German Foreign Minister of an untruthful representation, the world-banker Pierpont Morgan said the Russo-German treaty made his arrangements for the loan more difficult, and a prominent man of London city declared that Rapallo again proved "how little confidence Germany's word deserved." The attempted defense by the two was answered in writing by nine, whose chief statement declares that "a thorough investigation has not furnished a shadow of proof for the German assertions."—In Berlin outlawry was bewigged into victory, disgrace into triumph.

From the Riviera to the Ruhr so it has gone on. Doesn't the Reichstag know into what contempt it has sunk, because from a thousand sources it has had lies pumped up to the people? Does it know that any honest fellow who brought bread, and an end, good or bad, to the dickering with the Western States, could have chased it to the devil faster than ever a Junker dreamed, and

been sure of being cheered by millions as a Deliverer?

This is the way the balance-sheet looks under the fifth Parliamentary government. At the foot of the financial sheet stand the final figures: "363,000 billions floating debt of the Empire." The Reichstag allowed that to come about. It never even asked Mr. Cuno why the offer was not made to the impatient creditor in December which could be made by the Empire six months later, though it had meantime been far more deeply impoverished.

The first sign of life from the new Government (all too hastily scrambled together) permits us to hope for the gradual return of reason. The idea of a Great Coalition does not appeal to him who has seen that magic work in Prussia. Even if the Mammut taxes can be levied and bring in 100 or 150 billion,—ten days in August cost 246.19 billions. Robbers, then? The thirsty body of a Central Administration, just one, can suck up the surplus in a wink.

Whoever sells materials or goods adds the tax to his running expenses, as he usually must do. Thereby he raises prices, wages, and salaries, hastens the printing of more paper money, and weakens the last remaining support of its exchange value. It would be a miracle, if the most visible result of this overhasty fleecing (i. e., the new tax) were not a tower-high rise in prices.

The greater part of the bundle of stock-certificates which the Germans must sell, in order to pay the tax, will fall, for a song, into the hands of foreigners, masked or hidden behind men of straw.

Does the State secure money? Despite all the talk of gold basis, gold loan, gold accounts, permanent value,—it is only more paper, unprotected by gold, which rustles, with daily variation in value; and it must hand out so much, at the very least (probably ten times more) new paper than it took in, because every one scents this, and even the best disposed to aid the Empire in its need will pay with gnashing of teeth. Even the threat (of this tax) though the adoration of King Dollar was gently declining, scared the price of an egg up above 170,000 marks, meat or butter up above 220,000 marks per pound, and small and great things to similar high figures. Heaping up of taxes, after so long delay, and after such crass inflation, does not relieve Germany's body of its suffering. And what increase of personnel, and of outgo for salaries, does it force upon the administration of finance?

But this harvest of anxiety is a legacy from Cuno's Hermes. To attack it furiously and proclaim it as "brutal" would still not be difficult for the corner demagogue. If a general of finance, a Pathfinder, should appear from behind the mask of a poor newspaper-director, out of the

Chrysalis of a Marxist Hilferding, then Germany will hail him with Hosannas. Still louder, despite war-cry, submarine fanfare, and all that came after, will they hail Chancellor Stresemann, if he does what his speeches at his taking office tried to depict.

He proposed to act as an Evaporator, to let the collected poison gas be dispelled. In the first engagement he exposed no unguarded spot to the foeman, but more to the creditor than any of his predecessors. Better security for the Reparation.

But it is not, as shortsightedness fancies, from that direction that the chief problem threatens. Not on the amount or time for the payments of the Reparation does the fate of the folk of Eurasia hang. If they make up their minds, led by French, Germans, Russians, to an united industry, to a partnership in work, which here on their own soil, without frantic import and export, undertakes to supply the necessities of their peoples,—then the Old Continent can be saved. Not otherwise.

The time painfully missed and longed for by England's traders, when Australian, Canadian, Indian money, together with their European customers', had paid for wool, wheat, tea, rice, cotton, jute, and enriched the English market by purchase of manufactured goods,—that plunging time of capital just full grown returns to

our century no more. England has found, and still finds, an offset. Her former chief administrator, Mr. Bonar Law, has said: "If Germany should vanish in an earthquake, we should have no reason to complain over the loss." England emphasizes the value of Europe as her customer so loudly so that the world may not notice her desire to keep our continent rent and weak, to use as means for barter and trump card in her planetary game. The free city of Dantzig is gently urged to base her gold coinage on the pound sterling. English wooers of the Rhineland work more quietly, but more vigorously, than the French.

A Germany economically sound, combined with its neighbors, strengthening the continent, never becomes the goal of English desire: but, if only for the reparation and the coal, it must be earnestly desired by every sensible Frenchman. But there aren't any? That will soon be revealed. "Let us try to place ourselves at the French point of view. That is the only way to pass sound judgment on alien interests." Bismarck says that.

The national debt of France has increased tenfold since 1914; since that time large portions of her coal and iron industries have been idle, there is an overproduction of wine that can not be disposed of, exchange for the franc has slipped below a third of gold value, the increase in popula-

tion in 1922 was only 70,000 (Germany's 513,000); so matters stand, just before the parliamentary elections in France.

They hear there, every day, of Nationalist alarms in Germany; that only those men have ovations whose blind lack of instinctive foresight drove to destruction, while those are threatened with outlawry and assassination who gave warning betimes against false prognosis and drunkards' prophecies, and who to-day, at constant peril of their lives, dare to speak aloud that which is. They hear of that many headed hydra of well-nourished Associations that form,—as Lord Malmes said of the noble officers' corps of Prussia in 1792,—a separate Empire within the empire, imperium in imperio, of regimental anniversaries and vows of vengeance. They read how a dignified veteran philolog chose, for the tablet which is to keep alive the memory of the University's fallen sons, the inscription:

INVICTIS VICTI VICTVRI

"the vanquished, yet to be victors, to the unvanquished."

Victors in armed strife? Nietsche, whom this philolog thought a fool, gives the answer: "More hotly than for any political reunion let us strive for the unity of German spirit and life, for the effacement of the contradiction between form and content, between inwardness and conven-

tion. We need the arts and crafts, to be able to forget and to shut ourselves in within one horizon. The Greeks, who turned their thoughts inward upon themselves and their genuine needs, letting mere seeming needs die out, won, through the greater force of their ethical nature, the victory over all other types of culture."

He summoned the "Society of the Hopeful" to the "increasing of sincerity, even though it might bring about the downfall of the whole structure of decorative Culture."

Sincerity ordains a hard final word.

The German misery of to-day is the result of the evil in the Ruhr: and that was avoidable. There was wood to be found in Germany, and a trifling fraction of the coal imported from England in a half year could easily have been turned in. Every billion paid to the victors would have drawn to the mark the increasing confidence of the world, and by the rise in exchange would have repaid half, perhaps, the whole, of the sacrifice in money. The sinful foolishness of the government hurried the German people into a battlefield which is indispensable to them as their most productive mine, their most important workshop.

Look upon the suffering of the martyrs, the homeless, those that languish in prison; then upon the costs of the strife piled high as the snowline, millions of people who have been paid

through eight months without doing work that produces values, the billions of credit that had to be like gifts, bridges, tunnels, factories of every sort destroyed, health and self-control of a host of human beings ruined, railway traffic crippled, export of coal, iron and steel forbidden, and so Germany's needs relegated to the foreign market where she, nevertheless, can hardly buy even the most necessary food: and for our sole weapon the machine that spat out money-tickets.

Hope of England's help deceived. The threatening note from London to France was meant for a feint and proved a blunder, condemned by nine tenths of those of all who dwell within the Empire. Not only the people of the *Daily Mail* and *Morning Post*, covered with a cloud of frosty resentment against Germany.

Side by side with them, and with those obsessed by "Trade," always ravenous for trade, —there lives in England a great community, to whose pious soul friendship with France is a sacred thing. With these Englishmen, truly humane in the purest sense of the word, with a fellow-feeling for mankind, it is not the first thought that the dissolution of the Entente must bring new compulsory military service, new danger of war. They see the pictures in which the prior Maizières, in the 14th century, commemorated the union of the French and British, consecrated by bloodshed and suffering shared;—

pictures which on the Coronation-day of George the Fifth a clever propaganda spread abroad among the people, out of the old Gospel-Book. This spirit Lord Curzon ("full of conceit") knew not. M. Poincaré counted upon it. Berlin has a dim sense of it, too late.

In the early days of May I had advised return to the state of things on January 11th, to amnesty and partnership in labor. I did this publicly, in order to save what might yet be saved. Abuse! The "Temps" took up the idea. No echo from Germany. Now the Ruhr workers, who have reached the light, offer such an agreement. But there is still reluctance, on the part of the government of an empire purposelessly ruined, to bear the discredit of taking the first step.

Not a day should be wasted in hesitation. Germany's life-force is streaming into the Ruhr. Was it ever, certainly, is it now, imaginable that the French will remorsefully withdraw? Does the wasting of the Empire's resources and the decay of every form of business, increase Germany's ability to negotiate? Must that again come to pass, through the senseless chatter of "Hold out to the last quarter hour," which happened in 1918, because lack of courage frightened men from confessing the error of false perspective?

And if France's request for partnership in

work proved a deception, if Poincaré, the artist in style, revealed himself as the 'petit profiteur" that the Tiger has growled that he is, could not the resistance roar up again, with far more fire and force?

The Nationalists ridicule the "Passives," not without reason: but what if their sword, not merely their song, strikes at France to-morrow? No. In that case men who honestly love the Fatherland would have no right to lead sixty million fellow-countrymen by an artificially darkened road to downfall. If every Frenchman were sent hither straight from Hell, there is nothing they would grin at so delightedly as at the self-destruction of German industries. These industries arose out of, and require, a form of culture which the war-tumult and battle-gear of the heroic time, or of the age of knighthood, can not protect. Essen is no Marathon, the Ruhr-basin is not barred by any defile of Thermopylæ against the invader. No heroic death of a Leonidas and his band could save the mineshafts and forges, which are the delicate network of nerves, the cells in the brain of modern work.

Was it not just here, in the rift between the old illusion and the new will, that ills arose for Germany? When Bonaparte's foot was on our soil, the King sent his pretty wife into the rough

victor's headquarters. Presently he sent his brother Wilhelm to the Tuileries to offer an offensive alliance, and in every Continental war a Prussian army-corps to be put at the Emperor's disposal. He also imposed on that Wilhelm the duty of deluging every little notable at the Parisian court with flattering words, and particularly bade him take to the Empress, the Creole Josephine, who was not renowned for her ice-cold chastity, a sister's greeting from Luisa.

Karl, Baron von Stein, was head of the Cabinet (because his recall had been insisted on by Bonaparte against the resistance of the King and Queen); and he, the only statesman of the grand type in Prussia and Germany save Bismarck, wrote to Wilhelm's traveler-councilor, Humboldt: "We must try to win Napoleon's confidence and uplift Prussia again through France."

The King was ready to enter the Rhein-bund, and to betroth Zénaide Bonaparte, granddaughter of a Marseilles soap-dealer, to the Crown Prince. This was four months after the Peace of Tilsit, which was far more cruel even than that of Versailles. Had not distrust in Prussia's sincerity incited the Emperor to a rude rejection of the plan, his Daemon would not have glimmered out in the English basalt-cavern, Europe's force would not have been coined into English gambling-counters.

The hero of to-day wears neither chlamys nor coat of scale-mail, the patriot does not hold between his gold-filled teeth the sword of the Lord. Messieurs Stein, Humboldt, Wilhelm and little Thiers were heroes, who worked more effectively for their land than with a rattling shower of insults, or on the stilts of a Rütli oath, repeated stammeringly in the chill air, against a tyrant, who among the rouged Switzers is the only German, and in the Children's Theater is the representative of the Kaiser's power.

Learn the courage of your own time, not, you alone in all the Western world, the courage of ghost-knightly Romance. Learn to consider this time your own, as its sons and daughters, to fulfill its will, to go its way, which is your way, erect, not stooping over the crutches of History, which Goethe even in his time found "spoiled with patriotism": go the way to Europe.

In his longing for pure human brotherhood Hölderlin sought it, until Germany with ever-repeated blows affrighted the gentle Suabian to his very heart of hearts. Hear his groan:

"Manual laborers thou seest here, but no men, thinkers, but no men, priests, but no men, masters and thralls, but no men. The virtues of the Germans are a shining bane, and nothing more: for they are only task-work, and only in cowardly anxiety are they, with slavish toil, wrung from a savage heart, and they leave unconsoled every

pure soul that, spoiled by the holy harmony in nobler natures, can not endure the discord that shrieks in all the dead ways of these men.

"There is nothing holy that is not defiled, when degraded to the pitiful service of this folk: and that which even among savages usually keeps itself divinely pure, even that these ever-calculating barbarians carry on as one does handicraft, and can do no otherwise.

"And if only they were modest, these men, if they did not make themselves a law unto those better than themselves, did not blaspheme that which they are not! Their poets, artists, all who yet revere their own Genius, who love Beauty and cherish it, these live in this German world as strangers in their own home. They are indeed as the long-suffering Odysseus, when he sat in beggar's guise at his own door, while the insolent suitors in the great hall made tumult and asked: 'Who has brought that vagabond to us?

"Uglier still and more barren do men grow here, who surely were all born fair. Slavishness grows, and with it rude audacity, delirium increases with worry, and with extravagance, hunger and fear of famine. Woe to him whom Love impels to wander and who comes upon such a folk.

"I have spoken for all who abide in this land and suffer as I have suffered."

Kant, Goethe, Hölderlin, Schopenhauer, Nietsche; the same tone. What if the insolent noisy throng overcome their betters, whom Love impelled to wander, and overwhelm the Band of Hope with the avalanches of scandalous abuse?

Only in Germans eddies up the impulse to annihilate the noblest of their race, to destroy even in the bud the blossom nearest at hand.

Only by Germany could Germany be conquered. In a war that was carried on in credulity, that revived barbarity once more and aided it with the most clever devices, she was beaten by superior force. But if she herself, merely to hide what is after all no disgrace, breaks into fragments the one weapon of which no hostile craft can ever deprive her? Will she never learn to forget? Never acquire the strength to love her Fate, however blackly clouded?

Leonidas, Themistocles even, are but stately shadows: Plato sits enthroned in the fullness of life beside the Socrates whom he created. No conquerer's work endures save Thought's. A folk that has blasphemed it, buried it, nailed it to the cross, has strayed out of the realm of its blessed power. Slay it not.

Vanquished, yet to be victorious, is the Spirit.

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